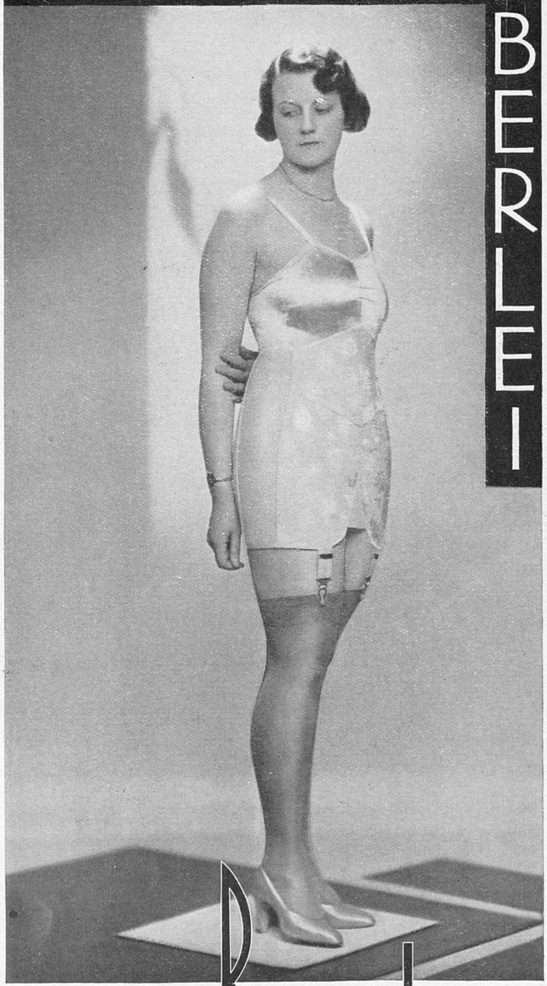
BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5 No. 5
NOVEMBER
1932

1/-

SIR PHILIP GIBBS
F. BRITTEN AUSTIN
DOROTHY BLACK
F. E. VERNEY
CHRISTINE JOPE SLADE
HANNEN SWAFFER
GORDON BECKLES
Lady DRUMMOND HAY
C. FOX SMITH
"QUEER TALES OF LONG AGO"
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

PERFECT CONTROL WITH



Model 2081. A new controlette for the Big Hip Type, in Peach or Pink Broche with brassiere top of Swami. Made in bust sizes 35–42, every inch.

PRICE - **24/9**

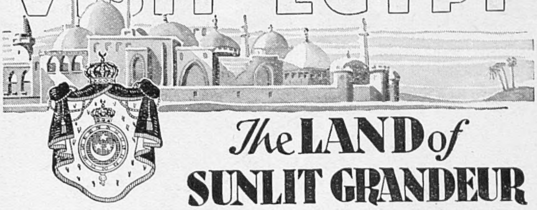
Other models in this type from - - **22/6** to **59/6**

Berlei
FIGURE
FOUNDATIONS

The above illustration is of one of the new Berlei Models. Prices from **19/6** to **6½** gns. Ask your draper for the Berlei Book of Beauty —if any difficulty in obtaining write direct to—

BERLEI (U.K.) LTD. 208a REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1
(Wholesale only).

VISIT EGYPT



The **LAND** *of*
SUNLIT GRANDEUR

SPECIMEN INCLUSIVE TOUR

27 DAYS' TOUR

(17 Days in EGYPT)

£64 : 0 : 0

Combined Tickets obtainable from

STEAMSHIP COMPANIES,
Offices of
COOK'S,
AMERICAN EXPRESS,
COX & KING'S,
and
Principal Overseas Travel Agencies

EGYPT . . . a Land whose Winter days are bathed in golden sunlight, and whose moonlit nights are enshrined in mysterious loveliness . . . *invites you.* Will you accept her welcome ?

For here, amidst the enchanting scene, and the soothing influence of warm, dry, desert air, you will find better health through radiant sunshine.

Modern travel facilities, and the comfort of world-famous hotels—(who has not heard of Shepheard's ?)—contribute to the supreme enjoyment of a holiday in the valley of the Nile . . . and yet, such a holiday need not be expensive, for, according to leisure and funds available, ***inclusive tours at specially reduced rates*** are now offered to satisfy the widest range of enquiry.

* ***"Egypt and the Sudan,"*** the profusely illustrated annual publication of the **Tourist Development Association of Egypt** (under Royal patronage), and detailed information of Egyptian Tours, may be obtained from the

EGYPT TRAVEL BUREAU
60a, Regent Street, London, W.1

BEETHAM'S
Larola *for*
FACE *and*
HANDS

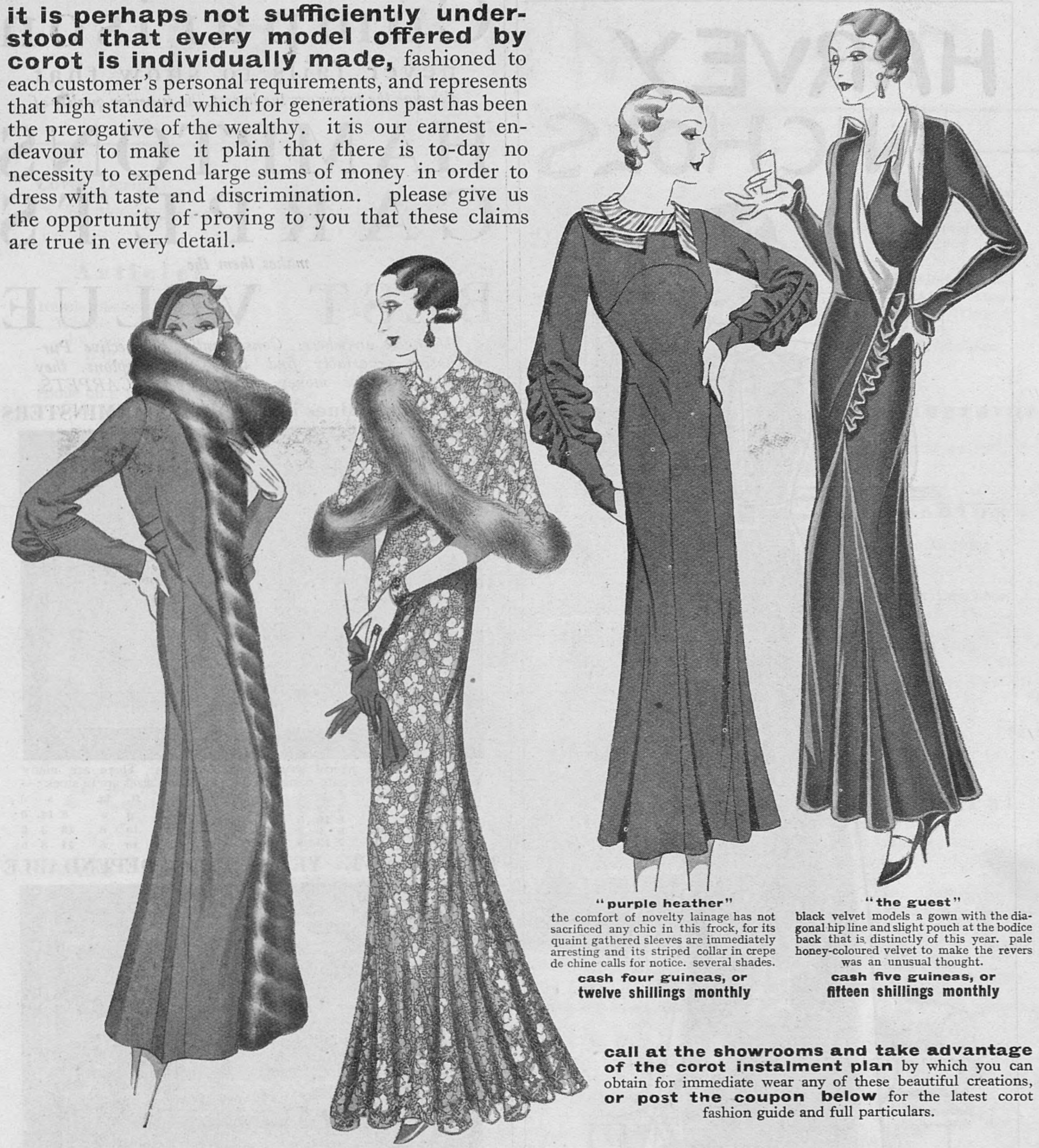
Use Larola to keep your complexion clear and your skin soft and smooth, for on these things your loveliness depends. Protect your beauty with Larola . . . a drop or two on face, arms and hands will safeguard your skin-beauty . . . keep your arms and hands white and prevent chaps and roughness. First thing in the morning and last thing at night use Larola. Use it before and after all sports, the theatre or the ballroom. It is by these means that fashionable women of many a decade have protected their natural beauty under all conditions. Nowhere will you find so refreshing a lotion, so soothing an emollient as Larola, the perfect beautifier and ideal powder base. Get a bottle to-day.

BEETHAM'S
Larola

1/6 and 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

it is perhaps not sufficiently understood that every model offered by corot is individually made, fashioned to each customer's personal requirements, and represents that high standard which for generations past has been the prerogative of the wealthy. it is our earnest endeavour to make it plain that there is to-day no necessity to expend large sums of money in order to dress with taste and discrimination. please give us the opportunity of proving to you that these claims are true in every detail.



"my car, please"

lavish use of ringtail opossum is the high light of this novelty cloth coat with its sleeve detail and clever definition of the waistline. in one or two shades.

cash thirteen guineas, or
thirty-nine shillings monthly

"ladye fayre"

an evening model in angel skin lace has many points of smartness; the swathed cape, foxaline edged, that clings high to the neck, and the princess gown with the fitting hip movement. in new shades.

cash seven guineas, or
twenty-one shillings monthly

"purple heather"

the comfort of novelty lainage has not sacrificed any chic in this frock, for its quaint gathered sleeves are immediately arresting and its striped collar in crepe de chine calls for notice. several shades.

cash four guineas, or
twelve shillings monthly

"the guest"

black velvet models a gown with the diagonal hip line and slight pouch at the bodice back that is distinctly of this year. pale honey-coloured velvet to make the revers was an unusual thought.

cash five guineas, or
fifteen shillings monthly

call at the showrooms and take advantage of the corot instalment plan by which you can obtain for immediate wear any of these beautiful creations, **or post the coupon below** for the latest corot fashion guide and full particulars.

post this coupon to corot to-day

corot, ltd., 33, old bond street, london, w.1.

free please send corot winter fashion guide and full details of instalment plan.

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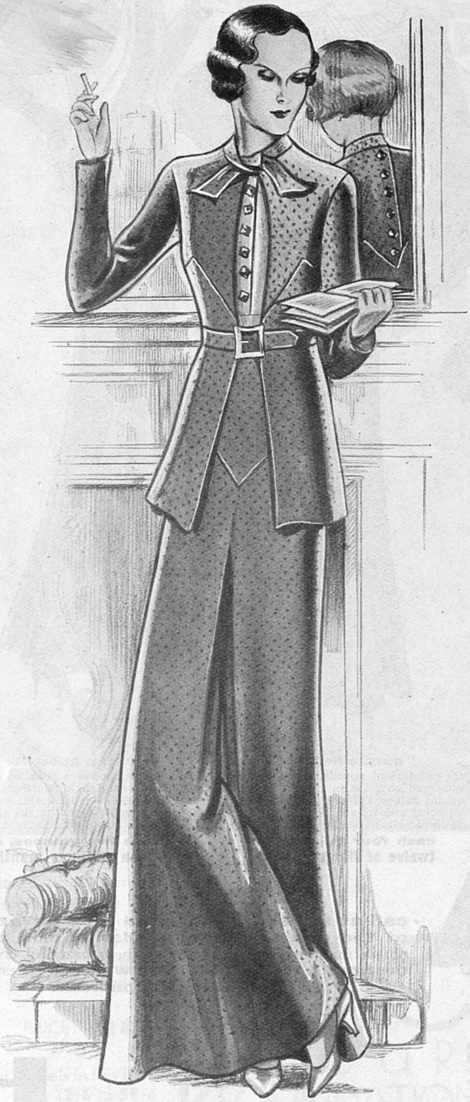
HARVEY
NICHOLS

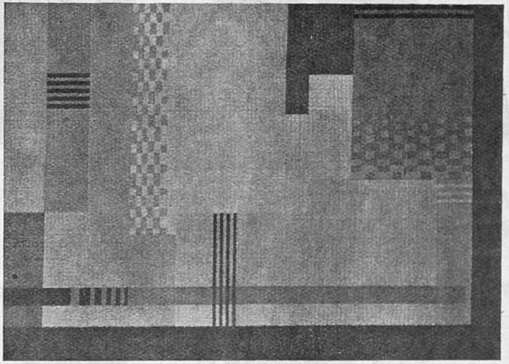


A MODE that is as new as to-morrow .... the Lounge Suit of lightweight wool for wearing at home. This one is in softest pebbly-wool, with a chic little blouse of crinkle-crêpe. Notice its high neck-line, its chromium buttons, and its wide trousers with their slim-fitting yoke. In flame, royal blue, emerald, and nigger, with a parchment blouse. Complete 98/6

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Comparison
never fails to show that
although the prices are the lowest, the superior quality of
HAMPTONS
CARPETS
makes them the
BEST VALUE
obtainable anywhere. Consequently, prospective Purchasers invariably find that, at Hamptons, they not only save money, but get better CARPETS.

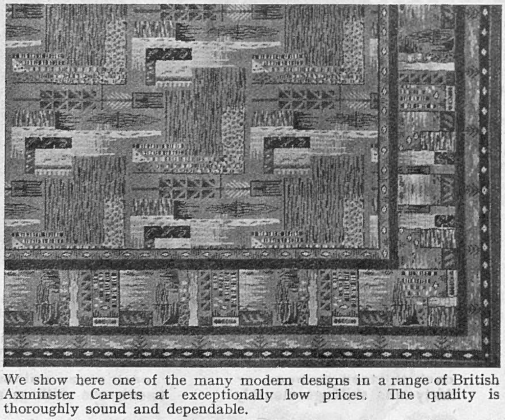
Exceptional Values in SEAMLESS AXMINSTERS



This Carpet is a typical example of Hamptons. There are many beautiful and up-to-date designs. The following sizes are in stock :—

ft.	in.		ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
9	0	×	7	6	**5**	**8**	**9**	12	0	×	9	0	**8**	**14**	**0**
9	0	×	9	0	**6**	**10**	**6**	12	0	×	10	6	**10**	**3**	**0**
10	6	×	7	6	**6**	**6**	**3**	13	6	×	10	6	**11**	**8**	**6**
10	6	×	9	0	**7**	**12**	**3**								

INEXPENSIVE YET FULLY DEPENDABLE



We show here one of the many modern designs in a range of British Axminster Carpets at exceptionally low prices. The quality is thoroughly sound and dependable.

ft.	in		ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.	£	s.	d.	ft.	in.		ft.	in.	£	s.	d.
6	0	×	6	0	**2**	**3**	**0**	9	0	×	9	0	**4**	**16**	**9**	12	0	×	9	0	**6**	**9**	**0**
7	6	×	6	0	**2**	**13**	**9**	10	0	×	7	6	**4**	**14**	**0**	12	0	×	10	6	**7**	**10**	**6**
9	0	×	6	0	**3**	**4**	**6**	10	6	×	9	0	**5**	**13**	**0**	13	6	×	9	0	**7**	**5**	**3**
9	0	×	7	6	**4**	**0**	**9**	10	6	×	10	6	**6**	**11**	**9**	13	6	×	10	6	**8**	**9**	**3**

Please write for Hamptons new Autumn Furnishing Catalogue C. 505

HAMPTONS
Decorators · Furnishers
PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, S.W.1. Tels.: Whitehall 1020
Hamptons pay carriage to any Railway Station in Great Britain.

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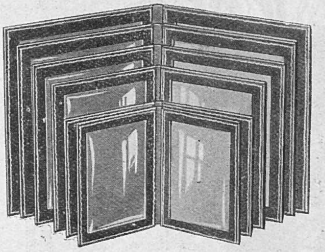
GORRINGES
SPECIAL OFFERS
of items useful in the Home

The prices at which these home needs are offered are an indication of the values obtainable at Gorringes always—values which, moreover, do not depend on price alone, for the quality of workmanship, materials and finish are of a standard which makes for lasting satisfaction and service.

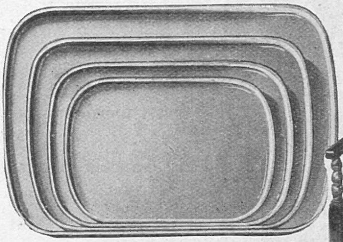
BROWN LEATHER FOLDING PHOTOGRAPH FRAMES

with talc fronts, to take 2 photos.

Sizes.	*Prices.*	*Post.*
Post Card	3/6	3d.
Cabinet	3/9	3d.
Bond	6/11	4d.
8 × 6 ins.	8/6	4d.
9 × 7 ins.	10/6	6d.
10 × 8 ins.	13/9	6d.



Please add postage as indicated unless your order is value £1 or over.



HEAT - RESISTING AND STAINLESS TRAYS

X.30. British made of wood, highly finished in heat-resisting cellulose enamels. In Blue, Green, Orange, Rose, Red or Black; also oak or walnut finish. Oblong Shape.

Sizes	16 ins.	18 ins.	20 ins.	22 ins.
Prices	5/3	6/9	8/3	9/9
Post	6d.	9d.	9d.	9d.

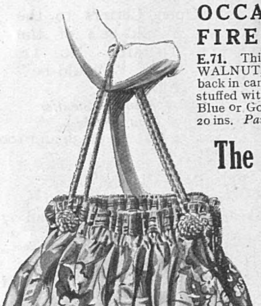
The Set **30/-** *Post free*

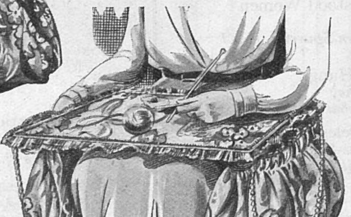
OCCASIONAL OR FIRESIDE CHAIR 32/6

E.71. This delightful **Chair for "Grown-ups"** is in WALNUT, ANTIQUE FINISH, with strong circular back in cane. The seat is a loose cushion, 7 ins. thick, well stuffed with purified fibre, and covered with Green, Rose, Blue or Gold Damask. Height of Chair: 27½ ins. Width: 20 ins. *Part Carriage* 1/6. *Packing* 2/6 (*credited on return*).

The "GOOD COMPANION" WORK BAG

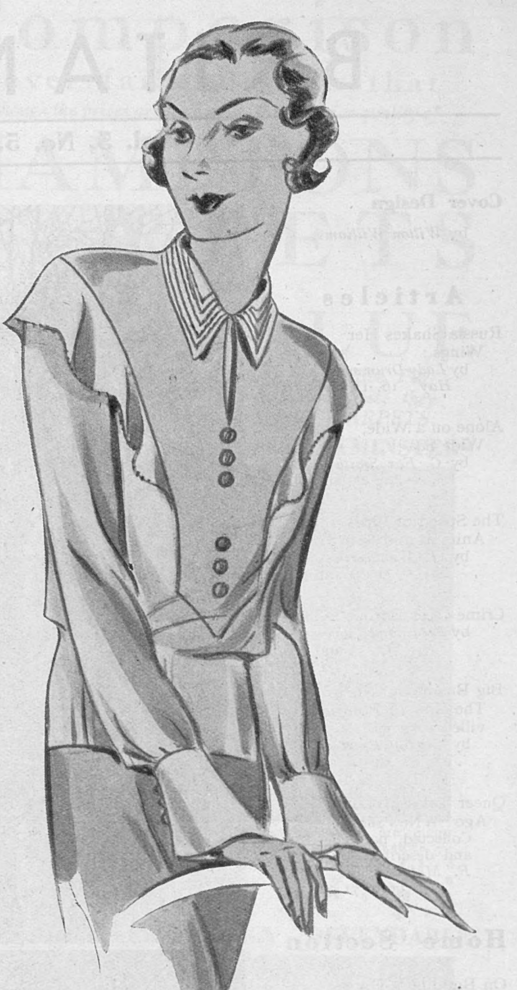
The Newest Folding Work Table and Bag Combination.





H.21. A desirable Work Bag that unfolds and becomes a light table to lay across the lap, made rigid by special fitting. Roomy bag at each end. Made in Old World Chintz or useful Cretonne. A charming and novel gift. **23/6**

FREDERICK GORRINGE, LTD.
BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1
Two minutes from Victoria Station. *Phone:* VICtoria 8600



BLOUSES
SO UGLY IN SOUND SO DAINTY IN REALITY

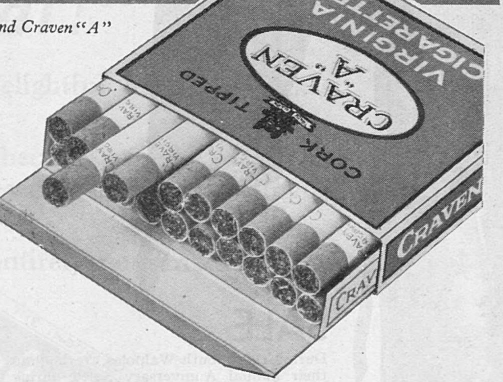
MARSHALL & SNELGROVE give some delightful interpretations of the Blouse Vogue. This model, for instance, is in heavy, reliable suede crepe. The collar is made adaptable to be worn open if desired. In ivory, beige, light beige, banana, sorel pink. Moderately priced at

25/9

O.S. 4/- extra.

Marshall & Snelgrove
(Debenhams Ltd.)
Vere Street and Oxford Street,
LONDON ✢ W·1

Wherever an Englishman travels, whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A"



"**UPWARDS** of Sixty Craven "A" a day for over five years without feeling any ill-effect or sign of a sore throat": That is a recent testimony from a smoker who travels the year round. His experience is an evidence of the pure, smooth, non-irritating character of CRAVEN "A"—made specially to prevent sore throats.

In Arcadia Works the making and conditioning of fine Cigarettes has become an Art developed from a formula of Idealism. Airy, spacious surroundings: scrupulous cleanliness; happy, healthy workpeople—3,500 of them—and a sincere striving to do the daily job as well as each is able. Something of all this is embodied in every CRAVEN "A" made, explaining their constant goodness.

CRAVEN "A" NEVER VARY: always the best goes into them . . . And when they reach the "just right" condition *all* their goodness is imprisoned by the "TRU-VAC" hermetically-sealed round Tins or the moisture-proof "CELLOPHANE" wrapped packets. So that wherever you buy and whatever type of packing you prefer, you will find Factory Freshness safely held within—and Dampness, Dryness and Staleness effectively KEPT-OUT.

Twenty..1/- Fifty..2/6
Hundred..5/-

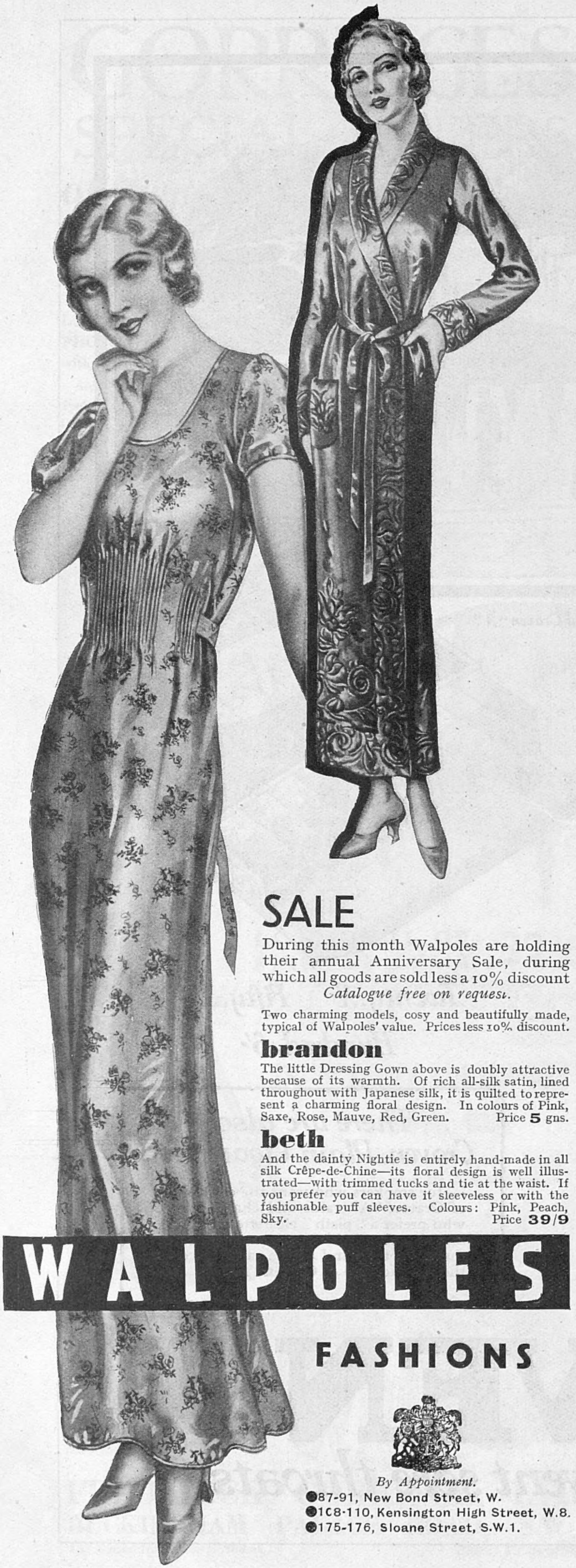
Arcadia Works, London — the most hygienic cigarette Manufactory in the World.

There are also Craven Plain Cigarettes:

— for smokers who want the equivalent of Craven "A" value and character but who prefer a "plain" cigarette to a cork-tipped one. Sold in green packings of the same type and at the same price as the red packings of Craven "A"

CRAVEN "A"

made specially to prevent sore throats



SALE

During this month Walpoles are holding their annual Anniversary Sale, during which all goods are sold less a 10% discount
Catalogue free on request.

Two charming models, cosy and beautifully made, typical of Walpoles' value. Prices less 10% discount.

brandon

The little Dressing Gown above is doubly attractive because of its warmth. Of rich all-silk satin, lined throughout with Japanese silk, it is quilted to represent a charming floral design. In colours of Pink, Saxe, Rose, Mauve, Red, Green. Price **5** gns.

beth

And the dainty Nightie is entirely hand-made in all silk Crêpe-de-Chine—its floral design is well illustrated—with trimmed tucks and tie at the waist. If you prefer you can have it sleeveless or with the fashionable puff sleeves. Colours: Pink, Peach, Sky. Price **39/9**

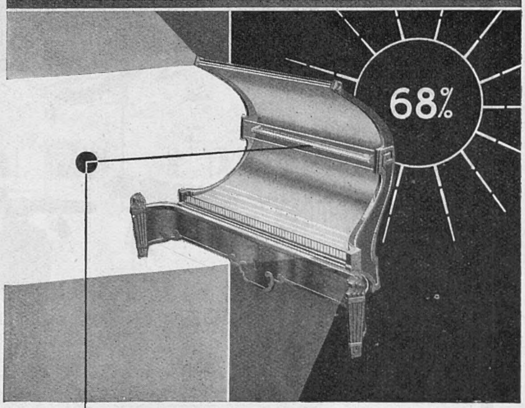
WALPOLES

FASHIONS

By Appointment.
87-91, New Bond Street, W.
108-110, Kensington High Street, W.8.
175-176, Sloane Street, S.W.1.

Walpole Brothers (London) Limited.

68% RAY HEATING + 32% DIFFUSED HEAT =100% ROOM COMFORT



"Radiant" sun warmth in the Home

Have you ever wanted to sunbathe in front of a hot-water pipe?

A hot-water pipe is an example of the "Convected heat" which keeps you warm by heating the air around you. "Radiant Heat", such as the genial warmth of the sun, is a series of vibrations which affect pleasantly and healthfully anyone who comes into contact with them. "Radiant Heat" means bodily comfort without stuffiness.

More than two-thirds of the warmth of a Ferranti Fire is healthful, cosy "Radiant Heat"—the nearest approach to "Sunbathing" that it is at present possible for any Electric Radiator to give you.

The FERRANTI RADIANT FIRE

THE HIGHEST RADIATION EFFICIENCY OF ANY ELECTRIC FIRE

BOOKLET F6 FREE ON REQUEST

Prices are from 35/- to £25—in a selected range of pleasing designs and finishes. See them at your Electrical Dealer's—or, first write for the Ferranti Fire Booklet.

FERRANTI LTD., HOLLINWOOD, LANCS.
London Office: BUSH HOUSE, ALDWYCH, W.C.2.

FF53

"Good run, Jack?" "Splendid—but I badly wanted a pal!"

That's exactly how this delightful little car makes you feel.

None of its merits are lost because you drive it solo, but it seems built for two—seems to pressingly invite the second passenger.

The "LINCOCK" is an entirely new model in the range, an intimate car for two, speedy and luxuriously roomy.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY
Riley
AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

Particularly light to handle, it is specially suitable for the lady driver, and its exceptionally low build ensures safety in all emergencies.

Let us arrange a demonstration—we will do so gladly

PRICES:

9 h.p. Standard	£298	Special Series	£315
6-Twelve ,,	£338	,, ,,	£398
6-Fourteen ,,	£365	,, ,,	£425

RILEY (COVENTRY) LIMITED,
COVENTRY
and 42 North Audley Street, LONDON, W.1.

FOR THE COLD YOU HAVE or the Cold you wish to avoid

ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

Colds are caused by disease germs breathed into the respiratory tract at a time when the victim is "below par," and lacks the vitality to resist them. The inhaling of the antiseptic vapour Vapex, at the first onset of a cold cleanses the mucous membrane of the breathing passages, and thus attacks the cold at its source.

▲ Breathe your Cold away

Vapex is pleasant and refreshing—so much so that many people make a daily habit of putting a drop on their handkerchiefs. Vapex is economical, too, because a drop placed on the handkerchief in the morning, or on the pillow at night, gives many hours of protection or relief.

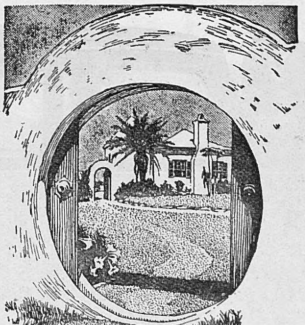
AND A DROP ON YOUR PILLOW AT NIGHT

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

V88a

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD



Unspoiled in a changing world

VISIT a little world where the art of leisured living is still understood, where modern amenities minister to your comfort but never intrude on the natural beauties all around you. Enjoy sport on land and sea, wonder at the magic caves and famed sea-gardens, lounge in flower-filled gardens or on sun-drenched coral beaches. Forget everyday life for a while—take a voyage to Bermuda.

BERMUDA

For full particulars, write to The Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Goree, Water St., Liverpool; Elders & Fyffes Ltd., 32, Bow St., W.C.2; Furness Withy & Co., Ltd., Furness House, Leadenhall St., E.C.3; or The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 329, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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BATHS and PILLS

MADAM VITECLENE'S

FAMOUS TREATMENT

The Stretch.

Many thousands of both sexes tell themselves every day of the year how much better they would feel in every way if they could rid themselves of some measure of superfluous flesh.

Preparations of uncertain nature and patent medicines by the thousand have been offered to the Public for slimming purposes and the relief of obesity—and many are the sufferers from the ineffective and violent reactions of such concoctions.

My treatment is slow, sure, healthy and non-diet. The prescription is plainly stated in every box and your own Medical man will assure you that it contains nothing that will disturb the most sensitive constitutions.

The complexion treatment goes to the root of skin troubles and by simple external and internal process not only removes the blemishes but actually removes the cause.

All High Class Ladies' Salons can supply these preparations with their personal recommendations.

A generous trial (Slimming) Treatment of Baths and Pills or one month's Complexion Treatment of Face Milk and Pills are temporarily available for 6/- post free, and will fully convince you of the sterling merit of these products.

My Brochures, "The Personality of a Lady" and "The Personality of a Gentleman," of great interest to every thinking man and woman, may be obtained free on request.

You are not dealing with an impersona syndicate but with an understanding person with every facility for solving such troubles.

WRITE TO-DAY. Do not hesitate to take me fully into your confidence—all communications sent in plain wrapper.

MADAM VITECLENE'S

Herb Baths, Herb Pills, Face Milk and Face Powder.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL HIGH-CLASS HAIRDRESSERS AND STORES

Or write direct to:

NOGRE HOUSE, MUSEUM PLACE, CARDIFF

Slim wisely, Slim slowly

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If you wish to accept this offer, write a brief note, stating the exact DATE and PLACE of your birth, enclosing 1/- Postal Order to defray actual expenses (partial cost of this announcement, postage, clerical charges, etc.), and within a few hours of your letter reaching its destination, a candid, clearly-written statement will be sent to you.

Address: **PROF. ELROY (Dept. B.E.),**
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Smartwear

NO DEPOSIT.
NO REFERENCES REQUIRED
even from those who are not householders.

Visit our magnificent showrooms, the finest in London, or, if you are unable to call, our specially trained staff in the Mail Order Department guarantee to fit you to perfection by post.

Furs and Fur Coats a speciality. Extended Credit Payments to suit customers' convenience

"ALPINE"

Smart Three-Piece Suit in soft Fancy Velour. Long Coat lined Celanese. Cardigan Coatee and skirt complete the ensemble. Colours: Brown, Navy, Dark Lido, and all newest shades. Sizes: S.W. and W. **Price 7½ gns.**

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Write for Winter Catalogue of Ladies' Fashions—sent Gratis and Post Free—Address in full to Dept. A.10.

"ALPINE"
Yours for First Payment of 20/- Post Free and

20/- MONTHLY

Smartwear
LTD.,
263-271, REGENT STREET,
OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

The bottle is better—
we couldn't improve the cream!

Twist and it's off, turn and it's on—a neat, simple screw-cap that supplants the old-fashioned cork. It enables you to have the perfect hair-fixative in the perfect bottle. A little Anzora, and your hair remains smart, glossy and immaculate all day long. Sold in 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 bottles at all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc. These prices do not apply to the I.F.S.

LOOK FOR THE NEW SCREW TOP!

ANZORA VIOLA (containing Oil of Violets) for dry scalps. ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps. Does not soil hat linings or pillows.

ANZORA
CREAM & VIOLA
BOTH MASTER THE HAIR

Anzora Perfumery
Company Ltd.
London, N.W.6

ANZORA
CREAM
"ANZORA"
ANZORA
CREAM
MASTERS THE HAIR

"Listen to the Whispers of Little Lady Liqueur"

THE OCCASION.—The "post mortems" of the afternoon bridge party are being forgotten in the deliciousness of a glass of GRANT'S MORELLA Cherry Brandy.

THE WHISPER.—"What a wise hostess you are to mellow the bridge party with Britain's Supreme Liqueur. As you know so well, GRANT'S MORELLA is outstanding in charm and quality amongst all of the many makes of Cherry Brandy. All wise hosts and hostesses do as you do—ask the wine merchant to send GRANT'S MORELLA."

BRITAIN'S
SUPREME
LIQUEURS
are GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY and GRANT'S BRITISH CRÊME de MENTHE which is equally delicious

THOS. GRANT & SONS,
MAIDSTONE, KENT.
(*Established* 1774.)

Whispers about Occasions for

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

Welcome Always—
Keep it Handy

QUEEN'S SWEET—SPORTSMAN'S DRY

BRITISH MADE

PURE CAST ALUMINIUM

SOLAR
TRADE MARK.

SO LASTING.

A Hot Water Bottle that keeps
Hot longer than any other.
That cannot break or crack.
That lasts for ever.

3½ PINT (oblong, as illustrated) 15/- each
2½ PINT (oval) - - - - - - 12/6 each

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. . . AND THEN, my dear, I had an *epic* thought. You know those celestial little cachets that look like acid drops—Cachets Faivre? Well, I thought they'd probably help me through my girlish ailments without the aid of Harley Street, and at a *microscopic* fraction of the cost. So, after that, whenever I felt *utterly* jaundiced or was prostrated by any *pernicious* aches and pains, I swallowed a cachet and prepared for the best. My dear, those *humorous* lozenges have taken years off me—put me back a whole generation, in fact. I would wake up with a *Wimbledon* head, *Ascot* feet and the most *Continental* stomach, and a Cachet Faivre would restore me to absolute *Olympic* condition in ever so much less than no time. Denise says it's the most *shameless*' health racket' and that if we all take them *streets* of specialists will be thrown completely out of work, but, after all, Neuralgia and sick headaches aren't the world's *best* jokes, are they? And, by the way, as a medicinal afterthought, these Cachets are utterly innocent to the heart and kidneys and all that. So that's all right, isn't it, darling, and if you'll 'scuse me I'll just pop round the corner and expend my *penultimate* half-dollar on another box now.

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' . . . absolute Olympic condition'

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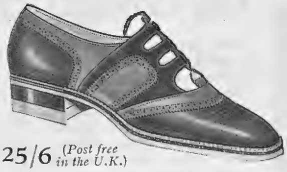

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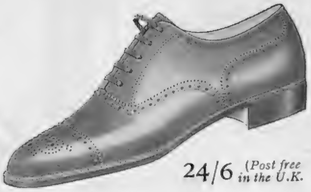

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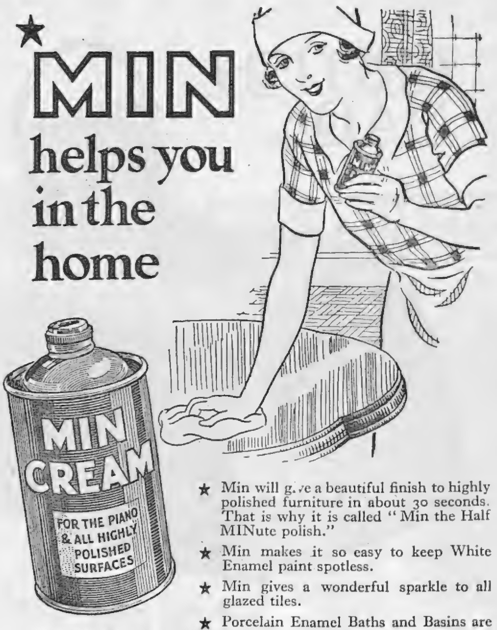
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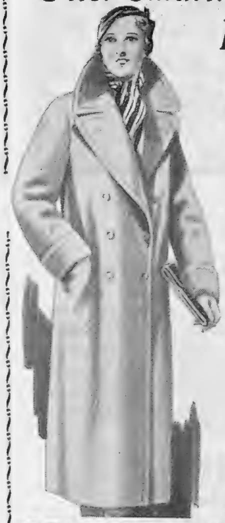

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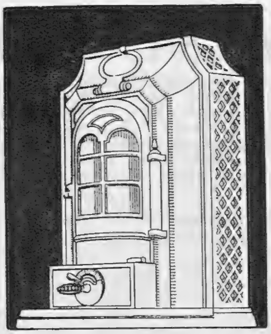

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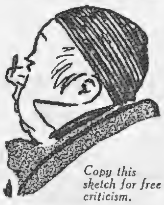

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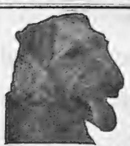

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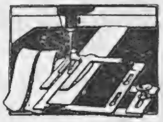

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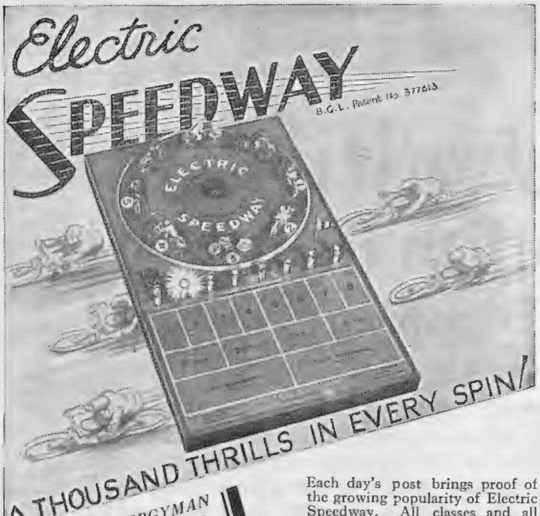

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Each day's post brings proof of the growing popularity of Electric Speedway. All classes and all ages are thrilled and delighted with this fascinating game. Whether you play for cash or counters, for large stakes or small, you will find that, like the Rev. D. Morse-Boycott, you are held and enthralled. It is a game of which you will never tire.

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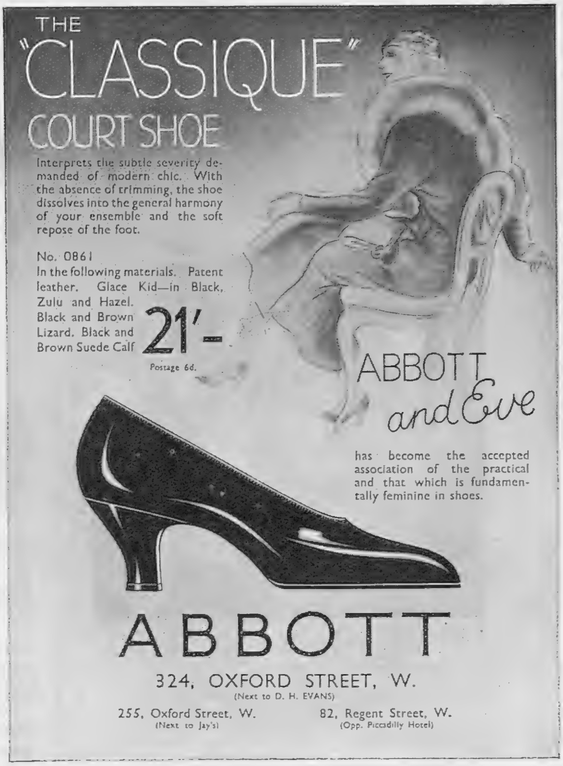
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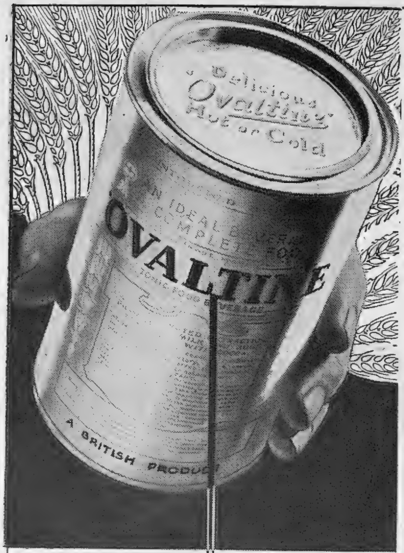

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"Ovaltine" is made from :	**"Ovaltine" does NOT contain :**
New-laid Eggs, *from our own and selected farms.*	**Starch,** *an undesirable feature in a tonic food beverage.*
Malt Extract, *from English barley, the finest the world produces.*	**Household Sugar,** *for which no one wishes to pay a fancy price.*
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Cocoa, *a small quantity of which is added as a flavouring, but not relied upon for food value.*	

Note that delicious "Ovaltine" contains *no* cheap ingredient to give it bulk and to lower the price.

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There is nothing to equal "Ovaltine." Reject substitutes.

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland, 1/1, 1/10 *and* 3/3.

P854

BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 5: No. 5 November, 1932

Editorial

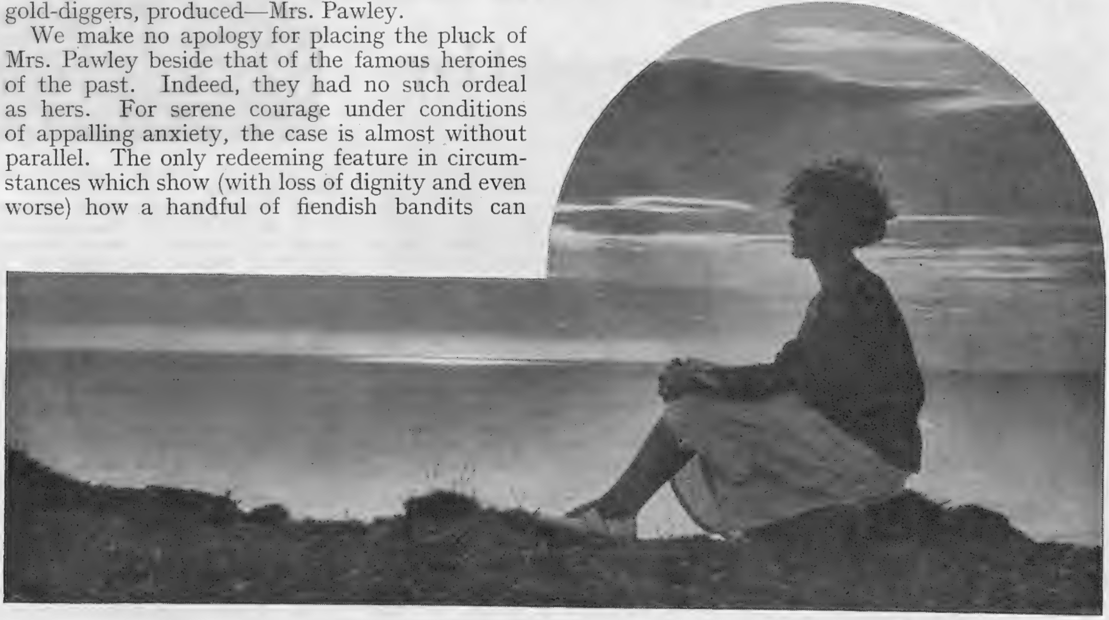
Pawley-ism

THE most stupid fault of critics of this or any other age is generalisation. Since, in these days of shifting sympathies and Sunday journalism, the chief study of mankind would appear to be woman, woman is definitely labelled, as a sex, with certain qualities typical of her stage of development. As a process it is absurd. As an attitude to woman in general it approaches insult. Besides, it is so easily disproved. The era whose women were supposed to swoon at an honourable proposal from the opposite sex and jump, screaming, on to a chair at the sight of a mouse, produced a Grace Darling and a Florence Nightingale. The modern period of emancipated womanhood, conventionally considered to be notable mainly for unattractive viragoes of vast brain-power or for worthless and cocktail-sodden gold-diggers, produced—Mrs. Pawley.

We make no apology for placing the pluck of Mrs. Pawley beside that of the famous heroines of the past. Indeed, they had no such ordeal as hers. For serene courage under conditions of appalling anxiety, the case is almost without parallel. The only redeeming feature in circumstances which show (with loss of dignity and even worse) how a handful of fiendish bandits can defy a mighty nation, has been the pluck of the captives. This girl, hardly more than a child, disdained melodramatic appeals in her awful distress. Yet even more poignant was her assumption of gaiety, her cheery slang, her jokes even about the probability of torture—"They are going to cut off our ears. . . . I rather want to keep mine."

That is the British spirit at its finest, a spirit at which not even the cleverest young internationalist, at a comfortable distance from banditry, will be found to sneer.

The twentieth century woman, who sheds convention as she throws away an empty lipstick-case, has come in for abuse in plenty, sometimes because of those very qualities which are her brightest jewels. That criticism is likely to be silenced by what may well be known in future as Pawley-ism—pluck, with the blessed gift of lively good-humour. There is really nothing seriously wrong with the age that can evolve it.



Kodak Competition Snapshot

A REVIEW of the Russian Red Air Force held at the Moscow Aviation Field

ON parade. Russian air pilots lined up for inspection

By Lady Drummond-Hay

THE roar of motors high in the air, muffled by the altitude and intervening space. It was more of a purr, rhythmic, smooth—music to the sensitive ears of a pilot quick to detect a dissonant note.

I stopped and looked up from the Red Square in Moscow.

One, two, three planes of Soviet Russia's Red Air Force. One of them a giant four-motored bomber. The first that I had ever seen of Russia's Red Air Fleet, the least known of the "winged armies" of the world, more mysterious than the Red Army itself.

"We shall soon have the largest air fleet in the world," remarked the Communist who had kindly volunteered to show me round Moscow.

He spoke with conviction and pride in his voice.

The Red Air Force of Russia—the largest and most powerful air fleet in the world! Endless squadrons of bombers, torpedo-carriers, fighters, dreadnoughts, cruisers, destroyers of the air! To be to Russia what the British Navy for generations has been to the British Empire, as one of the leaders put it.

That is the vision of the Kremlin—the goal that the "Master Minds" within it—men of whom you hear and read but seldom see—have set in the air for Soviet Russia. Having set it, they are going about to reach this goal with that ruthless determination which counts not the cost. Moreover, there are no pacifists in Russia to lay a paralysing hand on what has been decided as necessary for the country.

No secret is made of that goal. It is popular. The "Friends of the Air Fleet," the Air League of Russia, spread all over the country, contribute interest, enthusiasm and money. In Russia, as in Britain, America, France, Italy and Germany, youth is enthusiastic for aviation. The Red Air Fleet is the élite branch of the Red Army. To it is given the pick of the best young men in the land.

The Chief of the Red Air Force is Baranoff, a broad, thick-set man just over forty, raven-black hair and eyes, pleasant voice. Baranoff is the Italo Balbo (Italy's Air Minister) of Russia, but as quiet in manner as Balbo is full of temperament. He is the man to whom has been allotted the task of making Russia's Red Air Force the largest air fleet in the world.

Baranoff is the son of a peasant, became an industrial worker, entered the Red Army, advanced rapidly, was eventually selected to organise Russia's winged army of the air. He is neither a technical man nor himself a flyer. Baranoff's outstanding quality is his talent for organisation and his gift to direct and to inspire.

The era of great naval power is ending, that of air power beginning. That is the view held in Moscow. Convinced of that, Russia, I was told, is entering upon an "air policy" as other nations have in the past pursued a "naval policy." Plans are being shaped to accord with this policy, and are to be executed as rapidly as personnel, material, facilities and finances permit.

The Russo-Japanese tension resulting from the invasion of Manchuria has given the movement a strong impetus. Not many troops, but squadrons of bombers were sent to the Far East to defend Siberian territory should the need arise.

THE Russian aircraft industry, so I am informed, is now composed of 23 factories and plants, occupied with the manufacture of aeroplanes, parts and assembling. Some small, several quite large. The largest of these is the former Junkers Works at Fili, near Moscow. In this plant are made the new big three-engined and the giant four-motored bombers of the Junkers low-wing all-metal type, with two machine-gun turrets on top and a turret that can quickly be lowered through the floor of the fuselage against attack from below.

The Russian four-engined bombers, which it is claimed can carry a load of

Russia shakes her WINGS

The Soviet's growing Air Force casts a Shadow over the Skies of To-morrow

5 tons and have a range of 900 miles, are also to have the new two-centimetre, very light quick-firing guns, one on each plane.

When, in 1925, the Junkers interests withdrew from Russia there were then about 500 employees on the plant. At the present time there are said to be well over 2,000.

Great pride is expressed in Moscow over the fact that Russia is now beginning to manufacture aircraft motors. Considering that ten years ago, when the Junkers works were established at Fili, there was absolutely nothing in the way of an aircraft industry in Russia, there is some justification for that pride.

The American Liberty-type motor and the Bavarian Motor Works' twelve-cylinder, water-cooled, in-line aero engine are both being manufactured. Experiments are being made with others. The construction of aero engines, with the high requirements of efficiency and reliability for aircraft, calls for the most skilled precision work and the very finest of materials. The Russians have no tradition in that. It is not surprising, then, that the manufacture of their own aero engines, but of foreign design, is the weakest point in the Soviet aircraft industry.

Originality has so far not been the outstanding factor in the Soviet aircraft industry. Very little has been originated or invented by the Russians. The Red Air Force has been in too great a hurry for planes to allow for time necessary to conceive, design, construct, develop and experiment much on the line of original ideas, even when they were presented. That, say the Russians, will come later.

The aircraft industry has, therefore, confined itself largely to foreign designs and to foreign methods of organisation and construction. Adaptations, however, are often made.

The big, four-engined, long-range bomber, with its six machine-guns (three twins) and one two-centimetre quick-firing gun, is not only a Russian product, but up to a certain degree Russian design, in so far that it is an enlargement of the tri-motored Junkers all-metal low-wing bomber.

MOST of the instruments so necessary to flying, and the numerous accessories, are still being ordered from abroad. There, too, however, it appears to be the intention to establish that branch of the aircraft industry. But Soviet Russia is trying to move so fast, its plans are so vast, that it will take years to educate and train personnel for such industries.

"Potentially," said the leading director of one of the largest and best-known of Continental aircraft works, who has several times been in Moscow, "Russia's aircraft industry is already greater than that of the United States."

To me that sounded like a rather big statement. It depends upon what one understands under the term "potential."

This director emphasized two points—the Soviet Government is not interfered with by pacifists in its air programme or in its efforts to reach the goal, "the largest air fleet in the world": and, secondly, the Soviet aircraft industry is not troubled by worries about paying dividends.

The data filed by the Soviet Government with the Disarmament Conference in Geneva in regard to the Red Army mention, I believe, around 750 military planes as constituting the Red Air Force. The figures of diplomatic and private reports from Moscow vary between 1,250 and 1,700.

I have seen estimates of 2,400 and even 2,600 planes. These receive little credence. In Moscow I heard a Communist of importance in his (*Continued on p.* 110)

IN the cockpit of a Russian war-plane during a trial flight

KILLED *in* ACT

Illustrations by
D. Ll. Wynne

OPPOSITE the clock tower of the Rathaus in Munich, where every day at twelve a crowd gathers to watch a procession of puppets—princes and princesses, knights in armour on caparisoned steeds—who appear after the first tune in the carillon, there is one of those big beer halls dear to the hearts of the German folk who come here all day long to drink the famous Loewenbrau (*helles* and *dunkles*), to see the illustrated papers, to meet their friends, and to talk of those two eternal subjects, politics and finance, which have dominated the German mind, and agonised the German soul, ever since the war.

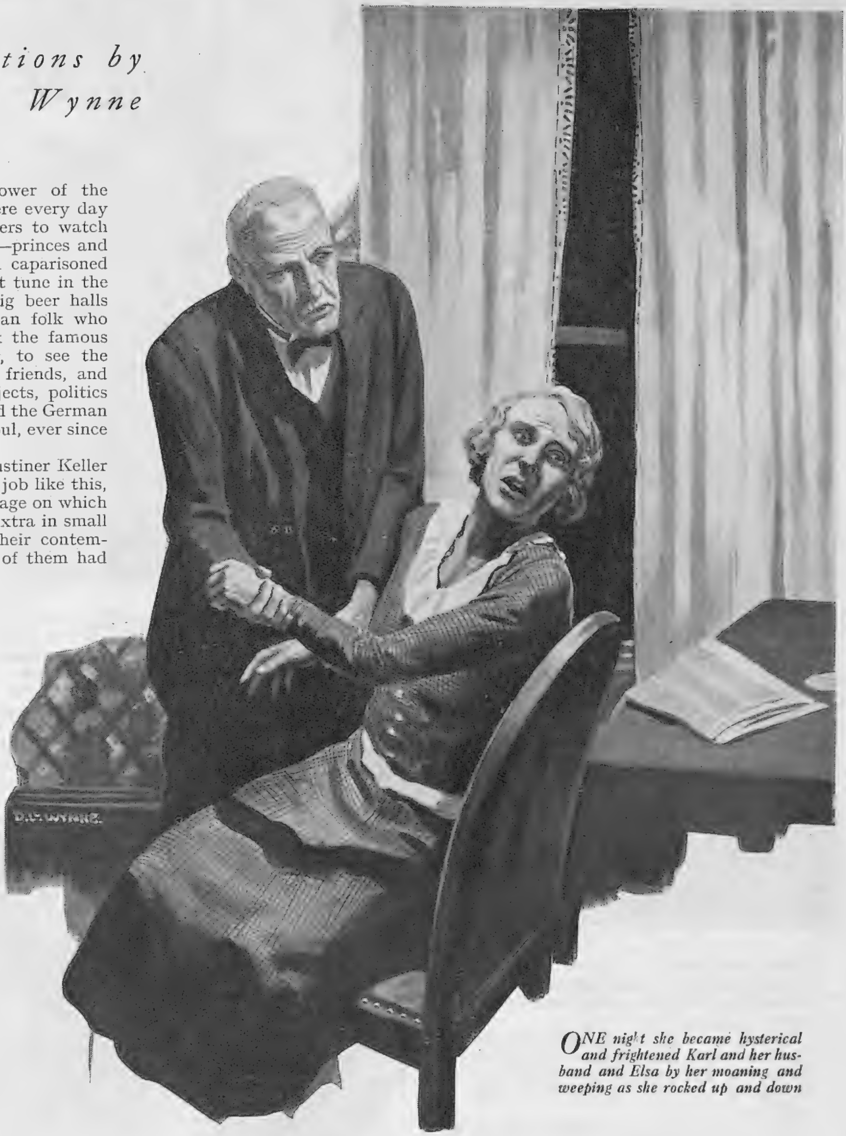
Most of the waiters in the Augustiner Keller were youngish men, glad to get a job like this, with a certainty of good food, a wage on which it was possible to live, and a bit extra in small tips, at a time when many of their contemporaries were unemployed. One of them had been an undergraduate and wrote for a political paper devoted to the party of National Socialists now known as the " Nazis."

The head waiter—Herr Ober, as he was called a thousand times a day by the thirsty customers—was also a member of this new party, and had the rank of *Feldwebel* (corresponding to our sergeant-major) in Hitler's Brown Army of Volunteers. A tall, distinguished looking man with a livid scar slashed across his cheek, he was greeted politely by all the customers—even with deference by some of them—and now and again received a handshake from ex-officers who knew his war record and shared his political opinions.

The oldest waiter in the Augustiner was Fritz Hagen, a grey-haired, timid, anxious, one-eyed little man of about sixty-three. Perhaps it was because he was so timid and anxious that he was always making mistakes, bringing *dunkles* to those who wanted *helles*, spilling the precious liquid on its way to the tables, tripping up sometimes over an invisible obstacle, so that once twelve glasses went crashing to the floor, making a lake of beer about him and splashing the frock of a German *Mädchen* who was eating a pink ice and making love to a young student.

" *Dummkopf* ! " she called him angrily after this regrettable accident, and was not in a mood to accept his abject apologies nor the help of his table napkin.

If one of the younger men had behaved like that, with such constant blundering, Herr Ober, that distinguished man, would have sent him off with a flea in his ear, as the saying is. But Herr Ober was not so hard as he looked, and put matters right with any customer offended by old Hagen's clumsiness.

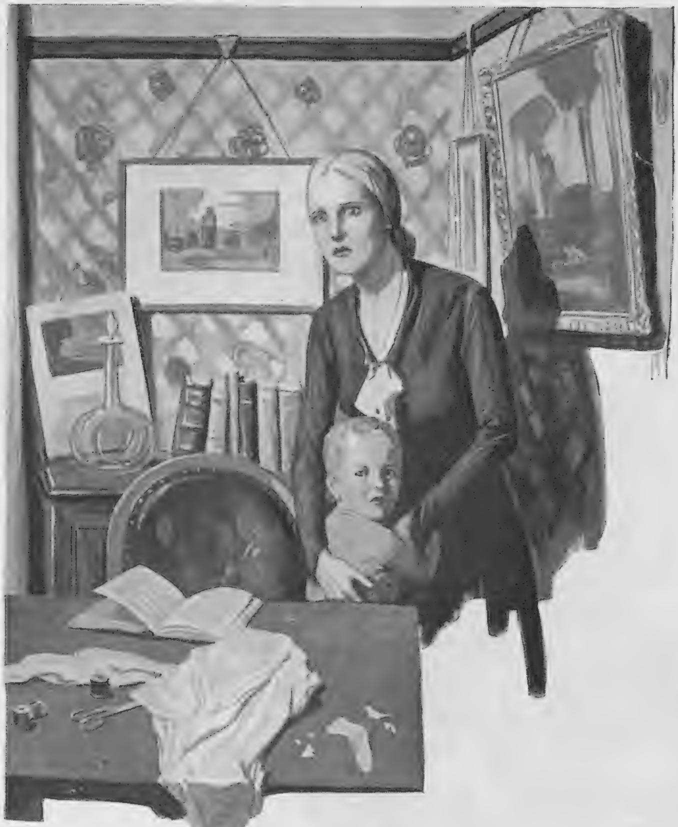


ONE night she became hysterical and frightened Karl and her husband and Elsa by her moaning and weeping as she rocked up and down

" I have to be patient with him. He is a comical old fellow —a few bats in the belfry, I'm afraid !—but I happen to owe my life to him, as other men in my company, during the war. We were advancing against enemy machine-gun fire—in Flanders—and were getting slashed to pieces. Hagen rushed forward with his hand grenades. He killed three of the machine gunners and captured the gun single-handed, so that we were able to advance. They gave him the Iron Cross of the third class. You see, when one remembers that war episode, one can't get angry with him because he forgets an order now and then."

FRITZ HAGEN knew perfectly well that he was a *Dummkopf* —a blockhead—and that awareness of his own stupidity

ION: *An Aftermath of War*



By

Sir Philip Gibbs

was partly the cause of his anxieties. Because if he lost this job he would never get another—at his age. There were over four million unemployed in Germany, and most of them were young, able-bodied men. It was not for himself alone that he wanted to keep his job. Sometimes he was tired of it—always running about with beer mugs to impatient people. But there was his wife and daughter-in-law to think about, and his grandson Karl, to whom he was devoted.

Often when he was serving his customers—*noch ein Bier, bitte*—he was really thinking of his wife and daughter-in-law and young Karl. Of course that made him absent-minded, so that he forgot whether the young woman in a white frock and bare arms had asked for another beer, or whether it was the tousled-haired student reading a tattered book. His wife had been querulous that morning before he left for his work. She had complained bitterly of their poverty, and said she couldn't understand why her husband should be passed over by men younger than himself. He ought to have been the Herr Ober years ago. As it was, he received beggarly wages out of which he had to pay 10 per cent. for the unemployed.

"It's a Government of robbers," she said. "They have no mercy for the poor people. They make us pay one tax after another."

Even at home Fritz could not get away from politics, of which he heard so much in the Augustiner Keller all day long at every table where students and business men and holiday makers sat drinking beer. Of course his poor wife couldn't be blamed for being fretful and embittered. It was a wonder she had kept sane all these years since 1914. First there were the war years when their son had been sent to the front, three times wounded before he was killed at Cambrai. The strain of it all had torn his wife's nerves to tatters. In a moment of agony, poor dear, she had even taunted him for being alive while younger men died before they had enjoyed life. She seemed to hate him a little until the day in 1917 when he was also called up among the last reserves. Then she had wept, and blamed God for allowing such misery to happen in the world. "You have little Karl," he told her, by way of comfort. "Elsa and Karl will be with you while I am away." It was very painful to him when she cried out that she was sorry little Karl had ever been born in such a world. He would only grow up to be cannon-fodder in this war which was never going to finish.

It finished; but some of the years afterwards had been almost worse than the war years, except for the flow of blood.

AT first, owing to the blockade there was very little food, and milk especially was scarce, so that little Karl had suffered from rickets, and Elsa, his young mother, looked pinched and starved. After that, things seemed to go better for a time, in spite of a heavy sadness which lay on people's hearts—the sense not only of defeat but of being hated by the world and compelled to submit to indignities and injustice by their former enemies. But then came the time of inflation after the French had entered the Ruhr and stopped the wheels of German industry. It was monstrous and terrifying and ridiculous. Yes, ridiculous in its insanity. Money was no longer reckoned in marks but in thousands of marks, and then in millions of marks.

Fritz Hagen had brought home thousands of marks as wages and tips—hundreds of thousands according to the figures printed on dirty bits of paper—but prices rose even quicker and higher, so that one could never catch up to them. They lived on potato soup, and bread, and beans. Poor Karl—a growing boy—had to do without butter and cheese and things to fatten him. Elsa, who was serving in a dressmaker's shop—she was useful to them because of her pretty figure—came back at night with dark lines under her eyes because of the frightful stories of privation told to her by the other women and her own desperation with this misery. And Hagen's wife had nearly lost her reason because of those ridiculous figures on the paper notes which had no buying power.

One night she became hysterical and frightened Karl and her husband and Elsa by her moaning and weeping as she rocked up and down. She declared that the world had gone mad because of the war. God, she cried, was punishing humanity because of all its cruelty.

Fritz Hagen held her wrists and begged her to be quiet for the boy's sake, and then was stern with her for the first time since their marriage.

She was so astounded that he should be angry and hard with her—this little, timid man, for whom she had a great contempt as well as a great love—that she was shocked into silence and self-control.

Fritz Hagen was thinking of things like that when he hurried back to one of the tables at the cry of "*Noch ein Bier, bitte!*" and fell over some imaginary obstacle or served the wrong customer, or broke a glass by a clumsy flick from his table napkin.

He was worried about his daughter-in-law, Elsa. She had been faithful to the memory of his son for twelve years after his death at Cambrai. Now as a woman of thirty-two —Karl had grown into a thoughtful lad of fourteen —she had fallen in love with a young man who lodged in their tenement house.

FRITZ had nothing against this young man —Friedrich Schmidt—he was about a year younger than Elsa—except his politics and his poverty. He served in a shop for men's shirts and collars, for a miserable wage which was not enough to keep a wife on.

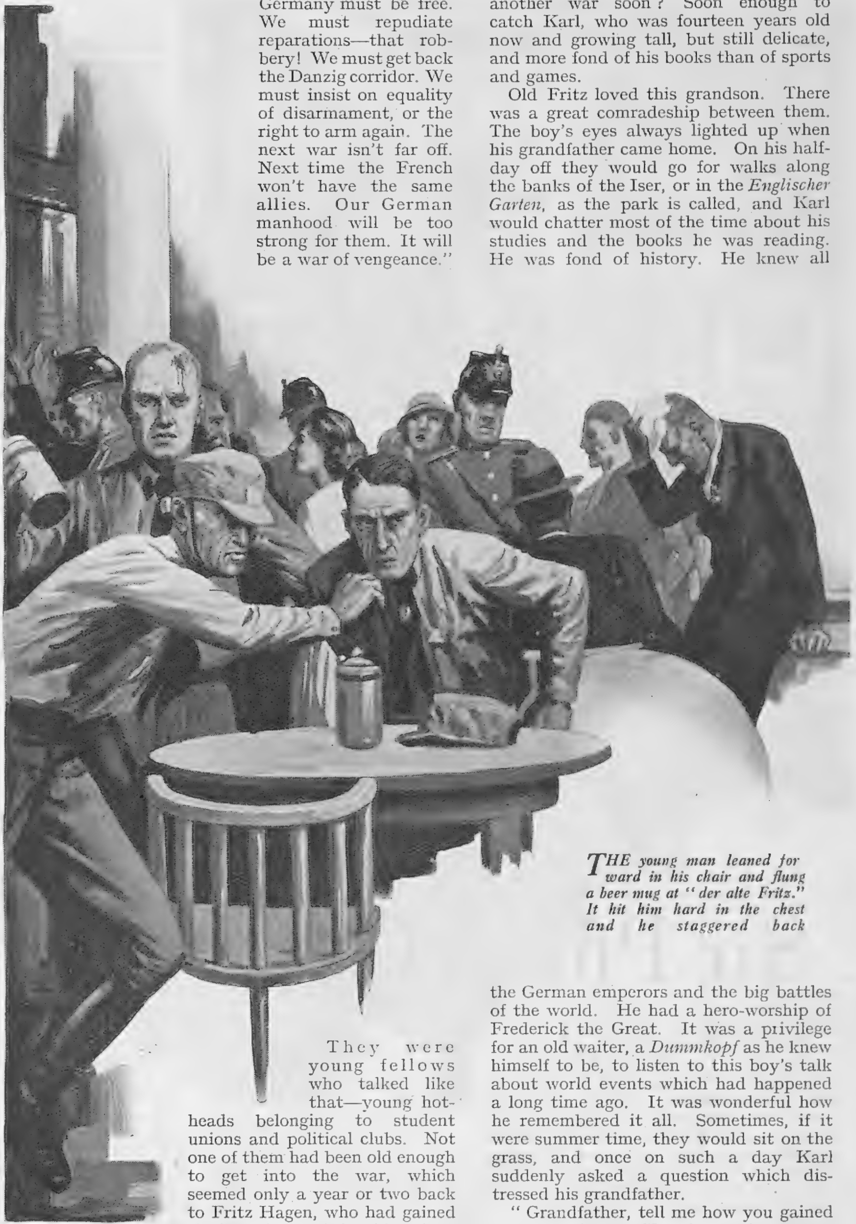
"He can't afford to marry you, my dear," said Fritz Hagen to his daughter-in-law. "He has to spare part of his wages for his widowed mother, as you all know. In any case, he is a Communist and will get his head smashed in a street riot, or be put into prison for revolutionary speech. I am afraid sometimes when I hear his wild words. They are very dangerous in Munich, where there are many Hitlerites."

"Oh, father!" cried Elsa impatiently. "You are always so timid—so afraid of everything. I can't understand how you won the Iron Cross for heroism in the war."

That was true. Fritz Hagen was afraid of everything—afraid of losing his job, afraid of the Herr Ober, afraid of those young students and ex-officers who came into the beer hall to talk politics, getting more and more excited as he served them with beer, denouncing the enslavement of the German people, the cowardice of men like Herr Stresemann, and, after the death of that statesman, turning their contempt upon Dr. Brüning, the Chancellor, because he went on paying reparations to the ex-enemy and inflicted cruel taxes upon the German people in order to collect that tribute.

Fritz Hagen could not help hearing their conversation when he served them. Some of them shouted and banged the tables with their beer mugs.

"We must defend ourselves," they said. "We must arm again so that we can claim our freedom and equality with other nations. It is only by force that one can get anything in this world. Adolf Hitler is quite right. He may talk hot air now and then, but at least he shows the way to get rid of these intolerable burdens which are crushing the old German spirit. He has the spirit of leadership. At least, he has a programme. Any programme is better than the craven subjection of our present rulers. Germany must be free. We must repudiate reparations—that robbery! We must get back the Danzig corridor. We must insist on equality of disarmament, or the right to arm again. The next war isn't far off. Next time the French won't have the same allies. Our German manhood will be too strong for them. It will be a war of vengeance."



THE young man leaned forward in his chair and flung a beer mug at "der alte Fritz." It hit him hard in the chest and he staggered back

They were young fellows who talked like that—young hotheads belonging to student unions and political clubs. Not one of them had been old enough to get into the war, which seemed only a year or two back to Fritz Hagen, who had gained the Iron Cross of the third class. He made allowance for their youth. To them the war was only history, or a dim memory of childhood when their fathers had gone off to the front and their mothers had wept. Some of them were too young even to remember such things as that. But old Hagen—the other waiters called him "*der alte Fritz*"—was distressed when he overheard such words. They made him absent-minded and forgetful of his customers. He would stand there for a few minutes with a napkin over one arm of his rusty black clothes and one hand resting on a table from which he ought to have been wiping the puddles of beer, lost to his surroundings, deep in thought, frightened —yes, frightened, although he had won the Iron Cross. Was there going to be another war soon? Soon enough to catch Karl, who was fourteen years old now and growing tall, but still delicate, and more fond of his books than of sports and games.

Old Fritz loved this grandson. There was a great comradeship between them. The boy's eyes always lighted up when his grandfather came home. On his half-day off they would go for walks along the banks of the Iser, or in the *Englischer Garten*, as the park is called, and Karl would chatter most of the time about his studies and the books he was reading. He was fond of history. He knew all the German emperors and the big battles of the world. He had a hero-worship of Frederick the Great. It was a privilege for an old waiter, a *Dummkopf* as he knew himself to be, to listen to this boy's talk about world events which had happened a long time ago. It was wonderful how he remembered it all. Sometimes, if it were summer time, they would sit on the grass, and once on such a day Karl suddenly asked a question which distressed his grandfather.

"Grandfather, tell me how you gained the Iron Cross. You have always put me off when I have asked you before. I think I ought to know, as your grandson. It is a great honour for the family."

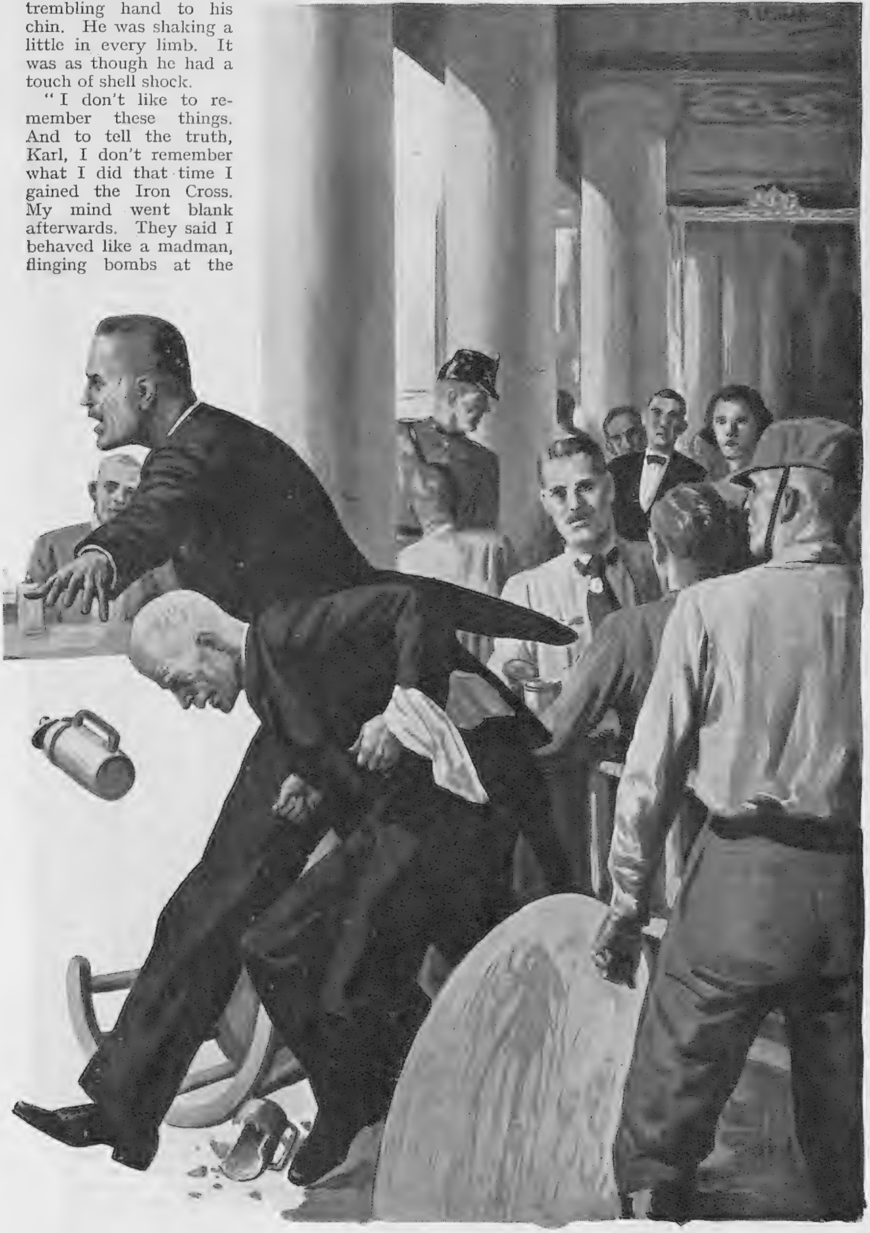
Old Fritz blushed and then became agitated.

"No, no, Karl! It is no honour. I don't prize it at all. I try to forget all about it. You see, the war was so terrible. I saw many of my friends killed. I lost your dear father. It was a massacre of young manhood.”

“Yes, but, grandfather, you must have been a hero! You fought bravely for the Fatherland. Tell me how it happened that day and what you felt like, and whether you were terribly excited when you rushed against the enemy and killed so many of them.”

Fritz Hagen raised a trembling hand to his chin. He was shaking a little in every limb. It was as though he had a touch of shell shock.

“I don't like to remember these things. And to tell the truth, Karl, I don't remember what I did that time I gained the Iron Cross. My mind went blank afterwards. They said I behaved like a madman, flinging bombs at the enemy—those English machine gunners. I think I *must* have been mad. You see, I was always a coward! It seems unbelievable that I should have been at all like a hero. Yes, certainly, I must have been a little mad.”



The boy was disappointed. Old Fritz could see that he would not accept that version of the story, which was the true one. He was determined to make a hero of his grandfather.

“It is because you are too modest, grandfather! That is absurd. One doesn't do heroic things if one is a coward. I wish you would tell me all about it so that I could write it down and perhaps learn it by heart. One day, when the next war comes, I should like to have the remembrance of your heroism. That's the value of tradition, you know. We have to live up to the deeds of our forefathers.”

When the next war comes——

Old Hagen—*der alte Fritz*—shivered, although it was a hot day in August.

“No, no, Karl!” he said, in an agitated voice. “Don't talk about another war. Don't think about it. Why can't men live in peace with each other? I cannot bear to think that you and other boys will ever have to go through what we had to suffer in the last war—the agony, the blood, the terror. No, no! Anything is better than that!”

“Not dishonour,” said young Karl, who had been reading the lives of the German heroes.

OLD Fritz Hagen was silent. In his heart he believed that dishonour was better to be suffered than war—any humiliation—any misery—though he dared not confess that to this boy. Young life ought not to be thrust into the barrage fire because some statesmen spoke against another nation or believed in human sacrifice. He didn't understand these things. He was a *Dummkopf*. He didn't know much about honour or dishonour. He was an old waiter who carried beer mugs for thirsty throats. They had laughed at him when he was drafted into the “puddle-splashers” or “mud-eaters,” as they called the infantry. The *Feldwebel* always had something up against him because he didn't understand orders or got out of step in the ranks. He wanted Karl to live. On his deathbed he would be happy to know that Karl would go on living. And all the Karls of the world—why should they be destroyed because of some quarrel between the politicians? There would be talk about honour and dishonour. But whatever happened, there would be the massacre of young manhood and the weeping of mothers. That was war, whatever the cause of it.

Those babies over there, playing on the grass—flaxen-haired like fairy princes and princesses—what a pity if they were to grow up only to be gassed and torn to pieces by shell splinters, and blinded and crippled and killed! That was war, whatever the cause. That was war as he had seen it. That was war as he remembered it sometimes between the cries of *Noch ein Glas Bier, bitte!*

Sometimes a few English tourists came into the Augustiner Keller, and *der alte Fritz* hurried to serve them, saying, “Good day. Good morning! Very fine weather, gentlemen!”

Years ago, as a young man, he had been a waiter at Eastbourne and Brighton. He still remembered some of his English. He was glad to speak it again to these English tourists, (*Continued on page* 102)

Alone *on a* Wide,

Survivors' T*ales* of O*pen* Boats

SOME of the rescued crew of the liner "Targis," which caught on fire in mid-Atlantic, in the lifeboat of the "Rangitata," which rushed to the rescue

ALAIN GERBAULT, the French lawn tennis player, who has performed some remarkable long distance sailing feats in his small craft. Many times has he been given up as lost but eventually arrived at the destination he set out for

Not lost, but gone before

WILLIAM ALBERT ROBINSON and his 32-foot ketch "Svaap," in which, with a Tahitian native, he sailed round the world, a 30,000 mile trip

THERE has been much talk of late about the desirability of small boat handling as a means of developing "sea sense" in the rising generation, in place of the old training in square sail. However the question may be regarded nowadays, it is quite certain that it would not have found much favour with the seamen of the old school. It was one of the paradoxes of the old shellback's make-up that he looked on small craft with an intense and profound distrust akin to that with which he viewed the kindred art of swimming. "I hate messing about in little boats," I once heard a retired skipper say, whose youth had been spent in clipper ships; and indeed the people who try to drown themselves in two or three tonners round about the Thames estuary, and delight in cooking their meals themselves on Primus stoves and eating them with their knees up to their chins in stuffy cabins, are mostly stockbrokers, solicitors, retired Civil Servants—anything, in fact, but deepwater sailors.

And perhaps it is not so paradoxical as it seems. Taking it by and large, people who have spent a great part of their lives doing some one thing professionally, don't want to spend the rest doing it for fun. Boats for the seaman are not associated, as they are for the landsman, with the idea of pleasure and freedom. At best, they may recall to his mind long and irksome pulls to or from an anchorage in some foreign port; at worst, they may bring a recollection of some drifting ship's boat picked up at sea, the protruding ribs and parched lips of whose silent occupants bore eloquent though dumb witness to the long agonies through which they had passed before death came to relieve them.

Whatever the reason, the average shellback was not an expert in boat-work. Nor did he get much chance to practise it, for even in harbour it was the apprentices, in their capacity of crew of the captain's gig, who had the lion's share. As for the boats themselves, in many cases they were the reverse of seaworthy, stuck to the skids with paint, their seams gaping with long disuse, and used as receptacles for any and every sort of spare stores, from a pot of paint to a live cow.

Yet, in spite of all, maritime history abounds in stories of the endurance and resource displayed in open-boat voyages, from the days of Bligh's great exploit and earlier to that of the boats of the *Trevessa* a few years ago: stories, some grim, some magnificent, some shot through with flashes of humour.

Humour of the unconscious sort is not lacking in an account of "the Strange and Remarkable Deliverance of Dr. William Johnson, Chaplain and Sub-Almoner to King Charles I," which is to be found in an odd little book published in 1734, called "God's Wonders in the Great Deep," and copiously interlarded with the texts and pious ejaculations popular at the time. "Going on board from Harwich," says the narrative, "on the 29th September, 1648, he was suddenly seized with a strange and unusual Dulness and Sadness of Spirit, and was in so great an Anguish, that his foreboding soul suffered all the Terrors of Shipwreck before it came upon him; which made him really sick, that in his own thoughts Drowning would have no affliction for him"—a frame of mind by no means uncommon among ocean travellers, though luckily their worst forebodings are seldom fulfilled.

But to return to our worthy chaplain: At about four in the

Wide Sea

By C. Fox Smith

THE perils of the deep. The crew of a sunken steamer rowing away from their stricken ship to a vessel that has come to their aid

afternoon, he was "lying down below, below, below," and greatly desiring to die, when the master came into the cabin wearing such a long face that the reverend gentleman, finding the prospect of immediate dissolution not so alluring as he had thought, made shift to crawl on deck, where he found that the ship had sprung a leak and must soon sink. The longboat was hoisted out and they all leaped in, though the Doctor, in doing so, "had like to have been drowned." There was half a gale blowing, and they had neither compass nor provisions—nothing but a small kettle which served as a baler, and three Bags of Pieces of Eight to the value of three hundred pounds sterling, which, sententiously observes the narrator, "would neither feed nor warm them." After a time they had the good fortune to sight a ship, which took them on board, the chaplain being once more the last to be rescued, his seasickness having reduced him to such a state of limpness that he had to be hoisted on board with a rope. "But see the uncertainty of sublunary things!" exclaims the pious author. Before reaching Norway, whither she was bound, the vessel ran upon a rock, on to which rescuers and rescued alike, all but the captain, had only just time to jump before she sank, the reverend gentleman, last as usual, arriving "upon all four." The place was a barren islet, yielding no water and no food but a few shellfish, so the castaways set to work to make a "slight boat" from the fragments of their ship. In this they at last made the coast of Norway, when they took ship for England.

But the chapter of accidents was not yet closed. After a narrow escape from striking a concealed rock, the ship sprang such a leak that it was only by dint of much pumping that she arrived safely in Yarmouth.

The good chaplain and sub-almoner was perhaps luckier than he knew. One cannot help wondering if it was altogether by accident that he was so often nearly left behind, for beyond a doubt most of the ship's company would put down their repeated misfortunes to the presence of a "sky pilot."

IN most cases open boat voyages have been in the nature of forlorn hopes, undertaken as a means of escape either from starvation, drowning, fire at sea or hopeless captivity. A certain number, however, have been involuntary. There are many well authenticated instances of native canoes which have been carried by the Japanese current right across the Pacific to the coast of the American Continent, and the Navaho and other Indians who show certain Polynesian racial characteristics are sometimes supposed to owe their origin to some such accidental immigration. Numerous South Sea legends are met with probably relating to such "drift voyages," and it is thus that the Maoris are said to have first landed in New Zealand.

Among such involuntary voyagers may be mentioned the seven men of St. Kitts who, having prepared to be absent for one night, were driven out to sea by a hurricane, and after having been at sea five days proceeded to draw lots to decide which should die for the rest. In due course the survivors got back to St. Kitts, but as soon as they landed they were arrested and charged with murder. However, "inevitable Necessity pleading in their behalf they were set free."

Not all involuntary seafarers were so unfortunate, however, and the case is recorded of a Shetland woman named Betty Mouat, who was carried out to sea in a small boat and, hoisting her petticoat for a sail, crossed the North Sea without mishap, and landed, none the worse for her experience, in Norway.

The Straits of Magellan are by no means without their dangers even for a modern vessel equipped with up-to-date navigational instruments. But for a leaky, unseaworthy craft crowded to the water's edge with sick and starving men, and provided with neither charts nor instruments of any kind, its difficulties were tenfold greater, and that the passage should ever have been accomplished under such conditions seems little short of a miracle.

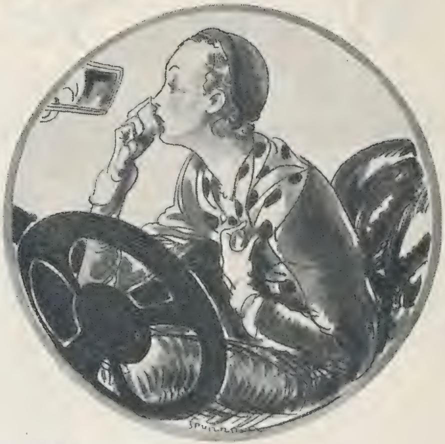
In March, 1741, the *Wager*, a crazy old East Indiaman, acting as tender to Lord Anson's squadron, ran aground off the South American coast just east of Cape Horn and became a total wreck. The castaways decided to try to reach some European settlement along the coast,

(*Continued on page* 113)

The MAN who *understood* WOMEN

A Comedy of Run-Away Couples

By Dorothy Black



THEY buried the sandwich papers decently in the ditch, like good citizens, and Margaret, powdering her nose, using the driving mirror to assist her, suddenly remembered how Elliott had said to her :

" Our marriage is going to be different, darling. Our marriage is never going to sag . . ."

She stared down the white ribbon of road, and wished she had not remembered just that, just now. For sag it certainly had. Disastrously. Otherwise was it likely she would have been off like this, down the Portsmouth Road, to spend a week-end with another man ? Enjoying herself, too. Quite shamelessly. She had already paused several times to listen to her conscience, whether it twinged, but it didn't twinge. Only it still made her shiver, when she remembered the lies she had told Elliott about spending the week-end at Margate with Aunt Susan. It would be so awful if he hadn't really believed them, and went to see . . .

George was tinkering with the car, in an absorbed sort of way. He was so delightfully absorbed in anything he did. It was part of his charm. There was nothing domesticated about George. He did not want to talk of milk supplies, margarine as a butter substitute, lettuce, and how to keep it unwilted, or eggs, fresh, or no. For six years she had been glutted with domesticity. It seemed to her that in their few spare moments she and Elliott did nothing but talk about food, money and bills. Love had been chased away by domesticity and was in full flight.

And then George just walked in, with that debonair smile of his, and things became fun again. Fun, like they had been when first she knew Elliott. Life got icing on it again, instead of looking threadbare and shabby.

And it wasn't as if Natalie loved George. Often and frenziedly Margaret clutched at that straw. It made such a lot of difference. George assured her that they had nothing whatever in common, that she only stayed with him because she had no money, and she had to live somewhere, and she wasn't cute enough to do anything on her own. Or warm-hearted enough to run away with anyone else. That, it seemed, was the whole trouble with Natalie. She was cold as an icicle.

ELLIOTT loved Margaret, she knew well enough, in his own way. The trouble just was that it was such a stodgy way. Soon enough one would be old, and then there would be plenty of time to be loved like Elliott loved her. Now, one wanted so much more than that. One felt cheated.

Sometimes she wished she did not know Natalie. It made it rather more difficult her knowing and, for that matter, rather liking Natalie. But for the moment she dismissed them hastily from her mind, George having now done with the car, and dropping into the driver's seat beside her.

He had an attractive hawk face, with eyes that were very kind and jolly. He was thin and immensely tall. And he had a dashing way with him. He wasn't, like Elliott, always taking precautions, always keeping an eye on a rainy day. George didn't care, and yet one felt if that rainy day came, he would deal most efficiently with it. He was so courageous. Difficulties melted away beneath the persuasive ways of George. He was always sure things were going to work out all right, and they did work out all right.

" The hotel," said George, after kissing her, " is kept by a Frenchman. Frenchmen are the only people who know how to keep hotels. They don't consider it their duty to try and lead their visitors up to grace, like English hotel keepers do."

Margaret said it was clever of him to find an hotel like that in England, and wondered how he had done it. George said : " Well, oddly enough, I heard Natalie speak of it, and I thought at the time it would just do for us."

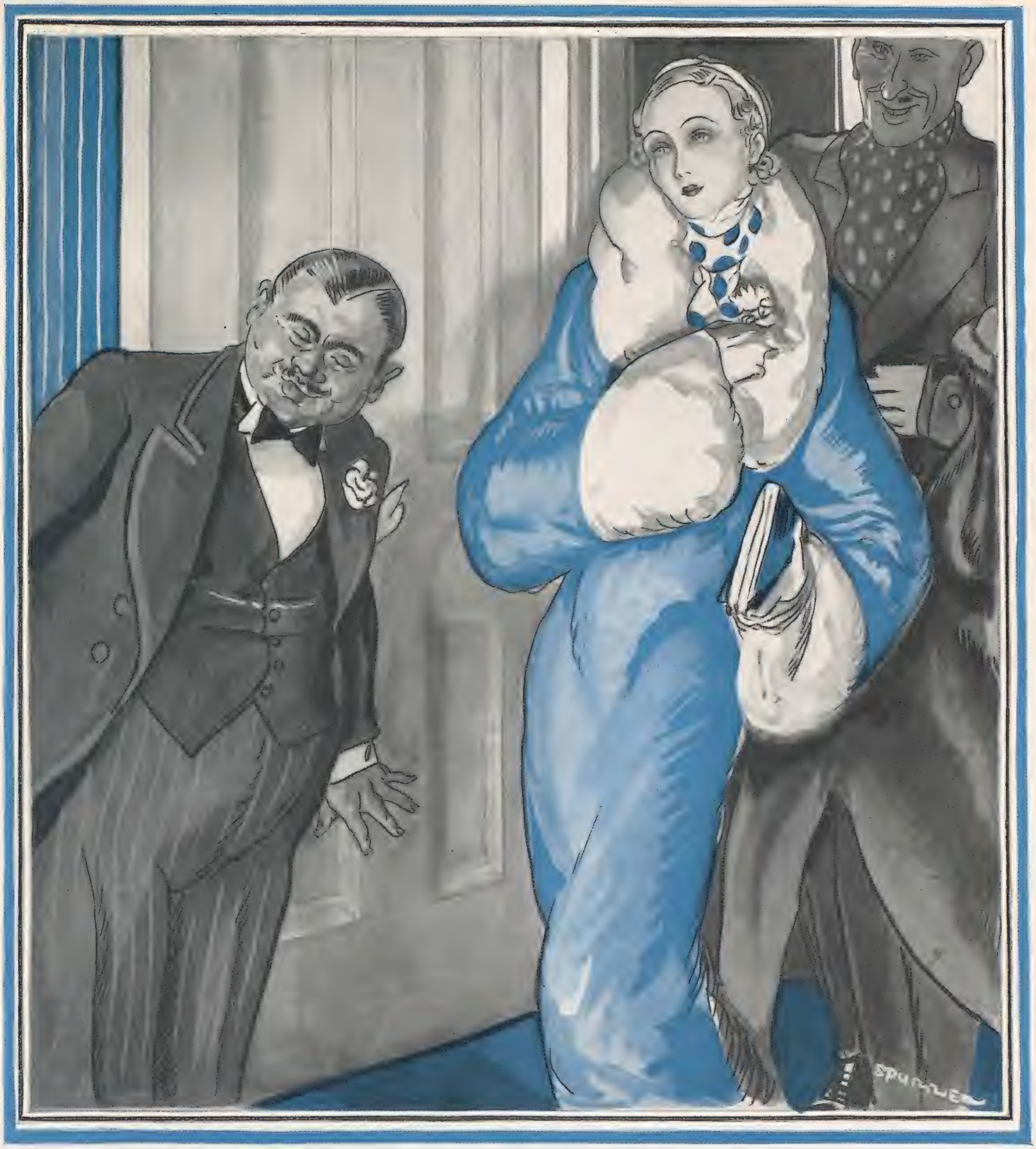
" Oh, George . . ." She wished he had not told her that. She did not want Natalie on at this party, at all. She said : " Isn't it rather silly, under the circumstances, to go somewhere Natalie . . ."

" She hasn't been there, cuckoo. Only heard of it."

She looked up at him. He was smiling, and when George smiled like that, difficulties simply melted away. She was such a silly little fuss bag, so unused to this sort of thing, that the pathway seemed positively lined with difficulties that did not exist.

THE hotel at Winklebay had that bleached appearance only English hotels achieve. It looked as if, in common with most of its visitors, it had recently had a disease, and been sent down by its doctor to recoup. Courage almost failed Margaret as she stood in the plush and gilt vestibule, where Monsieur the Proprietor had imported any number of cupids who looked, in the grey light of an English afternoon, cold and slightly indecent, but George handled the situation with the utmost efficiency. There was no hesitating, no wavering about George. He knew what he wanted, and went right out to get it, and there is no quality that more endears a man to a woman. Elliott, she remembered, could not even get a taxi after a theatre without a great deal of wandering around and wondering what would be the best thing to do next. Elliott just did not understand women. She had suspected it for years, she was sure of it now. George understood. He knew what aggravated beyond endurance, and what no woman could resist. A man like that must make life pretty marvellous. She sighed, envying Natalie.

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THEIR suite was charming. Monsieur, beady-eyed as a duck, and, thought Margaret, a great deal too knowing, showed them there himself

Their suite was charming. Monsieur, beady-eyed as a duck, and, thought Margaret, a great deal too knowing, showed them there himself. There was a large bedroom leading off the sitting-room. He threw open the door, indicated it delicately, then quickly distracted them with the view. The view, said Monsieur, on a fine day, was marvellous. But, unfortunately, it was not a fine day. In Winklebay it very seldom was, even in the season, which was only two months out of the twelve, but Monsieur did not lose heart even over that. The sea at Winklebay is of a retiring nature. It had retired so far that only a distant strip of grey flecked with white was all they could see of it. In the chimney the wind moaned in rather an eerie fashion. Margaret could very easily have wished she had not come, but she would not let herself. *Affaires du cœur* of this sort, she suddenly realised, should be transacted in bright sunlight.

" Now, darling," said George, settling her in a big chair beside the fire. " I'm going to do everything for you, wait on you hand and foot . . . You aren't going to raise one little finger . . . "

How George understood women, knew that they liked to be fussed and taken care of ! She held his hand against her face for an instant's gratitude, then let him light her cigarette for her. How different this from those more domestic holidays ! " Marget, where did you put my socks, my soap, my razor ? Marget, what did you do with the . . ."

George's voice broke up her peace suddenly.

" Margaret . . ."

" Hello . . ."

There was a moment's silence. Then George came into the sitting-room, his face a queer ashen colour. She stared at him, astonished.

" Why, George, whatever . . ."

" There's a man under the bed . . ."

" What nonsense ! How could there be ? . . ."

Hand in hand they went back together into the bedroom.

"I tried to push the hat box under. It stuck, and I saw his boots . . ." Somehow she got the impression that George's teeth were chattering.

To her own surprise she remained fairly calm, for all the thought of the headlines there might be if the man told tales that would flock through her mind. Or supposing he blackmailed them, and told Elliott all. She hadn't much money. Only a five pound note hidden away under the plush of her jewel case, not worthy of the notice of a blackmailer . . .

She bent down.

There was a man under the bed.

Only, as far as that went, he was a safe enough man. He wouldn't tell any tales on his own. He was dead . . .

THEY faced one another across the sitting-room fireplace. Margaret could not doubt it any longer. George's hand was shaking as he lit his own cigarette. She thought, astonished, "Now that we are up against it, I am really the braver of the two of us."

She said, "We must clear out, now. At once, George. Let's pack up and say we've had a telegram . . ."

"How can we? They know jolly well we haven't because they haven't delivered it. And if we clear out, they will probably come up and have a look round and find—him—and our descriptions will be on the air with the nine-thirty news as likely as not."

"But he's nothing to do with us?"

"No. Only we'll have to prove it, and you and I aren't at the moment in a position to prove anything much, are we?"

He didn't seem brilliant and efficient as usual over this.

"Then, before we know where we are, the whole thing will come out. Your husband will discover you were not with Aunt Susan, and Natalie will find out I hadn't gone to Nottingham—on business."

"Was that what you . . ."

He nodded.

"I don't care if there is a scandal. I don't care if the whole thing comes out. I am not going to spend a night in the room with someone dead."

"Keep your head, for God's sake, Margaret! Heroics aren't going to help us. Unless there is an absolute uproar, there is no need for Natalie ever to hear of it at all. I have trained her well. She never asks questions. All we have to do is to evolve some way of getting out of this quietly . . ."

Now ideas began to flit through Margaret's mind in a fragmentary sort of way, like bits of a jigsaw that would presently fit themselves together and make a fact. George did not want her for his own for always, as he had so often protested he did, otherwise would he be so upset at the prospect of its becoming attainable? Almost inevitable that it would become attainable, for how were they to dispose of a whole dead man without attracting any attention or arousing any comment whatever?

And George wasn't elated at all. He was all dithery. He was, she knew sickeningly, thinking solely of himself and his own affairs. She began to cry.

"I wish I'd never come."

"No good thinking of that now . . . We've got to think of a way out. They must have done this room, got it all ready, and he's come in afterwards, confound him! The chances are that someone will claim him eventually . . . . Unless it was murder." He relapsed into gloomy silence. "Do you think I had better put him in the wardrobe?"

"No. No. Don't touch him. Don't on any account touch him. He's nothing to do with us. Oh, George, let's go to the manager and tell him the whole thing. He'd probably help us out. He'd have to . . ."

"Have you ever heard of blackmail?" said George. "Yes. Well, I hope you'll never do more than hear of it. That's all."

He sat down beside her and took her hand, but now there was no thrill in his touch. It was as if the queer subtle communication there had been between George and herself was suddenly broken off.

"Listen to me," he said. "I've got an idea. You must pretend to be ill. You will remain in bed."

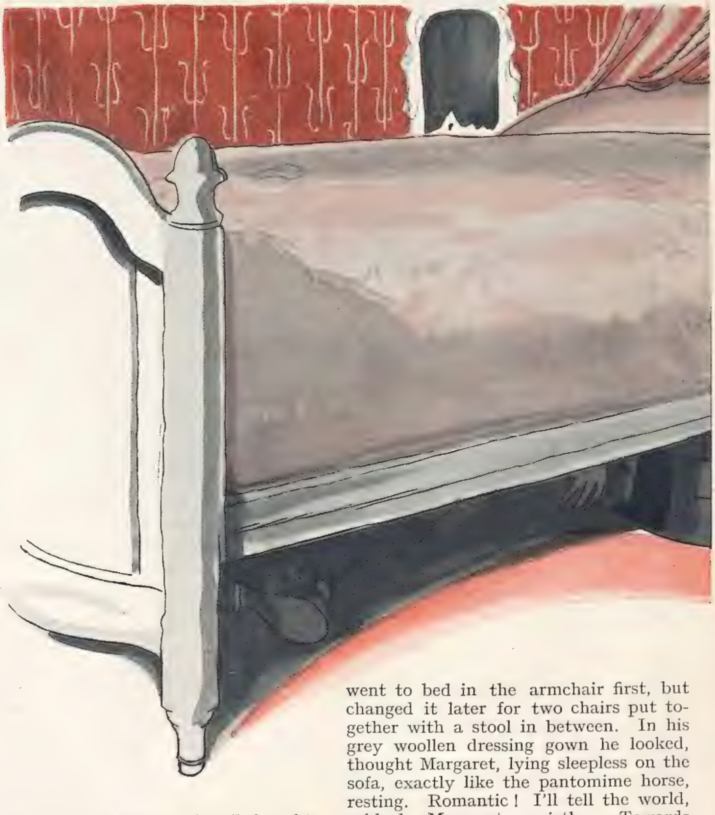
"George, I won't as much as go into the room . . ."

"No, no. I'll make you a bed in here on the sofa. You will not want to be disturbed at all. That will keep the servants out meantime. Then, to-morrow, we'll wire for Elliott."

"For Elliott!"

"Yes. Don't you see? Explain all, and throw ourselves on his mercy."

"Why not telegraph for Natalie, and throw ourselves on her mercy?"



"You must be greener than I thought you, if you prefer a woman's mercy to a man's."

"So I am to be sacrificed . . ."

"There will be no question of sacrifice, if Elliott is a sport, as I think he is."

She stared at him, astounded now.

"You have queer ideas of sport, George. Supposing Elliott does not come?"

"The least a man can do is come, when his wife wires for him urgently."

"You certainly have quite orthodox ideas about matrimony, here and there," she said dryly. "Don't you see Elliott will be furious, and divorce me?"

"But, Margaret, there hasn't been a single thing . . ."

"Who is going to believe that fool story?"

"With a dead body in the bedroom I would have thought any decent man would realise that it would be quite impossible."

It was obvious that George had very nearly nice feelings over some things.

"Well, Natalie will probably divorce you anyway."

"Natalie would never do such a thing. She doesn't believe in divorce."

"You never told me that before."

"There didn't seem to be much point. Darling, if things had gone right we could have had a lovely time, you and I."

She snatched her hand away from him.

"No. I hate you! You don't really love me at all. It's all sordid and horrible, and I thought it wasn't. This is the first time I really see you as you are . . ."

"Now, don't get shrewish . . ."

He omitted to kiss her good-night. He went to bed in the armchair first, but changed it later for two chairs put together with a stool in between. In his grey woollen dressing gown he looked, thought Margaret, lying sleepless on the sofa, exactly like the pantomime horse, resting. Romantic! I'll tell the world, sobbed Margaret quietly. Towards dawn the hardness of the chair broke down his morale. He crept away to the bedroom. She heard the springs of the bed go off like a banjo as he got in. She tried not to be too harsh over it. After all, he had fought in France, which, of course, made men callous.

She slept and awoke to find him standing over her. With a shiver she realised that all men look much alike in the early morning, and there is little more than a linen collar between humanity and the bears. She said :

" Well ? "

" How are you ? " asked George fatuously. She said : " Rotten. You snored."

" My dear girl, I never closed my eyes all night. I'm going to get them to bring breakfast up ; I shall take it in, then I shall go off and wire Elliott to come. It's the only possible course. Do you agree ? "

" I don't care what you do, as long as we get out of this."

She watched him scribble out the wire. He gave it to her, and went to dress. She heard the splash of his bath running in.

> " Please come I need you urgently. Bellevue. Winklebay. Margaret."

She threw it back to him when he reappeared.

" All right. I can't think of any other way. I don't really care. . . And if he doesn't come, I shall drown myself."

George said impatiently : " Oh, for goodness sake . . . One body is enough." He departed. She heard him explaining that Madam was not very well, was sleeping, was on no account to be disturbed.

He returned in half an hour, and threw his hat on to the table.

" Nothing to do now but wait until he comes . . . and make a plan of how we're going to tackle him."

He wandered into the bedroom, whistling between his teeth. She heard him open the window, heard him open the wardrobe. Heard the whistling suddenly cease.

" George . . ." She was, for some reason, frightened. " What are you doing ? "

His face appeared round the door, completely blank.

" Gone . . ." he said.

" What's gone ? "

" It—him . . . There's nothing . . ."

" Don't be so silly ! Of course there must be . . ."

She went into the inner room. They came out again presently, staring at one another, aghast. George passed his handkerchief over his forehead.

" Well, I'm sunk ! You heard nothing ? "

" Not a thing. Maybe it went last night ? While we were both in here . . . You didn't look."

" I didn't look. There was no reason to keep on looking."

She put her hand to her forehead.

" I suppose we didn't imagine it, George."

" It would be sometime before I'd imagine myself into a mess like this," he said, savagely.

" Let's go . . . Get away. We can, now."

" You forget we've wired for Elliott."

" Yes, I forgot that . . . You've wired for him . . . Well, wire again and stop him."

" A little fishy, wouldn't it ? Wire from Winklebay when you are in Margate, saying come urgently. Another wire, also from Winklebay, saying 'Don't come after all.' If there is one thing that would make any man come post haste . . . You really are rather guileless, you know."

" I haven't made a life work of this sort of thing. I'm not very good at it. It's the first time I ever deceived Elliott, and it will certainly be the last. If anyone ever got retribution, full measure pressed down and running over . . ."

" I see now what a shrew you would always be when things didn't go your own way."

" Yes. It takes something like this to reveal our true qualities."

" Don't let's bicker. The fact remains there was something in there last night, and there is nothing in there now. We've got to get to the bottom of it before Elliott comes, whatever it costs us. For, don't you see, we've not a thing to back our story with now."

He rang the bell.

" What are you going to do, George ? ".

" Question the Manager."

THE manager arrived very merrily, with that determined cheerfulness that made even an hotel in Winklebay pay. He had a seasoned face that had the air of being cobbled instead of paved with flesh in the usual way.

He twinkled at them, rubbing hands.

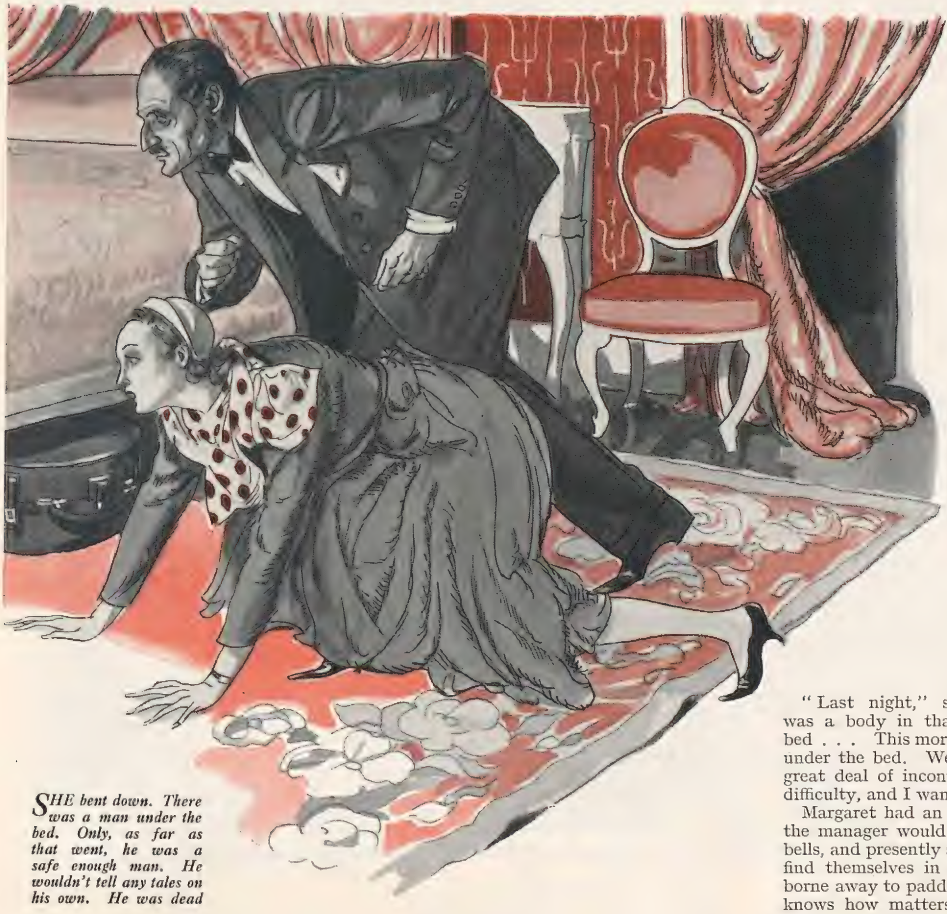
" Monsieur, Madam, I hope you 'ave been comfortable ? "

" No," said George, going right to the point with something of his old directness. " We have been foully uncomfortable."

A shade passed across the manager's face, like sunshine fleeting from a cobbled street.

" Last night," said George, " there was a body in that room. Under the bed . . . This morning, there is no body under the bed. We have been put to a great deal of inconvenience and—and—difficulty, and I want an explanation."

Margaret had an unpleasant idea that the manager would begin to laugh, ring bells, and presently she and George would find themselves in an ambulance being borne away to padded cells, and goodness knows how matters would then be explained to Elliott, to Natalie.



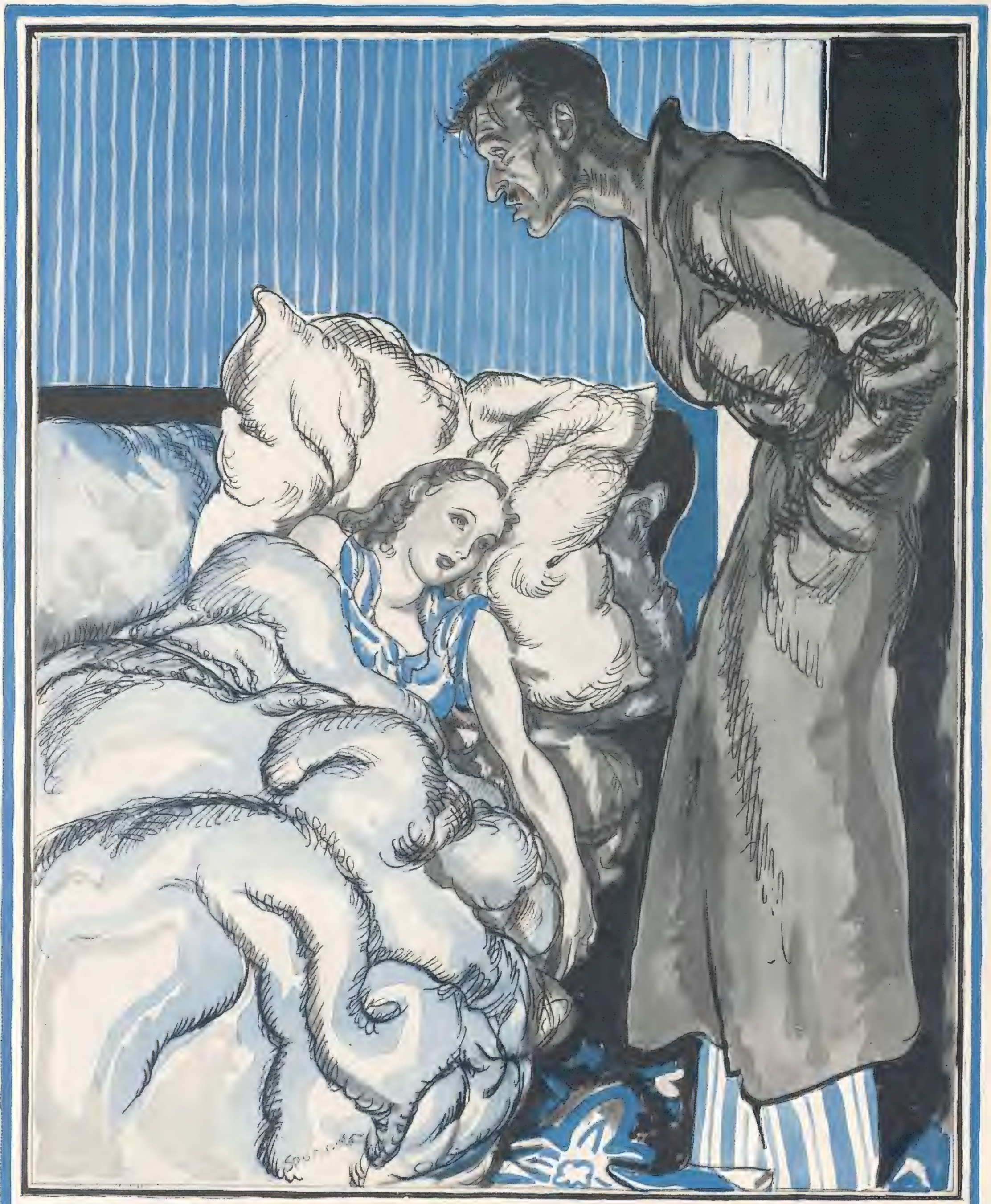
SHE bent down. There was a man under the bed. Only, as far as that went, he was a safe enough man. He wouldn't tell any tales on his own. He was dead

The manager did not laugh. He patted George reassuringly on the arm. He said:

"Ah, that most unfortunate affair. So you have seen this poor fellow. Monsieur, it was too sad that he choose just that room. When I hear the news last night, and you and Madam have said exactly nothing, I think you have not noticed. I say I must not spoil for them their 'oliday . . . I think perhaps you have fortunately noticed nothing . . . Quietly, quietly, we take him out, last night . . ."

"Last night?" said Margaret feebly.

"But, yes . . . And to-day she has come, very early, the poor lady, and showed me the letter telling her he has



SHE slept and awoke to find him standing over her. With a shiver she realised that all men look much alike in the early morning had to poison himself, Monsieur, because she, it appears, is already married and cannot leave a husband who adores her. . . . There will be no questions, no awkward enquiries. It was so plainly suicide from his own letter . . . The police, they make no fuss, and this poor madam, she is with him now . . . Therefore Monsieur and Madam need have no anxieties. If, perhaps, you care for another room. . ."

He regarded them, rubbing his plump little hands together. How much did he know? Margaret wondered.

"All is now well," said the manager blithely, "for Monsieur and Madam. . ."

"All is far from well," said George coldly. . . "You have been frank with us, we must now be frank with you. We have wired for Madam's husband."

"Then Monsieur and Madam are not . . ." He made little clicking noises with his teeth, but not of horror, merely perplexity. . .

"If there were to be police enquiries we thought it best that Madam's husband . . ."

Monsieur said "*Mon Dieu!*" He said, also, "*Ma foi, les Anglais*. . . Monsieur, why on airth you send for Madam's 'usband? . . . Why you don't come to me? . . . Already last night I can tell you it is nothing, just a small tragedy. . ."

"Then why did you not come to us?" said George coldly. "Surely it was your place. . ."

The manager drummed fingers on the battlemented arrangement of his front teeth.

"Listen to me. You depart instantly. Madam shall register her name, alone. Then, when Monsieur arrives, Madam can perhaps make him some little explanation. . ."

"Yes, yes, I'm sure she can. . . Do you hear what he says, darling? It's the only way out of it." He now said "Darling" as he might have said "Fido." "Romance," thought Margaret . . . "I'll say it's romance all right."

They were alone again. He said, "I'm sorry, Margaret."

"I'm not. It seems to need a thunderbolt to bring some women to their senses. I've had mine."

"Don't think too unkindly of me. It's been a dismal failure, of course, but no one could foresee . . ."

She said, "Do go . . ."

"After all, I have Natalie to think of. We may not be a very devoted couple, but, of course, one can't help feeling. . ."

"Oh, go, go . . ."

He went.

THE tragedy of life, thought Margaret, is that you never know whether you are someone's life's grand passion, or just a week-end diversion, and there seems to be no way of finding out, until too late. She paced the room, waiting for Elliott, and wondered what the story of the poor girl next door was, whose husband loved her so much she could not bring herself to leave him. Tragedies everywhere. It made you positively depressed to look at an hotel, and think of tragedies going on in practically every room.

Elliott came right into the room and took her in his arms. She began to cry a little.

"I'm—not in Margate, Elliott."

"No, dear. Of course I knew that. You see there was a post card from Aunt Susan last night, asking why you never came to see her. You should train your relations not to write post cards, Honey."

He dried her eyes for her . . .

"Oh, Elliott, I was very nearly very wicked. I—I meant to leave you . . . But at the last minute . . ."

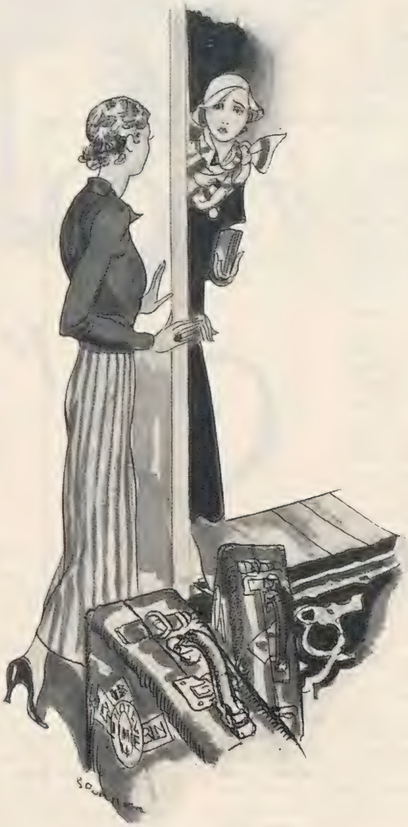
"Yes. . . Your courage failed you. I banked on that. It's the husband's longest suit, and it seldom fails. Now don't talk about it any more, see. Everyone on this earth goes through just this. . . . I remember feeling once I'd just have to leave you. . . It isn't natural for married people not to get that urge once in a way . . . But if one keeps one's head it usually passes before it's got very far. . . And if it doesn't, well, nothing was going to do much good in the way of patching anyway. . ."

He kissed her gently.

"There, don't cry and imagine it's a lot more important than it is. It's silly to make too much fuss over these things. Now, what do you want to do? Stay here—or . . ."

"Elliott," she said, wildly, "you don't understand . . . I haven't told you . . ."

"I'm asking no questions, old girl. I don't want to go into this understanding business any more heavily. . . Just let well alone. . . Maybe I know a whole lot more than you think. Anything I don't know, I don't mind standing to lose. Now, what is it to be . . ."



AND as she stood there, the door opened cautiously, and she found herself face to face with Natalie

"Let's get out of here. I never want to see the place again. Let's go home. I want to go home."

"Yes. In the end, nine women out of ten want to go home," said Elliott . . . "Get your things packed up and I'll pay the bill. Then we'll get the four train."

He departed.

Margaret packed. What did he know, and how? She could not imagine, and she would probably never know. But how glad she was to see him again! Elliott did not profess to understand women, but on the whole he was much better at a crisis than George. . . She stood in the passage, wondering what the other poor little woman was doing, with her tragedy in the next room. And as she stood there, the door opened cautiously, and she found herself face to face with Natalie.

Natalie was very white, and there were circles of shadow under her eyes.

"You?" she whispered. . . "Is—Elliott here?"

"Yes," whispered Margaret, more thankful than she had ever been in her life to be speaking the truth. Supposing it had been George Natalie found her with . . .

Natalie put her finger to her lips.

"Don't tell him. Or anyone. I've had an awful time."

"Natalie—is it—was it—you who came this morning?"

"Yes. We loved each other. He wanted me to go away with him, but of course I couldn't leave George. I know very well what George is. He thinks I don't, but I do. He'd go all to bits without me. So I wouldn't go. . . And he took something, and wrote and told me. . . Oh, cruel! . . ."

She cried softly, shaking her head in an odd pitiful fashion, like a baffled child.

"Mercifully George was out of the way. . . In Nottingham. Please, please, Margaret, not a word . . ."

Distant footsteps sounded along the passage and she disappeared, leaving Margaret breathless . . . Natalie . . . Natalie who George said was so cold . . . No wonder she knew all about the Winklebay Hotel. . . She loved him, but she was good. She wouldn't go away with him because of George, who wasn't worth it. Who certainly wasn't worth it. Warm pity for Natalie filled Margaret's heart. George, who understood women, she thought . . .

Elliott said:

"There. We're through. Let's clear out."

Monsieur bowed them adieu, non-committally, but his duck-like eye was horribly merry, very knowing. It made Margaret shiver. She said:

"Women don't really want adventure. All they want is to play with the idea of adventure. . . . When they get the real thing. . ."

"They have cold feet and want to go home?" said Elliott. "Well, well, my dear, perhaps you're right."

There was something very solid and comfortable about him. She clung to his arm. She remembered the events of the last twenty-four hours, and shivered.

Never again.

The SPEED of ANIMALS

By J. Wentworth DAY

GOLDEN plover flying at eighty miles an hour . . . elephants stampeding at half a mile a minute . . . salmon migrating at twenty-five miles a day . . . the giant tunny flashing through the water at perhaps forty-five miles an hour. No field of speculation could be wider or more fascinating.

Our exact knowledge of the speeds at which birds, animals and fish can travel without the fortuitous aids of wind and tide are sketchy and far from complete. Bird speeds have been worked out to a certain extent, but much remains to be discovered. We have a working basis to go upon, but no exact formula.

Animal speeds are in that fascinating state of conjectural possibilities where one man's knowledge of one particular species is probably governed by local conditions and cannot be regarded as more than a contributory unit to the general solution of the question. For instance, buffalo or elephant may be capable of much higher average speeds in one part of the world than in another, according to local conditions of soil and general " going."

As for fish we know practically nothing definite, although such painstaking authorities as Mr. W. L. Calderwood, of the Scottish Board of Fisheries, and Colonel Harding are hard at work on the subject.

The whole question, more particularly with regard to birds and fish, opens up an immense field for research, the results of which may well have the most profound bearing on the future design of aircraft, submarines and high-speed motor vessels.

The late Sir Henry Segrave, a very dear friend, told me when he was designing the Segrave " Meteor," the most perfectly streamlined airplane of its type, that he was certain that if we could determine the aerodynamics of a bird in flight and ascertain the exact wind resistance of its feathers we should be able to build the perfect, fool-proof airplane.

Since then the growth of gliding has shown that motorless flight follows precisely the principles employed by birds when they make use of air-currents and up-draughts. Watch gulls flying about cliffs, or other birds approaching and topping the steep wall and roof-tree of a house. Inevitably there is a flattening-out of the wings at the moment of approach, a sudden sweep upwards and an effortless swing over the cliff or the house. That guiding spirit behind modern civil aviation, Colonel the Master of Sempill, spends half his holidays at the Lizard watching the behaviour of gulls, guillemots and terns in the wind eddies and currents off those tremendous cliffs.

Fortunately, a good deal has been done in the last few years to fix a more or less reliable average table of speeds for quite a number of British birds, the value of which cannot be exaggerated either to the designers of aircraft or to the man who shoots and wants to know how much forward allowance he should give.

I am indebted to Major H. J. Eley, of Imperial Chemical Industries, for many of the following estimates of the speeds of various birds. Some of these speeds were arrived at by the firm's experts after an exhaustive series of wind-tunnel and other tests. Others have been contributed by reliable observers to the *Shooting Times*, *Field*, etc. I am also personally indebted to the late Sir Henry Segrave, Sir Malcolm Campbell, the Master of Sempill and Captain David Wolfe-Murray for other estimates.

Practically all the speeds shown in the table on page 31 may definitely be taken as the maximum of which the particular birds were capable, as, in every case, the observer was either in an airplane or car or watching a bird pursued by a hawk—and therefore going at top speed.

All these birds were labouring under severe fright, and their speeds are therefore valuable only as indications of the maximum they are capable of. Some years ago a Mr. Griffiths, of the

A RHINOCEROS, when charging, covers the ground at a speed of twenty miles an hour

IT is estimated that lions when attacking prey travel at a speed of thirty miles an hour

THE growth of gliding has shown that motorless flight follows precisely the principles employed by birds when they make use of currents and up-draughts

Some Computations, *Results* and Guesses—The *Golden* Plover's 80 m.p.h. the Elephant's 30 *and the* Tunny's 45 m.p.h.

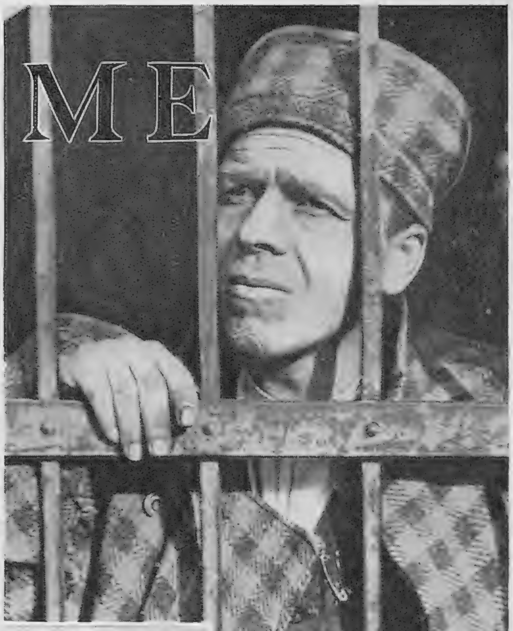
BIRDS *and* FISH

Schultze Gunpowder Co., tried some experiments with a pheasant which he flew down a tunnel and timed. I believe the average speed worked out at 47 m.p.h., which is probably a little in excess of the speed at which the bird would fly under normal conditions. If we were to put the average driven pheasant's speed on a windless day at 40 m.p.h., I do not think one would be far wrong.

For all practical purposes of these estimates I am assuming that the speed should be arrived at under the following conditions: (*a*) over a comparatively short distance—short, that is, according to the *normal* length of the bird's flight; (*b*) horizontal flight; (*c*) the bird to be flying normally and without alarm; (*d*) windlessness. (*Continued on page* 106)

BIRD.	Hugh Fraser in "Amid the High Hills." *Max.* speeds *over ground* in *level* flight through *still* air. Assessed by hawking, *plane*, trains, and cars.	Lieut. Wicks, R.N. ("Field," 28-2-31). By plane observation from speedometer.	H. J. W. in "Game and Gun." Sept., 1930. Observation from speedometer from *planes* and by telephone time checks from point to point.	Various observations and estimates from cars, etc.; from press letters, etc. *No account taken of wind.*	Ernest Hanna, U.S.A. ("Shooting Times"). By observation from *aeroplane* by speedometer.
	M.P.H.	M.P.H.	M.P.H.	M.P.H.	M.P.H.
Golden Plover ..	70	—	60	—	—
Teal	68	70	—	—	65
Blackcock ..	68	—	—	—	—
Peregrine ..	62	—	—	—	—
Pheasant.. ..	60	—	—	38	—
Grouse	60	58	—	—	—
Mallard	58	—	—	—	55
Merlin	55	—	—	—	—
Blue Rock ..	55	—	—	—	—
Partridge ..	53	—	—	37–32	—
Green Plover ..	48	—	—	—	—
Jackdaw	48	—	31/45	—	—
Wood Pigeon ..	45	—	—	—	—
Starling	44	—	38/49	—	—
Kestrel	43	—	—	—	—
Rook	40	—	31/45	—	—
Landrail	35	—	—	—	—
Canvas-back ..	—	—	—	—	72
Goose	—	54	42/55	—	50
Swan	—	—	—	—	45
Quail	—	34	—	57	—
Homing Pigeon ..	—	—	30/36	35/55	—
Swallow	—	—	34/37	—	—
Swift	—	—	68	—	—
Wild Duck ..	—	46	44/59	—	—

CRIME

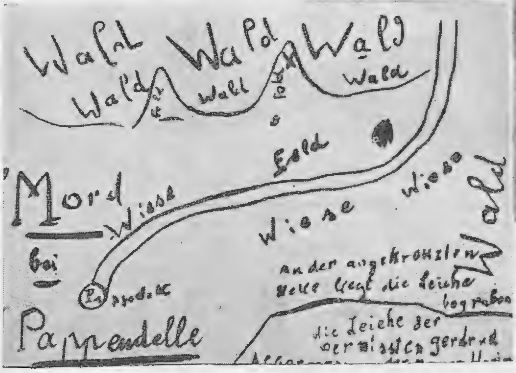


"Out of the Post-War Vortex of Communism, *Drift and* Unrest Sinister Crop *of Young* Criminals—Swindlers, *Dope*-Traffickers, Racketeers, article gives some illuminating—and

HOW much may have come out of the War, that has proved of practical service in peace time, must remain a large and unanswered question. Survivors, for instance, certainly learnt the art of travelling light and have as certainly passed the notion on. In the twin fields of science and invention, we are sometimes almost told that the fatal years were next door to gifts from Providence: everything spurred on and developed so. Well, now, here we find something really helpful emanating from the catastrophe. The Commissioner of Police proposes to tackle motor bandits on an old idea which saw the light at R.F.C. Headquarters in France, in 1916. Lord Trenchard, from Scotland Yard, has looked back at his desk at the château of Fienvillers, and he has taken up a file therefrom and now would apply its notion.

There was a particular form of aerial bandit that we didn't like in France. The fellow who did the registering of heavy artillery and who also wirelessed down "living targets" and carried out shoots on market squares and so on. Blind this fellow, drive him off, and how less offensive would things be, momentarily, on the Western Front. We set about making a dead-set at this gentleman by sending out wireless warnings directly one of his ilk was located at work; and experts like Captain Ball, V.C., would converge in pursuit.

Very simply, the idea now is to substitute cars (always high-powered) for the Sopwiths and to visualise the motor bandit or smash-and-grab man as Brother Bosche of the skies of long ago. Directly an act of banditry is signalled, a wireless call will focus the attention of all perambulating police upon the region involved. And they will converge.


Wald
Wald
Wald
Wald
Wall
Wald
Feld
Mord
bei
Pappendelle
Wiese
Wiese
Wiese
Wald
an der angekreuzten Stelle liegt die Leiche begraben
die Leiche der vermissten Gertrud

Left:
A PLAN sent to the Duesseldorf police showing where the next victim of the sensational Duesseldorf murderer would be found

Out of evil may, perhaps, come this small piece of good; and seemingly it were high time, in that England, especially the Metropolitan area, is beginning to get rather a sticky name for serious crime. Other nations are very quick to pounce on this kind of thing. We are charming people nowadays. If one capital city can point to a second and say: "Oh, you bad, bad, sanguinary burg!" it will lose little time in doing so, if tourists can by such means be attracted in its own direction. It behoves us, therefore, not to overblacken ourselves unless London would wish to be known presently as a second New York or kingdom of the thug. We know what has happened to Chicago, in this respect. Chicago swore by *publicity—good, bad or worse, but publicity!*—and woke up one day to find that when it wanted to be good for its World's Fair, the wide world thought differently.

England's new-style and rather frightening highway robbery is being much commented on abroad. In fact, our slipping is leading others to consider recent crime, which, in every capital, is on the increase under two main heads: Fraud in all forms, and Violence. Symptoms are not identical—thus Vienna differs from London—but the steadily mounting graphs at the various police headquarters through Europe tell a single tale of one further major post-war problem to be met.

The ranks of the police are increased; so are those of the criminals. And the stark unpleasantness is that the latter are learning more than the former. Of course, we know well that if there weren't some fifteen million unemployed strewn over Europe, there wouldn't be half the crime; furthermore, that some of the violent brand is a psychological emanation of days when men massacred men every afternoon within striking distance of Paris and London. But there is a third and no less cogent reason for all the serious law-breaking, and that is well within our radius of action. I refer to the teaching of "how to do it," the incessant publicity given to crime in every land, not excepting Mussolini's.

Crime is the easiest thing on earth to "play up," and when men read that it is going well, why shouldn't they join in too?

ONE day, when some of us look back from a sanely censored world on the international Niagara of films, fiction, police dreadfuls, crime reporting, which all were allowed to go the limit for so long, we shall probably decide that we deserved to founder, anyway. It is surely rubbish to place the good that publicity does beside the evil: there can

Over EUROPE

By Ferdinand Tuohy

be no true comparison. Moreover, too much publicity doesn't do the police any good, either, tending to make them window-dressing and superior, not to say bullying.

The whole business of crime publicity needs urgent overhaul, and hang

Right:
THE result of a smash-and-grab raid in Piccadilly. A jeweller's window was smashed and the thieves helped themselves to a valuable necklace and other jewellery and got away in a fast car

FRAZER AND HAWS

THREE prisoners being tried by martial law in Hungary. Stefan Horoath (left) was sentenced to death for shooting a policeman, and was hanged within two hours of the verdict

A FRENCH policeman escorting a youthful prisoner to the scene of the crime which he is alleged to have committed, so that the crime can be reconstructed

Unemployment,
has sprung a
Bandits, B*urglars*,
Murderers. This
alarming—facts *and* figures

the present beneficiaries therefrom, be they lords or dukes. It is bad enough to have science presenting gadget after gadget to the lawbreaker; perhaps that can't be helped; but it is superfluous to drill into the weakening one, into the man dallying with the notion of taking a first step, precisely what to do.

Let me give an example of this from Berlin. Let us, in fact, begin our round with Berlin—

Recently I read an article describing just what the German unemployed *did* with themselves all day. The big three to gain are: bathing establishments, cigarette firms, and new-fangled libraries and kiosks. The cinema is too dear, but once a week this also draws its doled devotee. In winter, the poor superfluities substitute bed for the *strandbad*. They merely keep on with their sensational reading in bed. A penny a week will give them all the crime and adventure books they want; while small groups buy direct from the kiosks the latest gory sheets and circulate these within the combine.

Now, that impressed me because I have seen these very crime-soaked ones, young and old, thick on the roads, the nomads of the twentieth century, erring from place to place on their wits and with ugly thoughts freely uppermost. (Judging by the looks they give.) The old story: they feel that the world owes them something and that they've waited long enough. Burglars, hold-up men, dope pedlars, swindlers, train-wreckers —what shall they become?

(*Continued on page* 109)

IN his way, " Bonzo " Wenson of Scotland Yard is as great a card as Robin Locheven of that mysterious section of the British Foreign Office known as " X." Bonzo has been known to tell a Press-nagged Home Secretary to run the C.I.D. himself, or get a new chief ; and Robin, on the rare occasions when he assumes his territorial dignities, has outraged the County Bench by sitting thereon in hunting pink. But whereas Robin's sense of humour pervades everything he does like a pattern in a tapestry, Bonzo preserves his for the mordant pastime of playing the fiddle to unmusically-minded friends.

Privately they are excellent friends, but, professionally, " Bonzo " Wenson's attitude to Robin Locheven is that of an inexorable gamekeeper to an amiably ruthless poacher. The feud began a year after Bonzo left the War Office to take command of the Criminal Investigation Department. He sent for Robin, who had been the ablest member of his military staff, and invited him to become an Assistant Commissioner.

" No thanks, honoured sir. I've had enough of red tape and regulations. I'm goin' to be an individualist at the Foreign Office. The ' Neck or nothing ' Club."

" You are, are you," said Bonzo, an edge on his voice. " That's equivalent to telling me you are spending the next few years and all my training in being a damned nuisance to my Department."

" Hardly that, dear sir or madam," replied Robin flippantly. " The gents of my section merely barge in where your little old law machine can't tread. The only difference is that we get officially disowned if we slip up."

" Quite," agreed Bonzo grimly. " I sent one of your bright lads to the Scrubbs the other day to make mail bags for two years. We caught him nailing some papers from one of the foreign Embassies."

" And a very dirty trick that was of yours, honoured sir. Those papers were originally nabbed from a King's messenger, and your lot hadn't been able to recover."

" That's the law, my son, and if I catch you breaking it, you'll go the same way. There's no favouritism in this building. And I'm dead nuts on that side-stepping bunch of yours, in any case."

" Bein' of a sportin' turn of mind, sir," said Robin lightly, " I'll lay you five to one in fifties you don't catch me."

" That bet is booked," snapped Bonzo.

ROBIN LOCHEVEN assumed duty with X Section, and mainly because it took him mostly overseas his rare activities in Wenson's area were indulgences in his favourite relaxation of dancing around the night clubs like a frivolous-minded gigolo, authenticated by a cheerfully fatuous grin in a face of Southern bronze. These hall marks of the hired Apollo of jazz were registering one afternoon when he walked in on Wenson and wished him a gay how-do. He had for the moment forgotten the year-old bet and Bonzo Wenson's declaration of war. Bonzo responded with a twitch of thin nostrils and a contraction of sandy eyebrows—his maximum gesture of emotion—and demanded :

" Well, Robin, my lad—where've you sprung from ? The Folies Bergeres or Timbuctoo ? "

" Just honked back from the States," replied Locheven. " However, I haven't staggered in here to talk my shop, but yours. I'm trying to get a line on one of your great uncatchables. A distinguished professor in the art of separating the idle rich from their financial responsibilities—jewels an' such like. An' it occurred to me that you might know his present whereabouts ? "

Wenson studied him for a moment, then said :

" Well, sit down and make yourself at home, but don't spit on the ceiling. Help yourself to one of your own cigarettes—and give me one."

Robin Locheven lighted both cigarettes, sat in a comfortable chair by a pleasant fireplace, and explained :

" The cove I refer to is a white-haired gent who looks like the American Ambassador, and was educated at Yale an' Oxford. I think you know him as the ' Doctor.' I ran across him in an extremely exclusive night club, an' seek to renew his acquaintance."

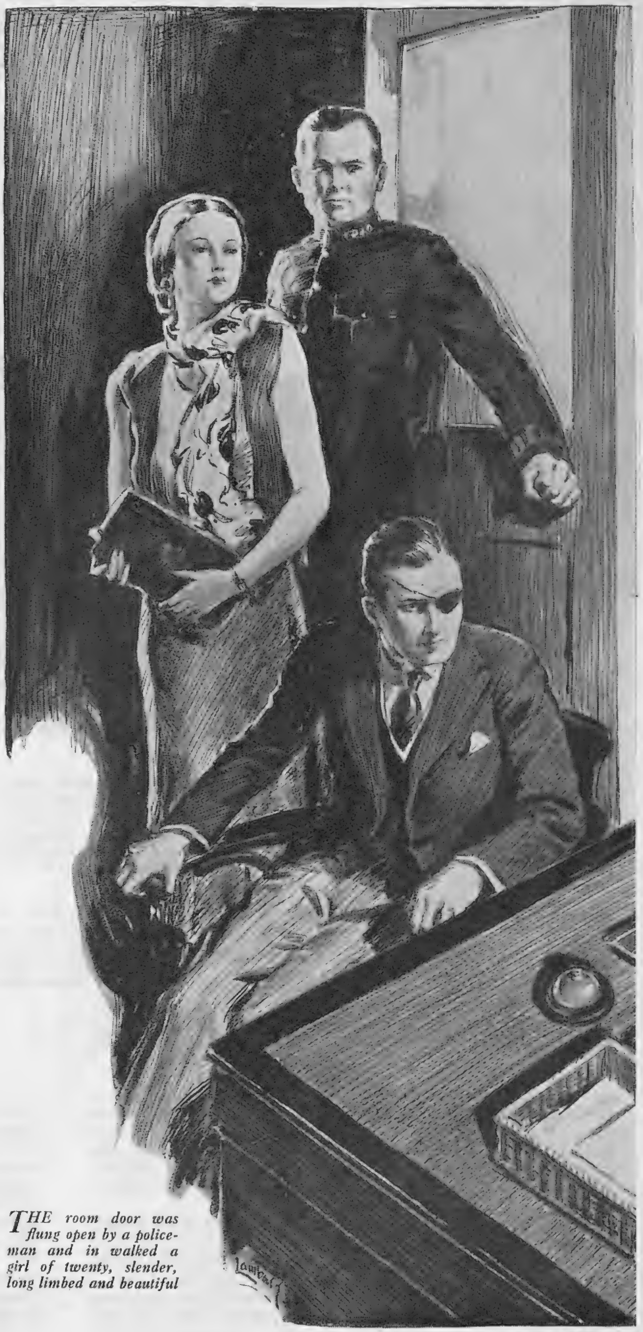
Bonzo took a chamois leather from his mantelpiece, put his foot on a chair, and polished the toe of an already gleaming shoe. Then he turned and asked casually :

" Did you meet your crook friend's beautiful daughter, by any chance ? Well bred, grey eyes, black hair, latest Paris clothes, and the personality of a—thingumajig."

Robin laughed. " Circe is the word, sir. Spanish for what-a-girl. To be quite candid—which I dislike being—it is the lady I am after. She's the best dancin' partner that ever looked a saxophone in the face, an' I'd like to get hold of her again now I'm back in London."

" Do you mean to say you've come wasting my time for the sole purpose of discovering an old dancing flame ? "

" Absolutely honoured, sir. That an' no other. A dancer like that little lady is the same to me as your jolly old



THE room door was flung open by a policeman and in walked a girl of twenty, slender, long limbed and beautiful

And *the* Other *was* Hung . . .

Scotland Yard and a "Lone Hand" in a Sticky Business

By

Frank E. Verney

Illustrated by Lambart

Strad is to you, an' much more comfortable under one's chin."

Wenson considered Robin's whimsical cobalt eye for a moment, returned to his desk and pressed a bell. To the secretary who answered it, he said:

"Bring me the file of that Ronoff case I was reviewing this morning." And when the girl returned he dismissed her, and opened up the jacket on his desk.

Pitching his cigarette into the fireplace, he announced:

"On the night of the 29th of July, Ronoff, a Bolshy propagandist, was robbed of a parcel of diamonds, valued at a quarter of a million. The thief was a lady impersonating a professional star hired to dance at his party that night, with her husband. After the event, Ronoff took the lady to his private room to show her his diamonds, etc. He alleges that she hit him under the ear with a sandbag, and cleared off with the whole collection in a private car she had in waiting."

"My hat!" Robin exclaimed. "I'd like to meet that gel. I'd give her a job in my section at the F.O."

"The lady," went on Bonzo, "had blue-black hair, large grey eyes, and a description which tallies exactly with your fairy. Moreover, there are indications that the man who bribed the real Simon Pures to cut their dancing engagement with Ronoff, was the 'Doctor.'"

"Well I'm darned. You say all this is supposed to have happened three or four months ago?"

"The affair was only reported to us yesterday. Ronoff tried to hunt up the gang with his own jackals—for political reasons. The diamonds were originally stolen from the Russian royal family. Ronoff didn't want that dug up by the Press, while his people were trying to work a trading agreement with us. Now that's fallen through, he's called us in."

"If you ask me," declared Robin, "it's a darned good job Ronoff's diamonds were pinched. These infernal Bolshies do more damage than all the crooks in your gallery. In collarin' their capital, this enterprisin' female has probably saved you a deuce of a lot of work."

"Quite," agreed Bonzo. "I wish she had finished Mr. Commissar Ronoff while she was about it. But we've got a duty to do in this office, and that is to put down crime, whether against undesirable aliens or not."

Then he went on slowly in quite a different voice: "I've told you this story because—there is a curious twist in it. The man who partnered the lady at that dance at Ronoff's house wore a black silk patch over his left eye, as you do; clipped his g's like you, and played the same kind of ass." And he studied Locheven reflectively across the desk.

"What blasted impudence," Robin proclaimed. "Have you caught him yet?"

"My son," said Wenson grimly, "if you were not the thirteenth Viscount, a J.P. and a wealthy landowner, beside being the son of one of my oldest and dearest friends, I should say I had caught him. That description fits you to a tee and it fits the lady you are looking for. The only thing that is not in keeping with you, is letting the lady do the dirty work. What's the answer?"

Robin caressed the black silk patch over his left eye and pondered the question while Bonzo watched him through sandy eyelashes.

"A lemon, I should think," he suggested at length. "A citrous and equivocal fruit produced by a crafty Bolshy out of Coincidence and Official Arithmetic. But what about the body? How do you know this twister Ronoff isn't workin' a ramp. Insurance. You can't go chasin' a charmin' gel across the landscape for a murder—so to speak—without viewin' the corpse, even if she does happen to be the daughter of a crook you've never bin able to get anythin' on."

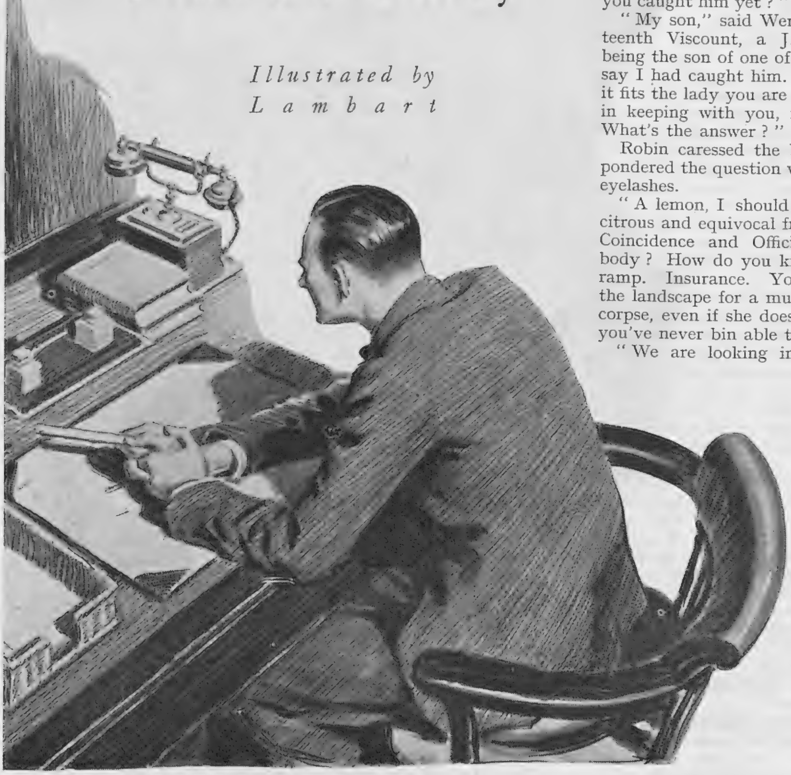
"We are looking into that side of it sonny," Wenson assured him. "And when those diamonds are traced, a judge and jury will decide the future address of your girl friend—and of her accomplice, whoever he may be and whatever his motive."

"So far as the lady goes, I sincerely hope not," declared Robin. "To the best of my knowledge she and her parent have never robbed anybody who didn't deserve it. An' that, honoured sir, if you come to think of it, is one up on most of the legal methods of acquiring increment."

"When and where did you see her last?" Wenson demanded.

Locheven took up his hat and umbrella and lighted another cigarette.

"Honoured sir, friends, Romans and countrymen, do I have to answer that question?"



"You know damned well you don't, the law being what it is," snapped Bonzo.

"Quite," rejoined Robin blandly. "I was wonderin' if *you* did—havin' regard to the sentiments I've just expressed. If you are doin' nothin' over the week-end, come down an' shoot some of my pheasants."

"Where are you making for now?" Wenson inquired.

"The House of Lords," Robin stated. "I always drop in there for a wash an' polish when I'm down this way. They've got such a good lavatory."

As the door closed on him, Wenson snicked his telephone through to the Superintendent in charge of the Ronoff case.

"Lord Locheven has just left my room for the lift. Black patch on his left eye. Have him watched and let me see the daily report."

ROBIN made his call at the Westminster sanctuary for hereditary legislators, had a highball, then strolled out again, past saluting police, and walked to the offices of the Anti-Bolshevist Society of Great Britain.

The Secretary, a rotund ex-officer who owed his life as well as his job to the Right Honourable The Viscount Locheven—Robin had once unhooked him from some barbed wire where he was functioning as a machine gun target—was more than usually pleased to see his visitor, but before he could explain why, Robin said:

"What I've dropped in about, Raikes, is a small advertisement I saw in the *Times* some months ago, in which the Society acknowledged the anonymous gift of some diamonds. What was it all about?"

"That's an odd coincidence," returned Raikes. "I am most anxious to consult you about that. Those diamonds have been the bane of my existence ever since the postman delivered them." Unlocking a desk drawer he took out a cigarette box. "I keep the key here to be sure I don't leave it at home." He surged to the old safe in the corner, pulled out a few books and a long, flat, brown paper parcel.

Robin sat on the table and watched him remove the paper from a stained leather satchel.

Raikes slid back the catch and opened up the satchel. "There they are."

And there they were. Diamonds. A mass of them, gleaming and coruscating even in that ill-lighted office, with all the radiant colours of the spectrum. Robin took a few in his hand, whistled thoughtfully, and dropped them back in the bag.

"That certainly is some windfall. But why the devil haven't you sold 'em? The fighting fund is very low."

"The Executive Committee wouldn't let me," said Raikes. "Two members were for selling; the other two say consult Scotland Yard. It was decided to do nothing until you returned from abroad and gave your casting vote. If *you* say consult Scotland Yard, I'll ring them up now. If you say sell, I'll take the diamonds to Hatton Garden to-morrow."

"Stuff them back in the safe, and I'll think about it," said Locheven.

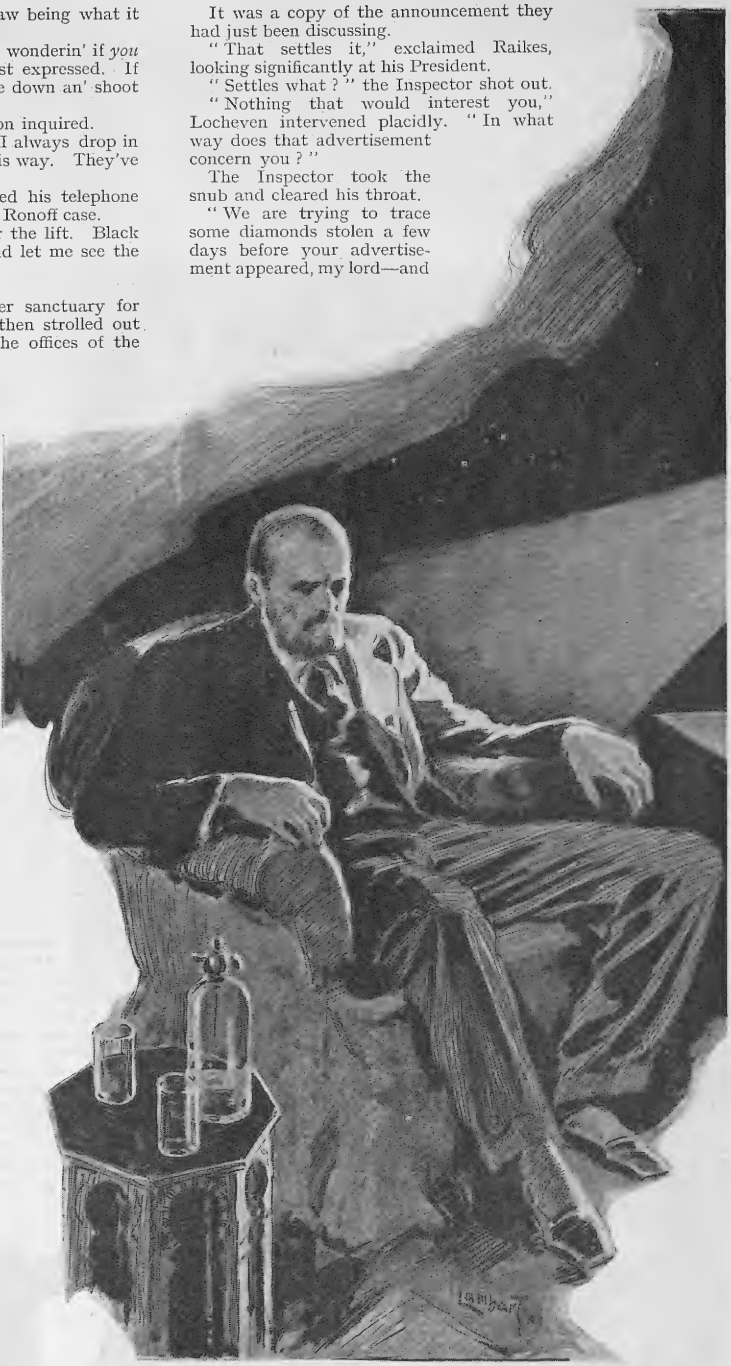
Raikes had just relocked the safe when the room door opened and in walked a burly gentleman with shrewd eyes and an assured manner. He paused at the sight of Robin, his eyes going at once to the black silk patch over the Viscount's left eye.

Then he said: "Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am Detective-Inspector Jenner, of Scotland Yard. Which of you is the Secretary of the Society?"

"I am," Raikes said, "and this is the Viscount Locheven, our President. What can we do for you?"

With another hard stare at Locheven the Inspector took from his pocket book a newspaper cutting and passed it to the Secretary.

"I've called for a little information about that," he announced.



It was a copy of the announcement they had just been discussing.

"That settles it," exclaimed Raikes, looking significantly at his President.

"Settles what?" the Inspector shot out.

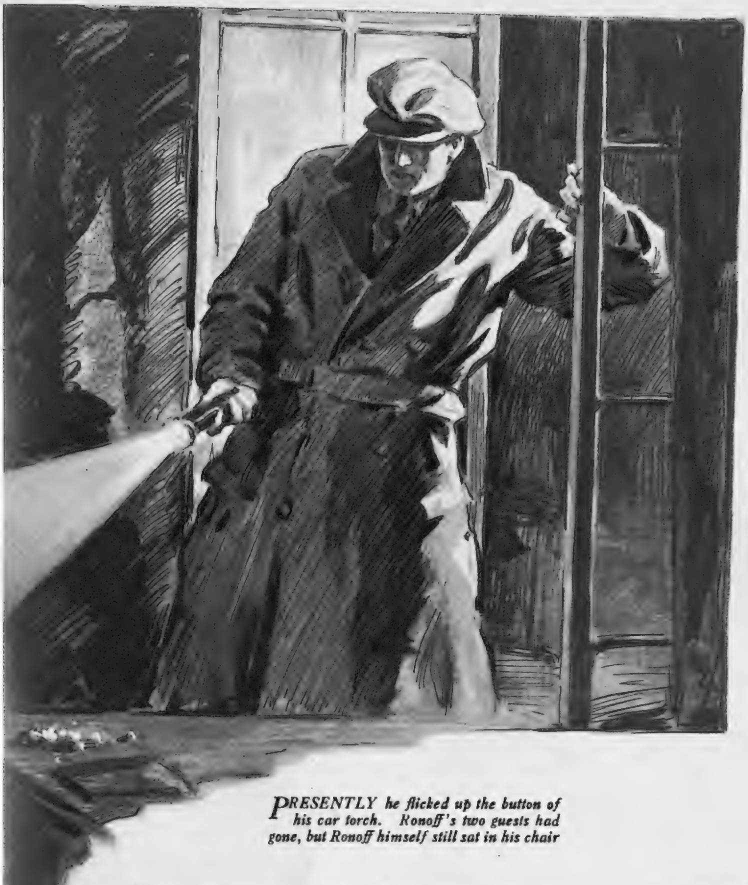
"Nothing that would interest you," Locheven intervened placidly. "In what way does that advertisement concern you?"

The Inspector took the snub and cleared his throat.

"We are trying to trace some diamonds stolen a few days before your advertisement appeared, my lord—and the coincidence has caused a certain association of ideas. One of my young men happened to notice the advert. and remember it. I'd like to see those diamonds if you still have them. If not, I'll ask you to let me know what you have done with them."

"We've got them all right," began the Secretary, but Robin dried him up with:

"They are at the bank, and as it's too late to get 'em out to-day, Inspector, both you and I must restrain our curiosity. I've only just heard about 'em myself."



PRESENTLY he flicked up the button of his car torch. Ronoff's two guests had gone, but Ronoff himself still sat in his chair

Noting the ancient book-safe in the corner, the detective remarked drily : " If they are the lot I 'm after, it 's just as well they are in the bank, my lord. How many are there, and what are they like ? " he asked Raikes. Robin intervened again : " The best thing you can do is call to-morrow at twelve o'clock, an' we 'll have 'em here for you. By the way, I saw Sir Edwin Wenson half an hour ago and he said nothing about that advertisement to me."

" I don't suppose he did," said the Inspector drily again. " If we bothered him with unchecked details, we 'd lose our coats. The Chief a friend of yours, sir ? "

" An old friend," Locheven told him. " Does he ever play the fiddle to you ? "

" I can't say he does, my lord," the Inspector answered drily. " Well, I 'll wish you good-day, gentlemen. Sorry to bother you like this. I 'll be here at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning sharp."

Raikes flopped into his chair, stared at his President.

" God bless my soul ! "

" Your soul is in no danger, Raikes, but it looks as though your diamonds are."

" Do you think they *are* the stolen diamonds ? "

Robin smiled.

" I am damned sure they are."

" 'Strewth," said Raikes. " But who in the name of fortune could have sent 'em here ? We 'll have to hand 'em over, of course. That 's bad luck."

" They belonged to one Commissar Ronoff." said Robin.

" Ronoff. Good God ! I 'd chuck them in the Thames rather than hand them back. He was at the back of all those labour troubles last year. But if these really are Ronoff's diamonds, who on earth sent them to us—his arch-enemies ? "

Robin's eye twinkled. " Between you an' me an' that dug-out we shared at Arras, Fattie, I sent them," he said. And—I also helped to pinch 'em."

That finished Raikes. He just gasped as though he had been struck in the wind.

Robin grinned and explained. " Bein' somethin' of a performer on the night-club parquets, Fattie, I get mistaken for a lounge lizard at times. In that capacity I was hired in an emergency to do a little dance at Ronoff's house. When it was over, an' I found my impresario acquaintances had annexed Ronoff's diamonds, I relieved them of the loot an' sent it along here. Poetic justice in two places, as you might say. I did not anticipate that Ronoff would have the nerve to call in Scotland Yard."

" Well, I 'm —— ! " stuttered Raikes. " I 'm blowed if that isn't just the sort of thing you would do. But how did you get the diamonds from the crooks ? "

" Call it conjurin', Fattie. The question is, what is to be done now ? "

" There 's only one thing to be done," Raikes declared. " Go to Scotland Yard and tell the whole story. You are a lord and all that, and you can get away with most things, but this kind of a joke isn't one of them. They 'll have you as an accessory if you don't own up."

" There are two very good reasons against that, Fattie," drawled Robin. " One is, jail for a charmin' lady whose only fault is a sportin' loyalty to a parent with unorthodox views on property rights ; and the other is my disinclination to let those diamonds go back to finance hell and tommy against all we fought for in the Great War."

" There 's nothing else for it," Raikes insisted. " You 'll get it in the neck if you don't. Five years hard."

" We will sleep on the problem, Fattie. Meanwhile, lock up the office an' buzz off to the family of your bosom. And—as they say in the vernacular—mum is the word, even to the wife."

At that moment Jenner returned.

" Excuse me, my lord," he said firmly. " I 've just called up the Chief, and he 'd like to see you right away. I 've a taxi below, and we might go to the Yard together."

" Eh—what ? " exclaimed Raikes, suddenly aggressive and wary. " If it 's about those diamonds, it 's me he wants to see—not Lord Locheven." And he stepped in front of his President.

Robin laid a hand on his old comrade's shoulder and smiled. " That 's all right, Fattie. Leave it to me. Come along, Inspector— I 'll humour you and even pay for the taxi."

Sir Edwin Wenson did not beat about the bush this time. He fixed the Viscount Locheven with eyes from which all friendliness had departed, and said : " So you 've got Ronoff's diamonds, have you."

Robin delicately peeled off a pair of immaculate white gloves and drawled :

" Leaving aside the question of coercing a peer of the realm from his social duties in order to exhibit the technique of poker, what 's going to win the big race to-morrow ? "

Without shifting his stare, Wenson rapped his desk with an office ruler. The room door was flung open by a policeman, and in walked a girl of twenty, slender, long-limbed and beautiful. There was a spot of colour high on each oval cheek, restrained anger in her wide grey eyes, and her perfect lips curved scornfully at Wenson and the back of Locheven's groomed head.

Bonzo said : " Miss Gladise Stronge—this is the gentleman who employed you on that diamond job at Ronoff's. He 's just spilled the beans."

The coup he hoped to effect by this surprise confrontation was, however, somewhat marred by a distinctive odour of wood violets that had entered with the lady ; and the black tape that compressed Robin's thick hair.

Robin kicked away his chair, smiled at the girl, and held out his hand : " My friend Wenson will have his little jest, Miss Stronge," he said. " How are you. I 've bin tryin' to get hold of you ever since our little dance in Paris."

" London, you mean," snapped Bonzo, his eyes on the girl.

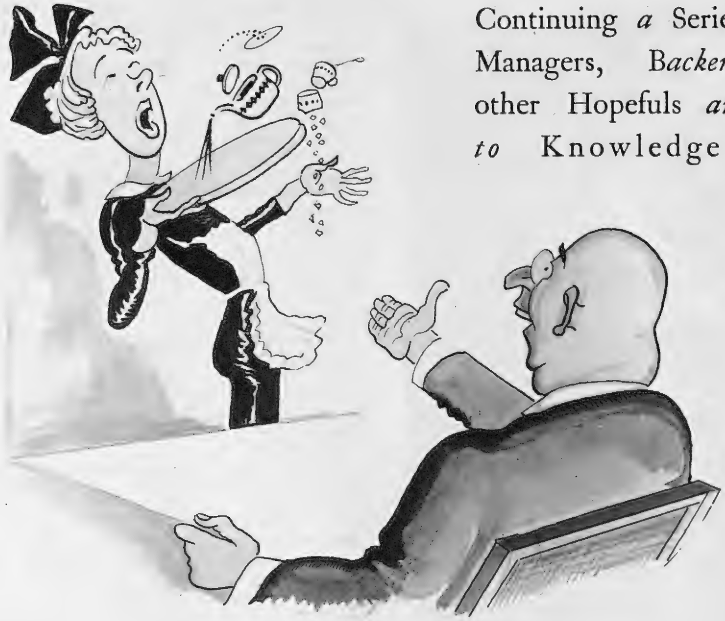
Her colour deepened to that of the Chanel scarf around her neck, and there was a slight tremor in the hand that smoothed the button-hole she wore. But her voice was as level as Locheven's as she answered, coldly:

(*Continued on page* 92.)

Continuing *a* Series *in which* aspiring Managers, B*ackers*, Authors, *and* other Hopefuls *are* offered *a* Guide *to* Knowledge *of the* Stage

O*pen* Letters

Illustrated by Tom Titt



AND you will drop all the crockery and the food, and be dismissed

DEAR ITTY,—If you cannot get work on the stage, try the films. Everybody does.

In England, when a stage star realises she has lost the public she has never had, she thinks she can tear along to Elstree and win the world, or, when Elstree fails, dash off to a sillier Hollywood and conquer there.

There is no reason why you should not try, especially as you are sure to do it, in spite of what I might say.

Now, this is on your side, that, judging from some of the cases I have known, they will stand things on the screen that, in a theatre, would make people throw eggs at the actors.

The film actor and actress are immune because, even if someone threw eggs, they would be somewhere else. They boo, now and then, it is true, and a man has been known to shout " Take it off " ; but, generally, cinema audiences are the most lamb-like on earth.

Never in the history of the world did your mediocrity stand so much chance as it does to-day.

You can be quite ordinary in brain-power, in education, in personal character, in every respect but one, and you can still conquer. But that respect is a lack of respect. You need only have It.

Well, you have It. Why you have It, no one knows. You cannot teach It. It *cannot be taught*. Nor can It be learned.

They have Doctors of " Litt." at the universities, whereas to-day a Doctor of It would earn much more.

WE used to indict the slave market, in which women were bought and sold, where their bodies were prodded by dealers, and they were looked all over by insulting eyes. To-day, in Filmdom, that is the rule. Those with It feel flattered.

The first time I heard the phrase : " She 's got sex appeal," I thought it was loathsome. Now the phrase is part of our language. They shortened it to S.A., which, before then, meant South Africa, on an envelope. But It is a phrase which only now and then is superseded by Box Office.

" She 's got Box Office," they say.

If you have got that, the world is yours.

I suppose Nell Gwynne had a lot of it, only she did not know. When Cleopatra's mother gave her birth, and the proud parents said : " Oh, do look at it ! " well, Cleopatra had so much of It that Mark Antony forgot to make a speech.

Solomon may have had all those wives and concubines, whatever they are, but when the Queen of Sheba arrived with mysterious bundles, borne by camels and elephants, Solomon forgot all his wives and all his concubines, and forgot that the poor camel had the hump.

" I am the Queen of It," was all he heard.

Now it is no good winking at a film director and thinking that is the way. He is so blasé now, after having seen so much It, that, if you sat on his knee, he would not notice.

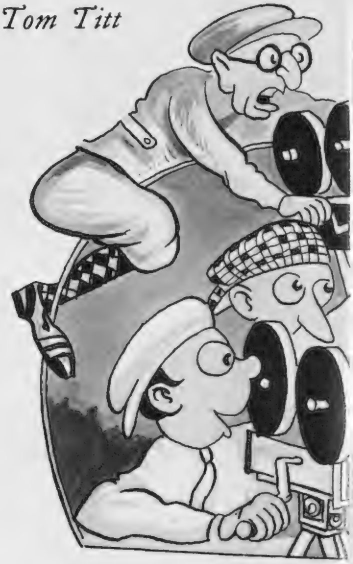
You can make all the eyes in the world at all the producers of Hollywood, and they would merely shout : " Shoot," not meaning you.

Yes, forget what they taught you at school, and unlearn everything that you listened to at your mother's knee. Throw all the books away. Despise everything and join an It school. Then try to cash, in Hollywood, what you must have naturally if you are to be a queen in the modern world.

They oxydise them, and they iron them out, and then leave them all to cool. They punch them and squeeze them, and they bawl in their ears.

" Show us some It," they shout.

They bring, from Paris, the most expensive fashion people in the world. They manicure them, and dye them, but, in nine times out of ten, before the day is through they throw them out and leave them in the rain.



FOR several hours, they will scream that you cannot walk across the stage, that you never could, and that you never will

But, my dear, you might be the odd one. If you are, you are the mistress of the world. If in doing, in front of a camera, the same silly thing some other girl did a year before, you show more It than ever, your name will be displayed in such big letters outside thousands of cinemas right round the globe that no woman before will ever have received such tribute.

We think back to the days of Queen Elizabeth. She was nothing compared with one of the film-duplicated pinheads who have It written right across their brainlessness.

The lovers of Georges Sand are still written of, in obscure books. But, if some silly young girl whose It is greater than the other girl's has her name outside

to the "Would-be's" of the Theatre

No. II: The "Would-be" Film Star

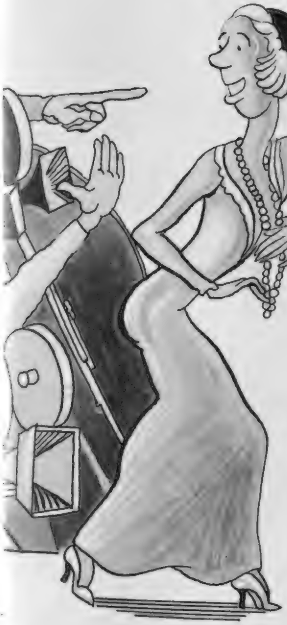
By Hannen Swaffer

a cinema—well, the papers grovel every time she says she is *going* to get married, or she *is* married, or she is *not* married, or she is *unmarried* again, the next year.

I WISH I could advise you about this It, but I know of it less than anything else in the world. I see, around me, people who know It, directly It enters the room. I have known film directors seated with me shout excitedly, "Who on earth 's that ? " when I did not know what he was talking about. Then I noticed his eyes were glaring esctatically on the silliest-looking female I had seen that day.

Now, a few years ago, such a being would be dismissed as a stupid young flapper. If she tried to get a job as a stenographer, she would be fired in an hour. If she got hired in some shop, they would sack her, next morning, for spending all her time staring in the glass. Her accent would make a steam-roller start to run.

Yet, in this year of grace, they discover in her something that only the poor thing knew before. Before they wanted It, everything that poor thing knew was just exactly nothing else.



I should think you would do very well. You are so silly. Yours is not to reason why, because you have nothing to reason with. Yours is to do and dye.

You would not mind if your nice brown hair were turned into a silly sort of pinky-white, and you would let anybody bawl at you through a megaphone. In fact, you would go through anything if, at the end, you could see your name on some front page.

Those of us who put things on front pages laugh. But you do not. You have not brains enough for that. You judge people by their front-page publicity. You would even get married privately so that you could get divorced publicly.

Do not worry over-much about your job. Remember that, on the stage, a poor actress has to possess at least enough intelligence to be able to do it right, more or less, every night. You need only do it right once.

They can rehearse your stupidity for days before, let you say the same silly line a thousand times, drill you and harangue you, and scream at you until you can remember the words, "I love him," and then they can keep on photographing you until at last, by chance, you say it correctly once.

You do not have to worry about anything except doing what you are told.

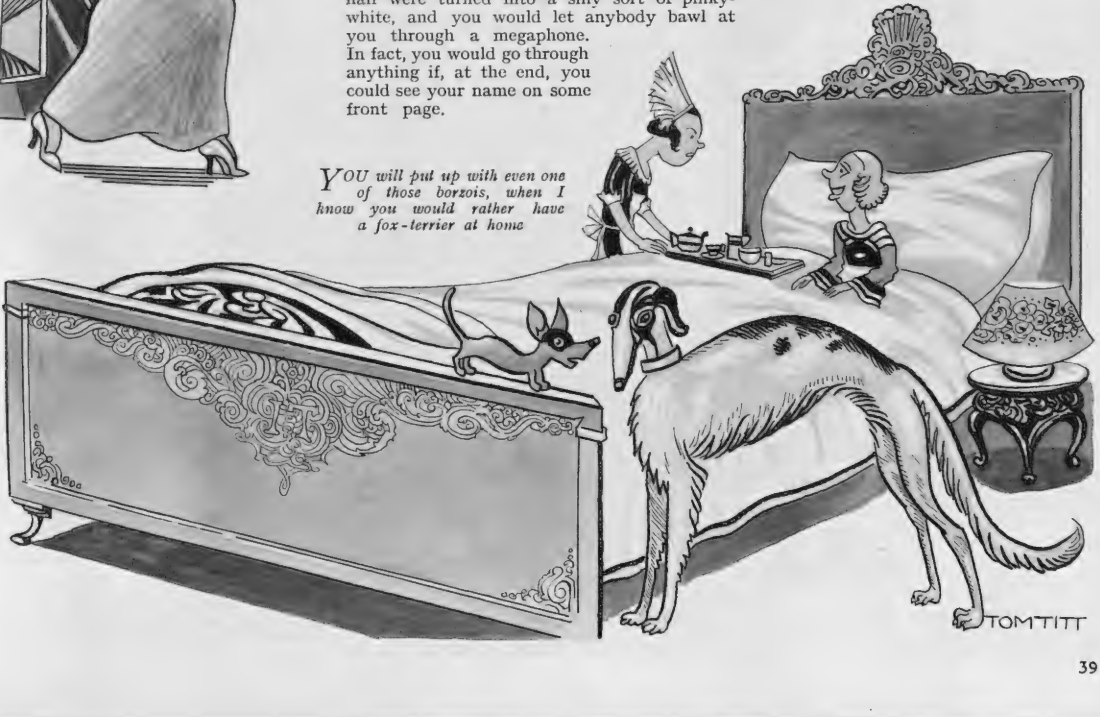
You must not have brains, for if you used them in Hollywood the place would stop. You must not have originality, for, in Filmland, they always prefer to do what someone else did last year.

The thing to do is what all the other girls have done. Go to Hollywood, try to get a job, and then, because you must eat, serve in a restaurant. Keep on carting round the coffee and the caviare until, one night, if you are silly enough, some expensive director is sure to come in and say, "I 'll give you a break."

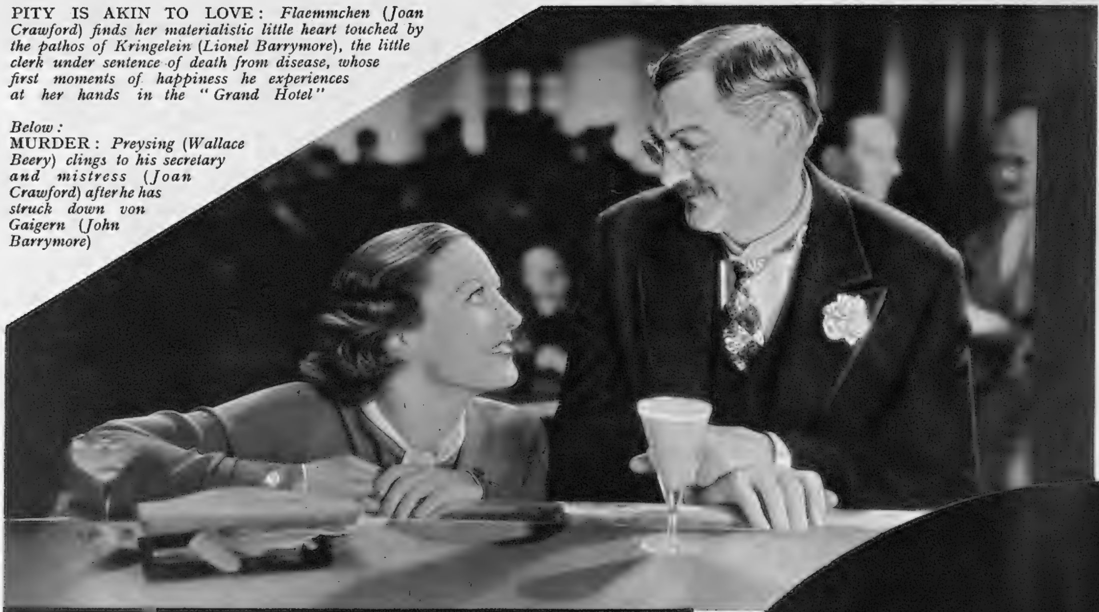
Don't shiver when he says this. He does not mean he will break your neck, which he would do in any other walk of life. He means that, in his next picture, you are to be allowed to walk across the stage.

"I 've got a break at last," you will say to the other girls carting round the coffee and the caviare, and you will drop all the crockery and all the food, and be dismissed. But, as you walk out, you will say, "I 've got a break. I 'm in pictures now."

Then you will wait around for weeks, because the film (*Continued on page* 100.)

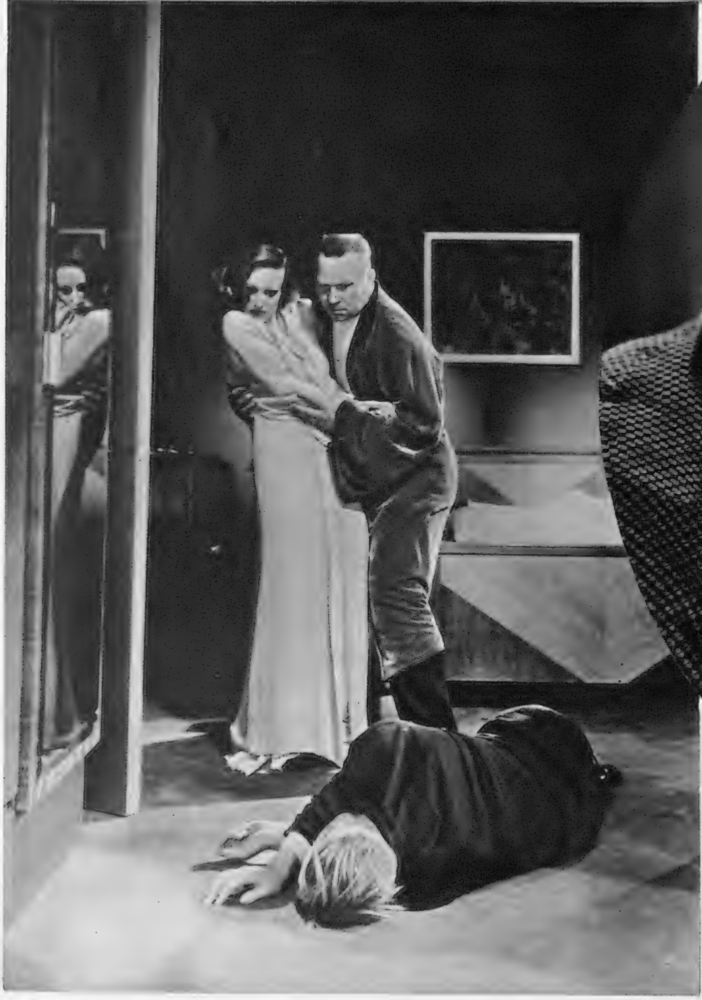


YOU will put up with even one of those borzois, when I know you would rather have a fox-terrier at home



PITY IS AKIN TO LOVE: *Flaemmchen (Joan Crawford) finds her materialistic little heart touched by the pathos of Kringelein (Lionel Barrymore), the little clerk under sentence of death from disease, whose first moments of happiness he experiences at her hands in the "Grand Hotel"*

Below:
MURDER: *Preysing (Wallace Beery) clings to his secretary and mistress (Joan Crawford) after he has struck down von Gaigern (John Barrymore)*



THE PRICE: *Preysing (Wallace Beery) informs Flaemmchen (Joan Crawford) of the conditions under which he will take her with him on his trip to England*

"GRAND HOTEL"

Stars galore in a Film de-Luxe

THE TRAGIC CHORUS: *Dr. von Otternschlag (Lewis Stone), the sinister victim of the War, whose ceaseless request at "Grand Hotel" for letters that never come was one of the most poignant incidents in the book*

GRAND HOTEL

PREMIÈRE BALLERINA: *Grusinskaya (Greta Garbo) telephones to Vienna, where she is to meet von Gaigern (who lies murdered in the same corridor), while her devoted maid and manager endeavour to comfort her*

Above on left:
HARD HEARTS MELT: *Von Gaigern (Lionel Barrymore), who has invaded the bed-room of Grusinskaya, the fading ballerina (Greta Garbo), to steal her pearls, arouses her and, to save himself, makes love to her—but both find a genuine passion*

On right.
THE HALL PORTER (*Jean Hersholt*), *whose part was more moving in the book than the film*

False Notes *in the* Music of the Spheres

"GRAND HOTEL"—the film—is the acme, the epitome, the ultimate expression and glorification of the star system. In it are all the gems of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer collection. Garbo, who is more than a star, a veritable moon among the astral bodies; Joan Crawford, who has the largest eyes and most formidable ambition of any screen actress; two members of "The Royal Family of Broadway" in the Barrymore brothers: John, who has kept his profile, though he has lost his elasticity; and Lionel, the real actor (accent on second syllable, please) of the family; Wallace Beery, the proof of the "tough-guy-hero" pudding; and Lewis Stone, America's most gentlemanly exponent of screen technique, who, if he has not actually attained stardom, by virtue of popularity with the public is definitely discernible in the Milky Way.

During the opening week of the revelation of "Grand Hotel" at the Palace Theatre ("This Film will not be shown elsewhere this year."—Advertisement), crowded audiences applauded enthusiastically the close-ups of the stars which, in the old-fashioned way, ushered in the film itself. To a sensitive ear, it was barely perceptible that Garbo, Beery and Stone were the most popular.

This conglomeration of favourites ensured enormous audiences, because the "fans" of each or any were bound to besiege the box-office, apart from the drawing power of the subject, which had already proved itself a best-seller as a novel and as a play in Europe and America. Such an amalgamation naturally roused the curiosity of the public, the business instincts of the box-offices, and intimidated the critics. Inasmuch as it immediately sold out the house, M.-G.-M.'s procedure must be counted as earning medals for the star system, and a film is so ephemeral an artistic expression that, possibly, criticism of anything outside immediate box-office returns is superfluous. But actually this star-spangled banner of filmdom has proved many fallacies in the system which has made, and is breaking, the film industry in America.

AS far as I know, only one film critic said frankly and unreservedly that "Grand Hotel" is a colossal failure (Mr. Sydney Carrol in the "Sunday Times"). He had read Vicki Baum's novel. He had seen the play, "Grand Hotel," both in America and in London. It is, of course, open to question whether a translator, an adaptor, or a film director has any obligation to reproduce faithfully the original work of art which he is transmuting into a different medium. Oscar Wilde argued that Pater's description of Leonardo's Mona Lisa was more beautiful than the picture itself. And if an original inspiration can be improved on there must be justification. But in this case it does not exist.

If "Grand Hotel" had been presented to the public in its present form as a film, without the established prestige of the actors, without acclaim already accorded the novel and the play, it would have meant very little.

Vicki Baum is an artist. She did not title her novel after one or all of the characters. The whole theme depends on the background—the Grand Hotel. This is entirely lost sight of in the film. It is not even a revue. It is a series of sketches. The casting is deplorable and shows a complete lack of comprehension.

Greta Garbo is not, and cannot be, with all her art, a faded, aging, despairing Russian dancer; John Barrymore never suggests the young, desperate aristocrat turned crook of Vicki Baum's Baron; Lionel Barrymore over-acts and ridicules the part of Kringelein. The worst impersonation is that of Lewis Stone. The sinister and impressive figure of Ernest Milton as the blighted and embittered doctor in the stage play, brilliantly produced by Raymond Massey, looms up. Stone neither looks nor speaks the part. Quite irrelevantly, he steps forward occasionally during the film and says his lines. They mean nothing and add nothing to the drama.

Wallace Beery, the greatest actor of them all, makes of the German business man, the respectable husband and father, caught in the meshes of commercial intrigue and metropolitan seduction, a real and memorable character, brother to Jannings in "The Flesh and the Devil" and "The Blue Angel."

Lionel Barrymore, as the little clerk trying to capture Life in the short space of time left before certain Death, is deplorably ill-cast. Both his physique and his histrionic method are out of tune. He acts and acts and over-acts, and fails utterly to convince or to evoke sympathy.

I have left Joan Crawford till the last because her performance is the most controversial. The part of Flaemmchen as she, or Director Goulding, conceived it is perfectly acted. Every gesture, expression and word tell, but she is not the little predatory typist, a prey to every purse.

Advance publicity raised the question whether Joan Crawford stole the honours from Greta Garbo. In the film, the question never arises. The two stars might be in different pictures. There is no competition.

THE whole picture fails because there is no cohesion and little coherence. It consists of a series of sketches for the exploitation of certain stars. People who had not read the book or seen the play would not realise in the least the significance of the title: the great metropolitan hotel, and the interplay between so many and such diverse characters, tragedies, comedies, meetings, partings, and metamorphoses.

There was an ironic interest in the fact that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer chose to preface the presentation of "Grand Hotel" with a little talk from an American-woman-journalist called Luella Parsons, allotting, in earnest, unctuous and kindly voice, praise and blame to the British film industry and the failure of the "star system" in this country.

The *Harmonic* Failure *of* "Grand H*otel*" exposes *some* Fallacies *of the* Star System

By Sydney Tremayne

Left.

PREYSING TELEPHONES. Mr. Wallace Beery, as the fraudulent Director of a failing concern, prepares to inform his head office that he has successfully consummated the deal with Manchester which, in fact, he well knows to have fallen through—one of the facets of "Grand Hotel," the constellational mutilation of Vicki Baum's novel

Right :

THE famous ingénue, Janet Gaynor, who, with Charles Farrell, is starring in the film, "The First Year"

Below :

GARY COOPER and Tallulah Bankhead, who are starring with Charles Laughton in the Paramount film, "Devil and the Deep"

Self-criticism is an excellent thing, and it is one of an Englishman's primary virtues. He is the first to say that the English climate is intolerable, the Government incompetent, our hotels vile, we can't play games, and the films we produce over here inferior in every respect. Unfortunately, he is not the last person to express the same opinion, and when it comes to listening to criticism about his institutions or his recreations, an Englishman is less complacent. The more kindly and reasonable the criticism, the more we are inclined to resent them.

In Hollywood, Luella Parsons is a power—the sorter and distributor of scandal. She boasts that she knows, before anyone else, who is marrying or divorcing, how the fan mails swell or shrink, whether and why Director This and Producer That will advance actors or actresses from extra work to stardom or excommunicate them.

She was chosen to "Tell England" what was wrong with British films. She said, as others have, that England was, potentially, the centre of the film world : "we have the men, we have the guns"—that is to say, the artistes and the equipment. The whole trouble is that we do not concentrate

(*Continued on page* 97)

On Building a House...

DESIGNED in pleasant harmony with its surroundings, this small timber house has artistic composition as well as practical advantages. Timber houses are far from lacking in permanence and are considerably cheaper and quicker to erect than brick. Designed by E. Leslie Gunton, A.R.I.B.A.

IF *you* are contemplating *a new* house *there will* be *something* to *interest* you here . . . . . .

By Winifred Lewis

THIS is a garden view of the house below to illustrate the mellowing influence of sylvan surroundings upon the severity of modern architecture

"MANORS," an Essex country house, designed by C. H. B. Quennell, F.R.I.B.A., a typical modern structure of immaculate contour and simplicity

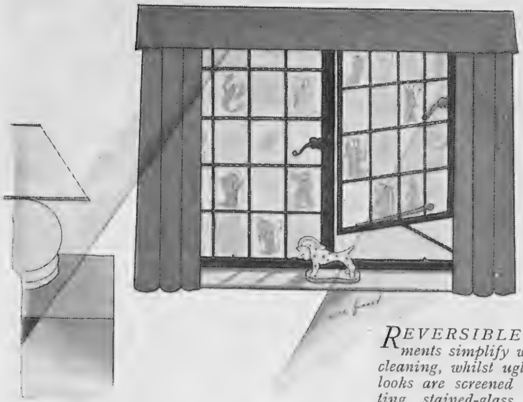
IT is perfectly true that to those of less ample means the "ready-made" house presents every appearance of a straightforward purchase as compared with the house that is built to order. There it stands, complete, clearly labelled, as it were, and apparently free from unnerving possibilities of unexpected expense. As a residence it may only approximate to one's ideal of a house, but in spite of this, the tendency has been to make it suffice and merely to dream of a perfect house in some possible distant future.

That thousands have adopted this line of reasoning in recent years is obvious from the mass production of ready-made houses that we have seen, though more recent tendencies point to a reaction and we are slowly awakening to the advantages of a chosen site, a selected design which is in harmony with its surroundings, and of personally planning each detail of comfort and decoration. Moreover, the reassuring fact emerges that it is the most economical project in the end. We have realised, in fact, that the house which gives more satisfaction in the present and represents the best investment in years to come is undoubtedly the most economical.

The great majority of mass-production houses which are erected are innocent of skilled architectural design, a factor which has as great a bearing upon their durability and ultimate value as it has upon their appearance. Moreover, there is much misapprehension as to comparative costs as between the "ready-made" house and the privately-built one.

"The trouble has been," a very eminent architect explained to me, "that the average person would as soon fall into the hands of the law as those of a good architect."

I smiled at this excusable exaggeration, whilst fully appreciating his point,



REVERSIBLE casements simplify window cleaning, whilst ugly outlooks are screened by fitting stained-glass panes and "antique" glass which has a cloudy transparency

The small purchaser *is* perhaps reluctant, for reasons of expense, to place himself in the hands of a highly skilled architect, and frequently contents himself with the services of a mere draughtsman, a step which incurs the sacrifice of the character which only the skilled artist can infuse into a small house and those refinements of economy which succeed financially without utterly failing artistically.

FOR greater durability and better appearance, as well as softness of tread, rubber flooring is substituted for wood in halls, stairways, kitchens and bathrooms of to-day. This very modern pantry has a rubber-tiled floor and a similar treatment surrounding the metal sink

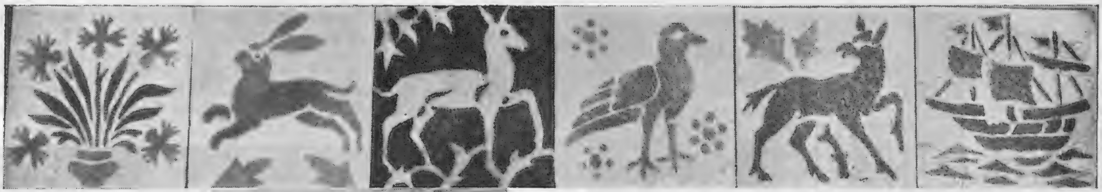
A really frank statement of one's resources is keenly appreciated by an architect, who can then make his plans accordingly. Complaints that the job has cost more than was originally estimated are invariably traceable to vacillation on the part of the client, who succumbs at the last moment to various temptations to add a little here and to risk a little there.

With a clear grasp of his client's resources, an architect can estimate more accurately what amenities the house can include for that amount, and what is beyond one's means. Having approved this estimate and put the work under way, it is essential to stand by the original schedule if an inflated budget is to be avoided. By this means opportunities occur, which do not arise in respect of the "ready-made" purchase, to omit one thing to include another more to our personal taste. If, for instance, one's passion is for luxurious cupboards, then that fancy can be exercised to the full and some less coveted feature omitted to balance the cost. How much better than contenting oneself with those doubtful features of comfort installed by a not-too-imaginative builder! Here also is an important factor of which I was reminded:

TWO designs by Oswald P. Milne, F.R.I.B.A. Above and below: An interesting comparison of design which says a good deal in favour of both

The natural consequence of inviting tenders from a number of builders is to create competition of which an architect is able to take full advantage. A disparity of a hundred pounds and even more frequently exists between these building estimates, a saving to the client which, as the architect justly claims, more than saves his professional fee. The advantage of this bargaining is lost by placing oneself in the hands of one builder only, who undertakes to erect a house to the pattern of another exhibited one.

An innovation of tremendous assistance to the prospective builder is the permanent exhibition which has recently been



VIRGO
LEO
CAPRICORNUS

GLASS tiles, exquisitely designed, are among the latest innovations for the home. A series of smaller designs are shown above, and below the larger Zodiac designs. The fashion is to choose one's personal sign and to introduce this motif into decorative schemes

opened in London and which is of the utmost value in putting the public in touch with the most modern developments in building and equipment as well as with comparative costs.

Here one may go with a perfectly open mind as to the type of house one would like to have and, having browsed among the exhibits, return with a wonderfully clear conception of what is available from the lantern at the front door to the uttermost drainpipe, as it were. This is indeed an advantage, for whereas in the past the public have been only indifferently informed of the newest developments, all information is here available, displayed in a conveniently small space.

Here, among many other things, one may learn of the very newest trend in lighting and can sift to the bottom the cost of installing illumination that is an architectural asset to the house. My own impression of the cost of installing decorative lighting was largely modified by the discovery that early co-operation between the architect and the electrician can effect the most valuable economies, and whereas it is undoubtedly a costly thing to replace an established system with a more elaborate one, the proposition is infinitely more practical in relation to a house in the building.

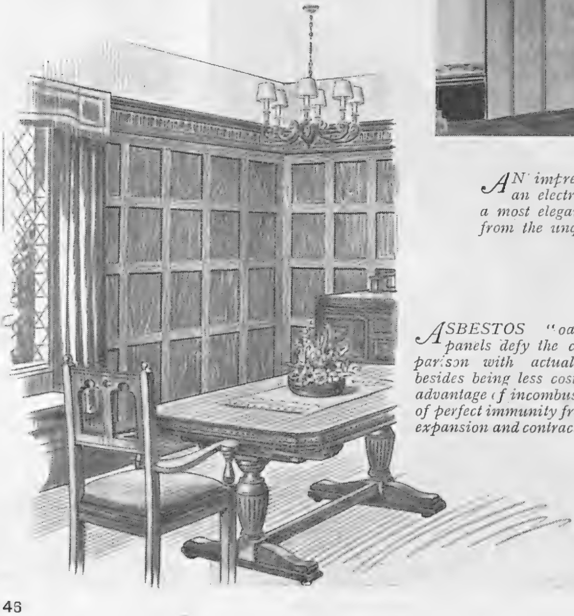
Cornice lighting, of which an example is shown in these pages, is much favoured for rooms of average size and is the means of adding considerable dignity to decorative schemes. This system is, of course, a more costly one in large rooms where it provides the sole means of illumination, for the reason that so many lamps and so much current must be used, but in the smaller apartment, where it is used mainly as a decorative feature and reinforced with portable lamps, it is quite a reasonably modest proposition.

AN impressive mantel design schemed about an electric fire. The Ferranti fire itself is a most elegantly proportioned one quite apart from the unquestionable excellence of its service

Lighting by means of glass panels in the ceiling through which a tinted light is diffused is excellent and practicable for bathrooms, passages and halls, while an infinite number of decorative accessories to lighting can be installed in the new house, such as coloured light switches to harmonise with different schemes and mirror panels, cleverly lighted for bathrooms and passages.

Among labour-saving devices of an architectural kind reversible casement window frames are sure to be favourites of the future. A very simple device this, which enables the window pane to be reversed for cleaning on both sides with the minimum of effort and danger. One can foresee quite a useful means of economy apart from everything else.

Labour is, in fact, reduced to an absolute minimum in the modern house where glass is replacing so much of the former material which required cleaning, while stainless metals are also playing their part. Coloured glass door-knobs now contribute to the effect of modern colour schemes, and even taps are coloured to harmonise with the walls. Glittering steel which does not rust or corrode and requires the minimum of effort to keep clean is used for the most modern kitchen sinks and draining boards, whilst all are designed to occupy the least space with the maximum of efficiency.



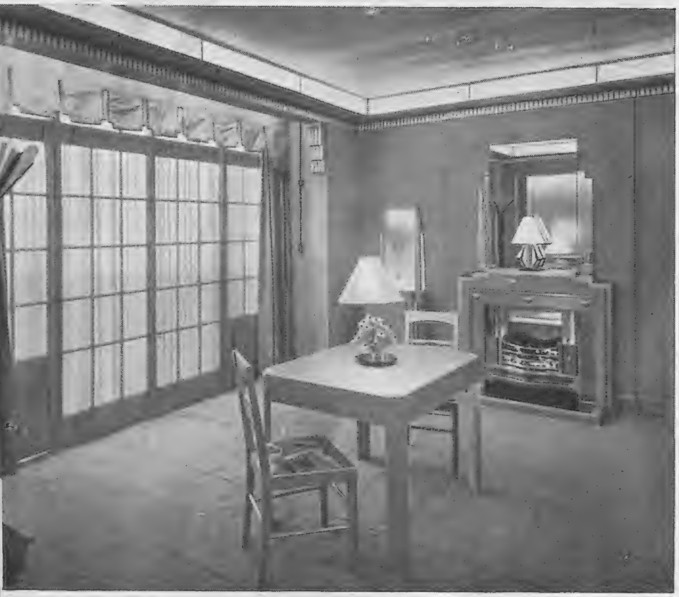
ASBESTOS "oak-grained" panels defy the closest comparison with actual oak, and besides being less costly have the advantage of incombustibility and of perfect immunity from damp or expansion and contraction in wear

The softening of sound—a necessity of which we become more and more in need—is cunningly achieved in many ways in the new houses, not the least of which is by use of rubber flooring. Two types, rubber flooring and rubber tiling—of which the former is a cheaper variety—are available in plain and marble shades to harmonise with any scheme of decoration. Contrasting

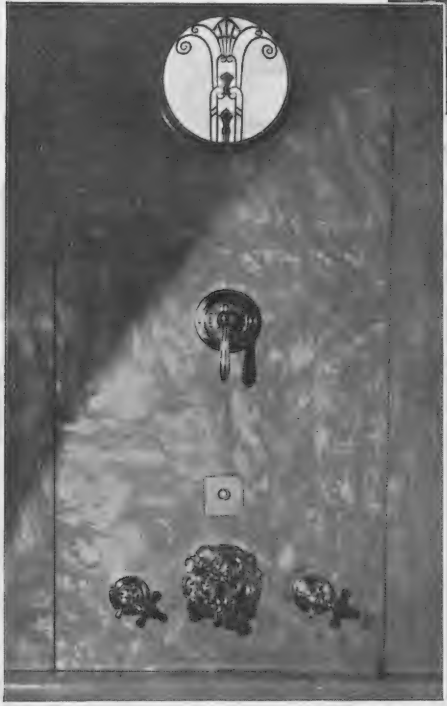
On *Building* a House

(Continued)

colour borders are available with the rubber flooring, whilst the tiling has almost unlimited possibilities of arresting design. Among the other advantages of this flooring is softness to the tread, dirt-resisting properties and remarkable durability. For passages, stairs, bathroom and kitchen floors, it is certainly the medium of the future.



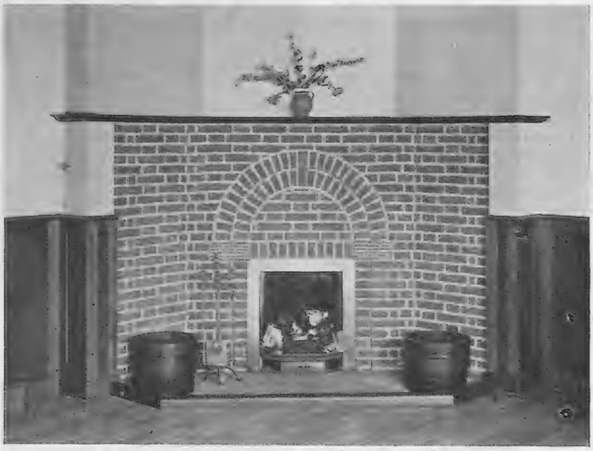
ARCHITECTURAL lighting as a decorative medium may be regarded as a reasonable proposition for the smaller house if the system is installed at the time of building. The influence of cornice lighting and of the illuminated recess beside the fire is strongly felt in the general effectiveness of this otherwise simple scheme. G.E.C.



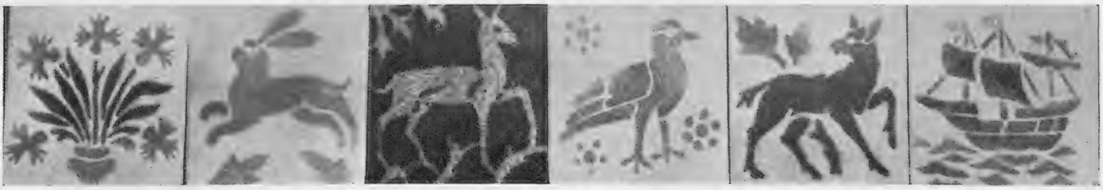
CAMEO lighting is much employed for decorative effect in bathrooms and passages. Here is a section of the bathroom wall, just above the bath, showing how the light is diffused through a "grille" fitted with frosted and tinted glass. G.E.C.

Wall linings that deaden sound and also increase the warmth and comfort of the house are another innovation of interest to the home-maker, and asbestos "oak-grained" panelling is among the decorative mediums that one may choose. These oak-grained asbestos panels are available in two designs, Georgian and Tudor, and, being made of incombustible material, are definitely fire-resisting—an advantage over wood, from which it is almost impossible to distinguish this panelling. Another feature is that of no expansion or contraction and consequent loosening of the panels, while the material is not affected by damp and is considerably lower in price than actual wood.

So many, in fact, are the features of comfort and interest which can be installed in the house one has personally supervised that scarcely any woman will, on consideration, wish to deny herself such advantages.



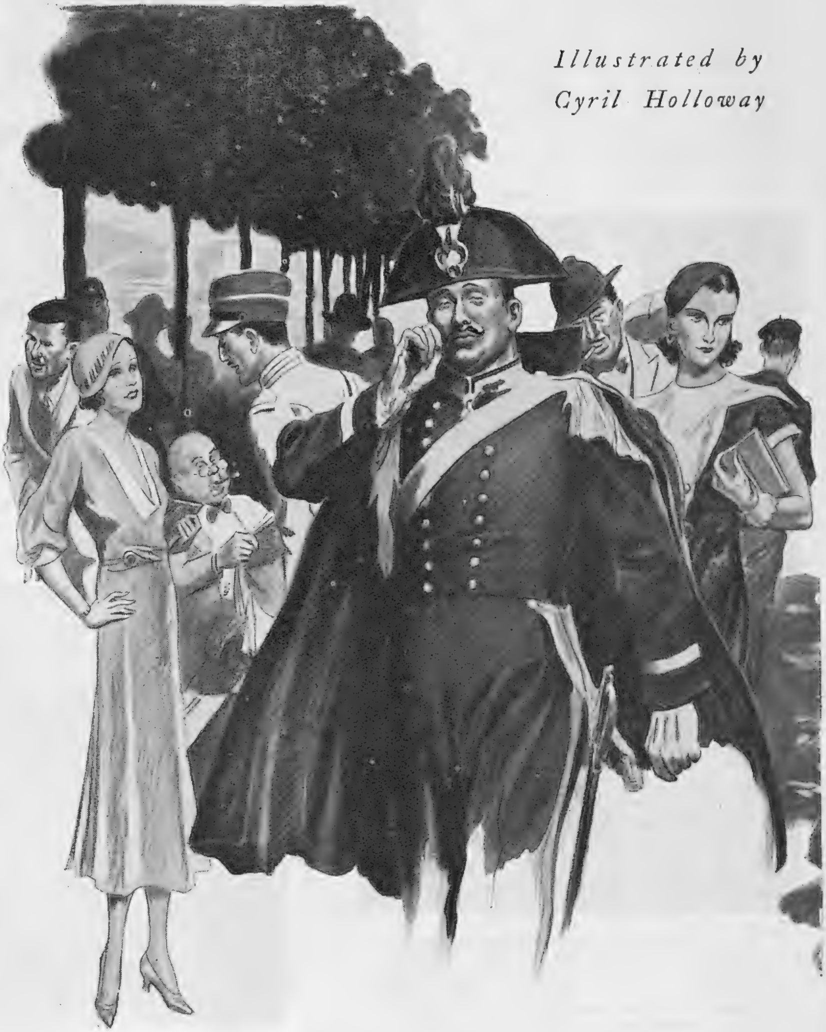
ECONOMY of space in the small room is often successfully achieved by "sending the fire to the corner." Here is a brick fireplace which loses nothing of dignity by its situation



Women talk

The Comedy of a Woman who discovered that Dalliance and

Illustrated by
Cyril Holloway



GOING home from the Golf Club dance, shut in the small privacy of their car, Gladys Wotherspoon remarked to her husband :

"The things Colette says ! Really, Hugh, if one believed the half of them ! "

"Who does ? " said Hugh Wotherspoon.

Later, shut again in the small privacy of their rose and grey bedroom, Gladys returned to the attack.

"Why do people like Colette Rice so much ?" she ferreted restlessly. "She says the most ghastly things ! She is the most careless talker."

"Only about herself," Hugh reminded her.

Gladys was lovely. Colette was plain. Plain, with a great rosy gash of a mouth and perfect teeth and shining, happy eyes.

Colette was a thorn in the flesh of exquisite Gladys Wotherspoon.

Gladys had no idea how obsessed she was with Colette. She had no conception of the persistency with which Colette lived in her thoughts and governed many of her speeches and actions.

Gladys Wotherspoon was undeniably lovely. But Colette Rice was a riot !

There were apparently no decent feminine mental defences in Colette. She was completely on the surface. She did not think much before she spoke, and yet no one *but* the lovely Gladys Wotherspoon even suggested that she did not think before she acted.,

There was a gay, high-flung, debonair, shining honesty about Colette. She said shattering things and got away with them.

Gladys Wotherspoon hated her for it. She hated her for that unthinking, debonair charm. That conversational, cap-over-the-windmill attitude. It was utterly alien to her own prim, constricted one.

Gladys was lovely and self-righteous and proper to her exquisite manicured finger tips.

Colette was rakish and don't-care and warm and mellow and approachable.

Gladys was the loveliest member of the community.

Colette was the most popular member of the community.

Colette had no technique. She was herself.

Gladys had a complete technique. She was never herself.

She festered with Colette. She wanted to be like her—careless of people's opinions, careless of anything but her own honesty.

Gladys Wotherspoon didn't know it, but she hated Colette Rice.

Colette had little—not much money, few clothes, not many looks really. Yet she was loved, loved, loved.

That's what got Gladys down. Men, women, children, servants, dogs, caddies on the golf course, they loved Colette.

Yet Colette said the most outrageous things, voiced the most outrageous opinions. Colette was a conversational adventuress. Colette could make you die of laughing. Colette could start a new train of thought, a new thesis.

"Dear Colette !" said the women. "What awful things she says ! "

"Colette, you are the limit," said the men, and gathered round thickly.

It never occurred to Gladys, envying Colette her technique, that Colette was the strangest of all things—just herself.

In December Gladys got influenza followed by pleurisy. In February the local doctor said :

"You must go away, somewhere where the sun shines."

Gladys Wotherspoon had been married to Hugh Wotherspoon for seven years, and never separated from him. It was impossible, with trade conditions only just improving, that Hugh Wotherspoon should leave his work. It was imperative that Gladys Wotherspoon should have the benefit of sun and soft air.

She found herself in Italy beside the lakes. She had never been abroad before.

I SAID she was a lovely woman. She was a very, very lovely woman. In Italy she brooded about Colette

so Carelessly . . .

borrowed another's Technique and Deception are dangerous Allies

By Christine Jope-Slade

Rice a lot. The softness, the conversational abandon, the gaiety of Colette Rice.

She thought of her with a kind of irritated spleen. Colette was plain, and dusky, and big mouthed, and badly dressed. So lacking in poise and *savoir faire*, so curiously disdainful and regardless of the thing to do.

Gladys knew the thing to do. She knew the thing to say. She knew when, and how, and why, and where. And, what was very much more important, she knew whom with.

Colette never seemed to know whom with.

One day, in a sunset, on a public seat beside the lake, Gladys Wotherspoon found a man.

He was " one of us " or she wouldn't have let him speak to her. She knew the " old boys' " ties as some women know poetry. He wore an Old Rugbeian tie. That made him perfectly all right, so Gladys Wotherspoon let him talk to her, and he talked charmingly.

" You see the little island across there ? No ; the little one. I live on that."

She said :

" How delicious ! "

And then she had a sudden, overwhelming desire to loosen up mentally, to take a leaf out of Colette Rice's book of everyman. To be free and casual and debonair and let her thoughts out like the string of a kite.

She said :

" Oh, fun ! Oh, nice !" and sat there with her blue eyes shining like Colette's.

The man looked at her in a tired way. He thought her vivacious and he saw that she was very beautiful.

" You are a very delicious-looking person. Will you be here tomorrow ? "

Borrowing Colette's childish, unthinking directness which she had so often deplored, she replied :

" I will."

The stranger, looking at her beautiful head, said :

" Is your hair really as gold as all that ? "

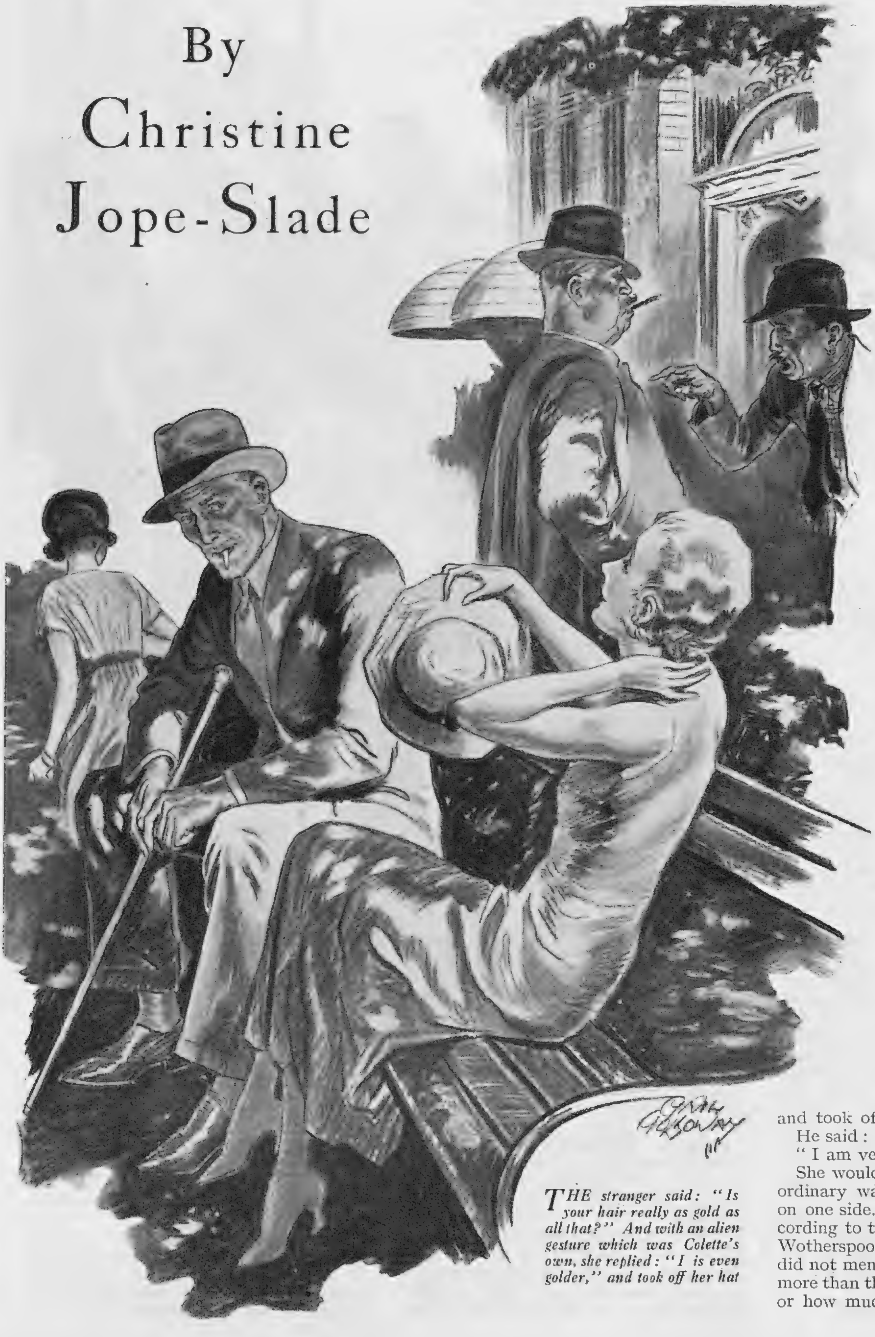
And with an alien gesture which was Colette's own, she replied :

" It is even golder," and took off her hat.

He said :

" I am very lonely."

She would have challenged that in the ordinary way, ignored it, or brushed it on one side. Men were never lonely, according to the mental confines of Gladys Wotherspoon, or if they were lonely they did not mention it to married women any more than they mentioned their ablutions, or how much they paid for things.



THE stranger said: "Is your hair really as gold as all that?" And with an alien gesture which was Colette's own, she replied: "I is even golder," and took off her hat

She spoke with the gentle, regrettably friendly voice of the absent Colette.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "That's damned bad luck."

HE was there next day, well dressed and tired and suave. Gladys Wotherspoon had nothing to give him. She had not very much to give anyway and, like so many married women who never had much to give originally, she classed all she had under the superb banner of "loyalty" and flaunted it.

The things she gave him were Colette's. The voice, the casual intonation, the easy friendliness so alien to her own type, were all despised Colette accoutrement. She was making a spiteful experiment. She was practising carefully all she had envied and mistrusted. She was trying it out.

She was far lovelier than any Colette Rice. She was a lovely thing.

The stranger asked her a question.

"Are you lonely?"

And with Colette's little half-laugh that in Colette rang sweet and true, Gladys replied:

"I don't know. Yes, I suppose so. I love life, but I don't much care if I die."

She'd heard Colette say that dozens of times. Colette, who burned with life, had yet no greedy ardency for it.

As dozens of men must have said to Colette, he said:

"Don't talk like that. I hate to hear you."

He did not know her name.

"Don't tell me," he said. "Don't be too real. I shall call you Rapunzel. She let down her hair and the knight climbed up. Maybe he climbed to happiness. Rapunzel didn't stand with one foot in Hampstead, or one foot on Wimbledon Common; and, for all I know, you do. She was just Rapunzel of the golden hair, and that was enough for the knight."

"And you," she asked, "what is your name?"

"Just call me Jim. I'm the kind of man that's called Jim, don't you think?"

So they were Jim and Rapunzel, and she said to him the things she'd heard Colette say, and she behaved the way Colette behaved; and there was nothing real in it except a kind of irritated anger at the satisfactory way it all registered.

She wrote to Hugh twice a week, but she did not mention "Jim" or his island.

Hugh Wotherspoon did not mention Colette Rice or the Golf Club. Why should he? Live casually. Live carelessly, like Colette Rice.

The day "Jim" took her in his arms she stayed quite still in them, with a sort of experimental malice—just as she imagined Colette Rice would have done under the same circumstances.

"You are very lovely," he said, "and life is very short. I suppose you are a good woman?"

"What is goodness?" she asked, with Colette technique.

"You have made the hours pass very swiftly," he said, "very pleasantly. I'm here to die, you know."

"Oh, don't be absurd!"

"I know it does sound a bit absurd in this bright sunlight; but it's true."

She dismissed that. Men were always asking you to hold their hand in some fantastic way or other. The Colettes of this life were natural hand-holders.

"Your loveliness has helped, my dear; your shining golden loveliness. It has taken away quite a lot of the personal bitterness. You'd be surprised. It's made me realise that the gaiety and the beauty of life will go on. Lovely women. Flowers. Blue skies. All this"—he waved his hand to the water and the dark trees, and the whole glittering scene. "And lovely women. Chiefly lovely women. Thank God, for lovely women! You'll never know what you've done for me, my 'Rapunzel.' You and your easy friendliness. How much you have reconciled me to things. Do you know what I thought at first about you?"

"No."

"Well, it doesn't matter," he said. "It wasn't correct. Only the world is so unused to lovely friendliness, to disinterested kindness, and sheer personal honesty like yours that sometimes, if one is very stupid and a little conceited, one might misunderstand. So you're going back to life to-morrow?"

"Yes," she said.

"One last gracious act from a very gracious lady! Will you dine with me on my little island to-morrow?"

She had no intention of dining with him anywhere—let alone on his little island! She had no intention of giving him anything at any time. She had used another woman's sleight of hand. Another woman's touch. The hard, righteous core of her remained inviolate. She had merely used another's presentation as an experiment, and it had succeeded beyond all her expectations. She had merely essayed another woman's technique.

It ended there. She had nothing to give. She would never have anything to give. She rejoiced in that. She counted the poverty unto herself for virtue and self-righteousness.

" Now you must tell me your name," he said.

That drove her up sharply. That stumped her. It was not in accordance with her plans that he should ever seek her out in her own fastness, the chilly little citadel of her life with Hugh Wotherspoon.

She wasn't quick enough to think out an anonymous name and address.

She gave him Colette Rice's name. Colette Rice's address.

" Colette, Colette, Colette," he repeated and made it sound like music.

" One last favour from a shining lady ! You, who have bequeathed me so much beauty already in passing, anchor it for one moment at my own hearthside for me to remember. Will you dine with me to-morrow night ? "

She said, as Colette would have said, with careless abandon :

" Why, yes. If you wish."

THE next morning the head waiter of her hotel made her understand clearly, and in perfect English, that a very sad thing had happened.

The charming, rich English gentleman who had taken the lovely furnished villa on the island had died in the night. Perhaps the waiter had seen her with him ? Perhaps the hotel servants had talked.

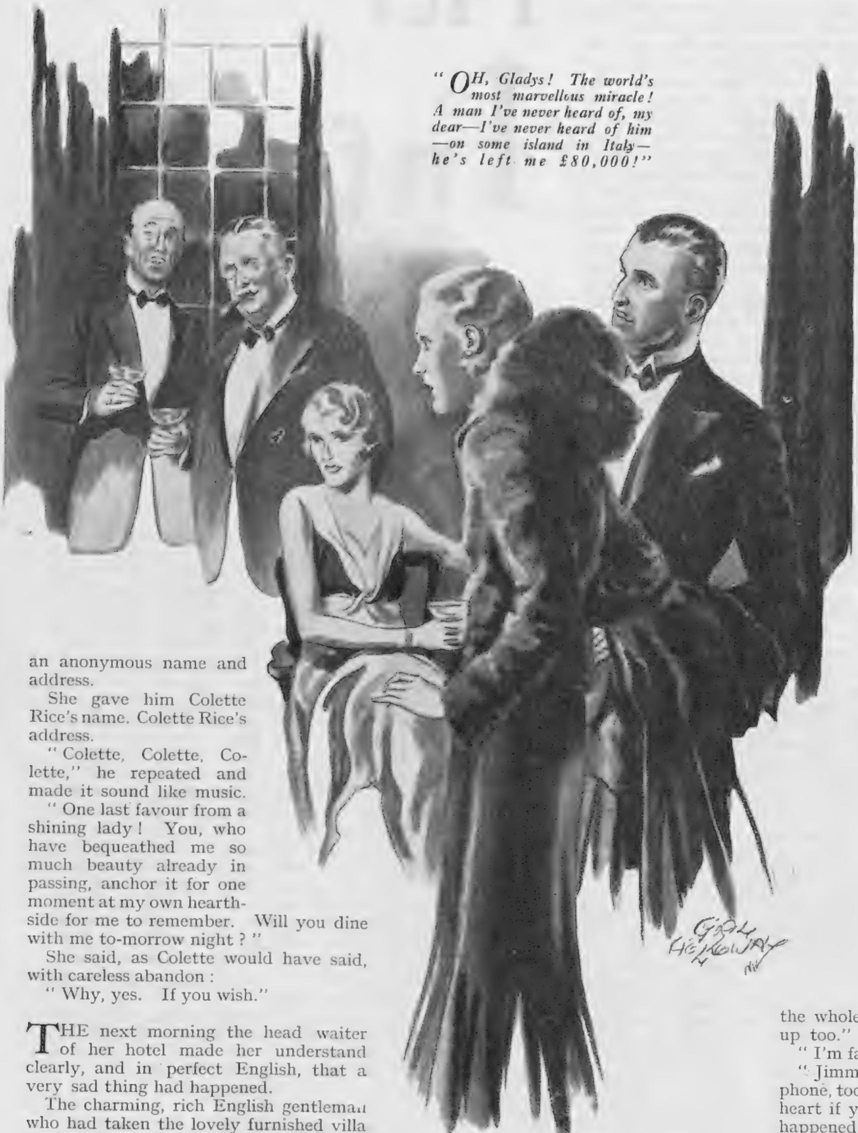
She sat raging with discomfort.

" Indeed," she said to the head waiter, and there was little of the Colette technique in her hard voice. " Indeed. How very sad ! "

She was glad she had given him Colette's name and not her own. Glad she had given him Colette's address and not her own. She had seen him write it down.

She realised, with a little shiver, that possibly they had found Colette's name and address on his dead body. Well, Colette wouldn't have minded what dead man's body her name and address were found on. She'd never know anyway. Silently and deeply Gladys congratulated herself.

SHE went back home to Hugh very radiant, very fit, very lovely.



" OH, Gladys! The world's most marvellous miracle! A man I've never heard of, my dear—I've never heard of him—on some island in Italy—he's left me £80,000!"

All her friends and acquaintances said :

" You look marvellous."

She did look marvellous.

She had secretly disliked and mistrusted Colette Rice before. Now, for some queer reason, she positively hated her. Colette the casual, the debonair, who said such daring, thoughtless things. So careless in her conversation. So mercurial and broadminded in all her views. Colette, so alive, so vital, so kind and gracious, whose sympathies were so wide and catholic. Colette of the big mouth and the brilliant teeth and the wistful, shining eyes. Colette who was neither beautiful nor well dressed, and really most unwise.

It was Colette who had really given by proxy, if anything *had* been given, to the sick man on the island in Italy, the charming man who had died so suddenly.

Gladys herself had given him nothing but Colette technique faithfully rendered.

There was a man in the golfing community who was almost what Colette was.

He was incredibly nice, and everybody sought him out, and everybody liked him.

Gladys Wotherspoon liked him. She thought that he liked her. She thought he cherished and revered her silently and sufferingly, and like men in the books she had read as a girl.

Sometimes she even imagined if Hugh died——

She was too cold, too calculating to really think beyond that. She regarded this man's devotion as something she could have had if she had been a different—a baser, a lower kind of woman—more like Colette Rice, for instance.

One day the telephone bell rang. It was latish—ten o'clock—and she sent Hugh to answer it.

Hugh came back.

" It's Colette," he said, " and she's completely up the pole ! "

" That's not unusual for Colette, is it ? " Gladys said.

She did not see the look Hugh gave her. She was not a very observant woman. Her observation was usually trained on herself.

Hugh said resentfully :

" She is up at the Golf House. The whole crowd are up at the Golf House—the Stanleys, the Winchs, the Browns, the Spurgeons and Jimmie Westlake—the whole boiling. They want us to go up too."

" I'm far too tired," said Gladys.

" Jimmie Westlake spoke to me on the phone, too. He said : ' It'll break Colette's heart if you don't come. A miracle has happened to us.' "

Gladys stiffened. Suddenly she was all attention.

" Car's out of order, Hugh," she said resentfully.

" I know that," he said. " It won't take us a minute to walk up the lane. You know that, Gladys. If it's for Colette's benefit I'd like to be in on it. Besides I'm curious. You should have heard their voices on the phone."

" Oh, Colette's always blah about something," she said.

" You know that's not true," replied Hugh.

Curiosity took (*Continued on page* 100)

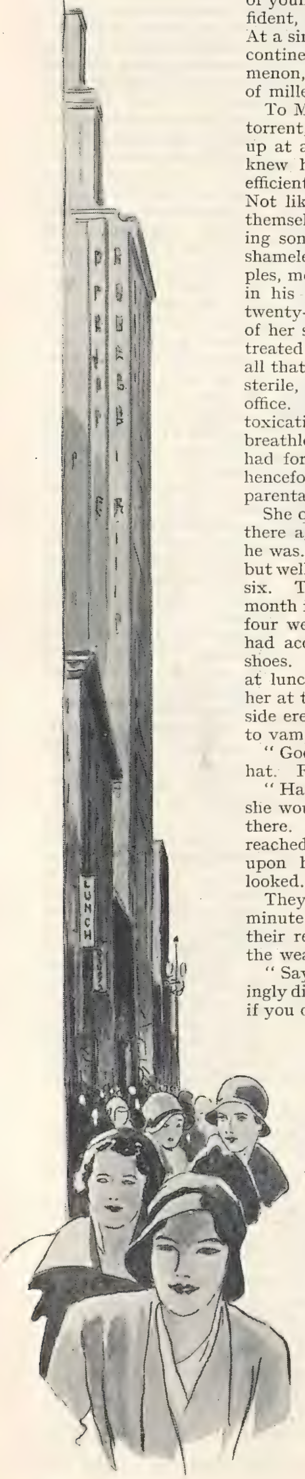
The Drama *of*
shifts *from* scene
the Riddle *of the*

Her Infinite

Illustrated by Geo.

By

F. B*ritten* Austin



IT wanted a few minutes to 9 a.m. Through the narrow street of immensely tall buildings poured the morning one-way flood. It was a flood—fantastically incredible to an earlier generation—fully half composed of young women and girls, alert, self-confident, equals with the men they jostled. At a similar hour, every great city of two continents daily provided a similar phenomenon, portentously recent to the records of millennially evolving civilisation.

To Mary Robinson, hurrying with the torrent, it was normality. She glanced up at a clock. Still four minutes. She knew herself to be good-looking, neat, efficiently businesslike. Respectable. Not like other girls disdainably making themselves cheap, thinking only of catching some man or other, exploiting him, shameless of themselves. She had principles, morals, had put more than one man in his place. Last week she had been twenty-three. Her particular boss—head of her sub-department—appreciated her, treated her almost with deference. For all that, she was wearied to death of this sterile, ever-renewed monotony of the office. Long ago had vanished that intoxicating thrill of five years back when, breathless with excitement and awe, she had for the first time set out to a job, henceforth quasi-independent in the parental home.

She quickened her pace. Would he be there again this morning? Yes; there he was. At the corner. Not handsome, but well-built and honest-looking. Twenty six. Two hundred and fifty dollars a month in a stockbrokers' office. She had known him four weeks. A chance meeting in a cafeteria. He had accidentally knocked a glass of milk over her shoes. Since then they had often met, fortuitously, at lunch-time. Lately he had taken to waiting for her at the corner. A moment or two of talk side by side ere they must separate. No—she *wasn't* trying to vamp him.

"Good morning, Miss Robinson." He lifted his hat. Reliably, a gentleman.

"Hallo, Mr. Smith!" No one would have guessed she would have been disappointed if he hadn't been there. She knew his name was Jim, but they hadn't reached that yet. His eyes, grey ones, were serious upon her. He was thinking how attractive she looked. It made her feel good.

They turned down the side street together. Still a minute and a half before they must each dash to their respective offices. She made a remark about the weather. It looked like rain.

"Say, Miss Robinson——" He was always flatteringly diffident with her, awkward. "I was wondering if you didn't happen to have anything to do to-night—there's a swell new picture at the Plaza—Anita Montez—we might have something to eat together first——"

She was unpretentiously frank with him.

"That's mighty kind of you, Mr. Smith. No. I haven't a date to-night. I'd love it!"

He took a deep breath as of immense relief.

"That's fine!" He glanced up to a clock. They must both hurry. "Six o'clock, then. At the corner."

"Six o'clock. At the corner."

Swishing upward in the crowded elevator. She was deliciously fluttered inside. She had better buy a new pair of stockings at lunch-time. Through the swing doors. Exactly nine.

The usual hurried morning gossip with the other girls putting off their hats and coats. Giggles. Cattiness. "Say, you'll never guess what happened to me in the subway last night!" "No, I had to stay home and mind my kid brother while mother went out—" "I'll say he was swell!—Took me to the best seats!" "Aow! Cut it out!—Mind your own business!" Red-haired Janet Stanbury, who everybody knew was having an affair with one of the sub-managers, a married man. Miss Brandt, over thirty, prim and spinsterlike, Christian Science or something, earnestly a member of all sorts of uplift movements. That slinky little hypocrite Elsa Jones—where did she get that expensive coat?—

With her own boss, always tired and grey and considerate. "Dear Sirs, in answer to your favour of the——" Day after day, endlessly the same. And this is life! But she must keep her mind on the job—not think of *him* waiting for her on the corner at six o'clock. "Is that all, Mr. Hemingway?" "That's all for now, thank you, Miss Robinson." Not at all a bad old sort. Sick wife, she believed. Never fresh, like some of the other departmental heads.

Fingers flying over the keyboard in a surrounding rattle of typewriters at feverish speed. Paper—carbon—adjust—"Dear Sir," "Dear Sirs," "Dear Mr.——,"—"Faithfully yours," "Truly yours," "Faithfully yours"—what meaningless nonsense!

She looked up. Thank Heaven, nearly noon. Young Mr. Madden was passing. He was ghastly white, strange.

"What's the matter, Mr. Madden?"

He forced an ineffectual grin.

"I'm fired!"

"Fired!—Why?—What in the world for?"

"They're getting in more girls. Going to have machines." He swallowed as though he had something in his throat. "It's not too good—right now. My wife's expecting. And in these times——" He gestured hopelessly.

She made her voice sympathetic.

"That's too bad, Mr. Madden!"

One o'clock! Silk stockings! Hurry! Down in the elevator. Stand up at a quick lunch. Subway. Out again into the spring sunshine flooding the broad Avenue. Half an hour, and ten minutes to get back.

This was luxury. She lingered before huge plate-glass windows, elbowed by throngs of other artificial-complexioned, red-lipped girls, all wear-

Woman's *Quest* for Happiness *to* scene, *from* stage *to* stage, *but* Eternal F*eminine* remains *the* same

VARIETY

D. *Alexander*

ing more or less the same style of hat, all more or less in a uniformity of currently smart attire, all silk-stockinged as only the wealthily fashionable had been a generation before. To her, there was nothing remarkable in it. It was normality. She had no consciousness that she participated in a phenomenon singular to the contemporary age. Those colossally palatial stores, in a magnificence of soaring architecture undreamed of by Ancient Rome, existed solely because there were newly millions of women with money of their own to spend. The establishments catering for men were insignificant by comparison. It was for her—multiplied indistinguishably a millionfold—that the skyline of the city was transformed. Centuries later, archæologists might philosophise upon it.

She bought the stockings. A little more expensive than usual, but satisfyingly good. Now hurry. Subway. Office. Fingers again flying over the keys.

Six o'clock. The torrent was streaming in the reverse direction. There he was. His face lit up as he raised his hat.

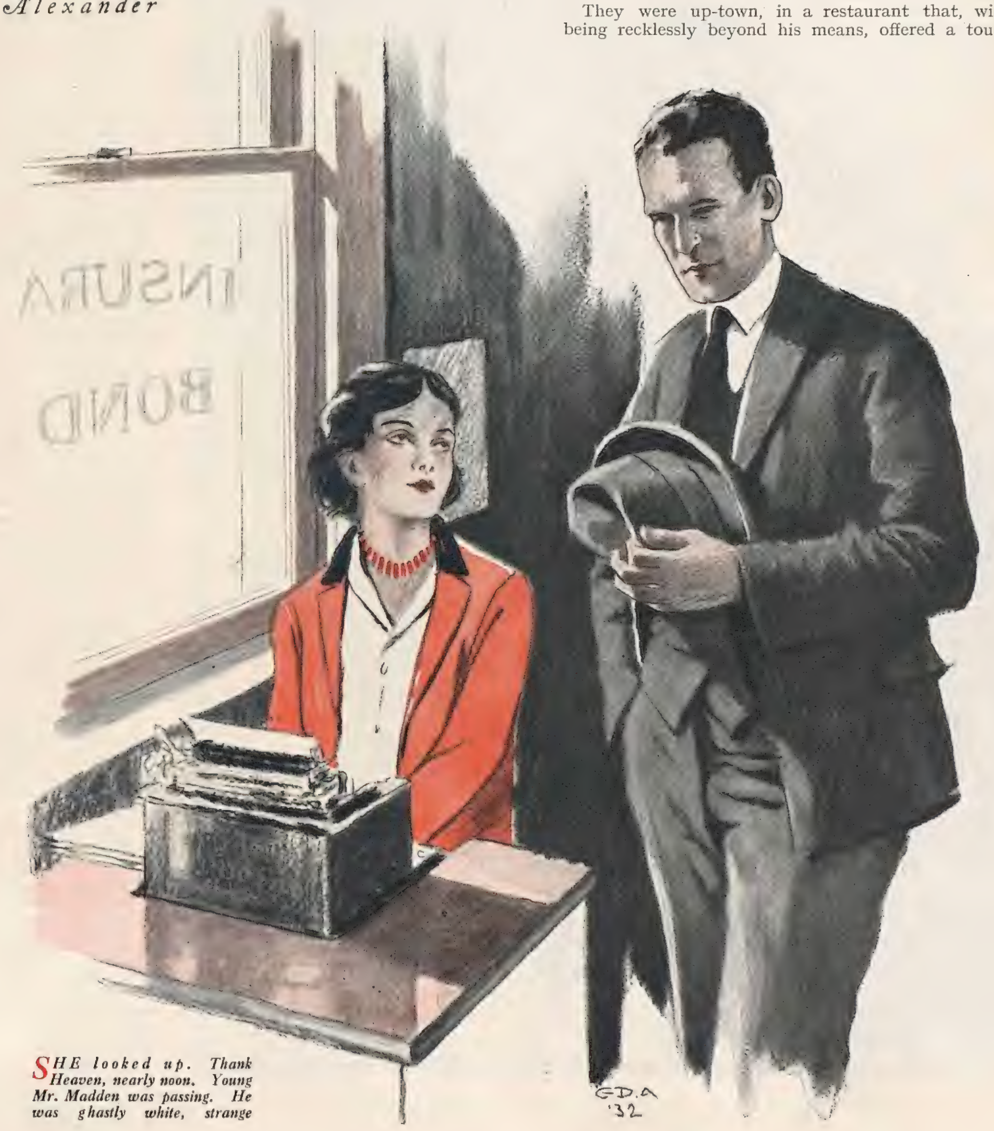
" Punctual to the minute, Miss Robinson."

" I always try to be exact. I think one should."

He looked at her, with sincerity.

" Yes—I guess you're certainly someone to be relied on."

They were up-town, in a restaurant that, without being recklessly beyond his means, offered a touch of



SHE looked up. Thank Heaven, nearly noon. Young Mr. Madden was passing. He was ghastly white, strange abnormal luxury. She appreciated that homage to her sex. Appreciated it to a nicety. No millionaire magnificence to sweep one romantically off one's feet—the things one read about in magazines. But she didn't want that from him. The streak of level-headedness in him was subtly more valuable to her. On the centre floor, couples were dancing to a jazz-orchestra. Her mother had an old-fashioned prejudice against such places. She couldn't believe they were respectable. Nothing of the sort existed in her time. She belonged to a different world. Yet all those girls were all right, at any rate not——. He pressed her to choose the things she liked upon the menu, things that were really an extravagance. This was a thrill. She warmed to him. He was offering her his best.

HE asked her to dance. They left a course unfinished, presently to come back to. He danced pleasantly well—again nothing to swirl one swooningly away, a little stiff. She made herself more yielding to him. He responded instantly, was immediately more masterful in his lead, in the closeness of his embrace. Satisfyingly so. Yet she felt her femininity was remotely sacred to him, to be approached with awe. She liked that too.

" Fine ! " he said, as they went back to their table. " You sure can dance. I never enjoyed anything so much in my life."

He talked of his plans, his ambitions. He was very ambitious. She did not quite understand the details, but it was clear he meant to be a big man. Perhaps he would be. Most of the big people had started from the bottom. She spoke encouragingly, said she was certain he was going to succeed. She felt it, she assured him.

He lit up.

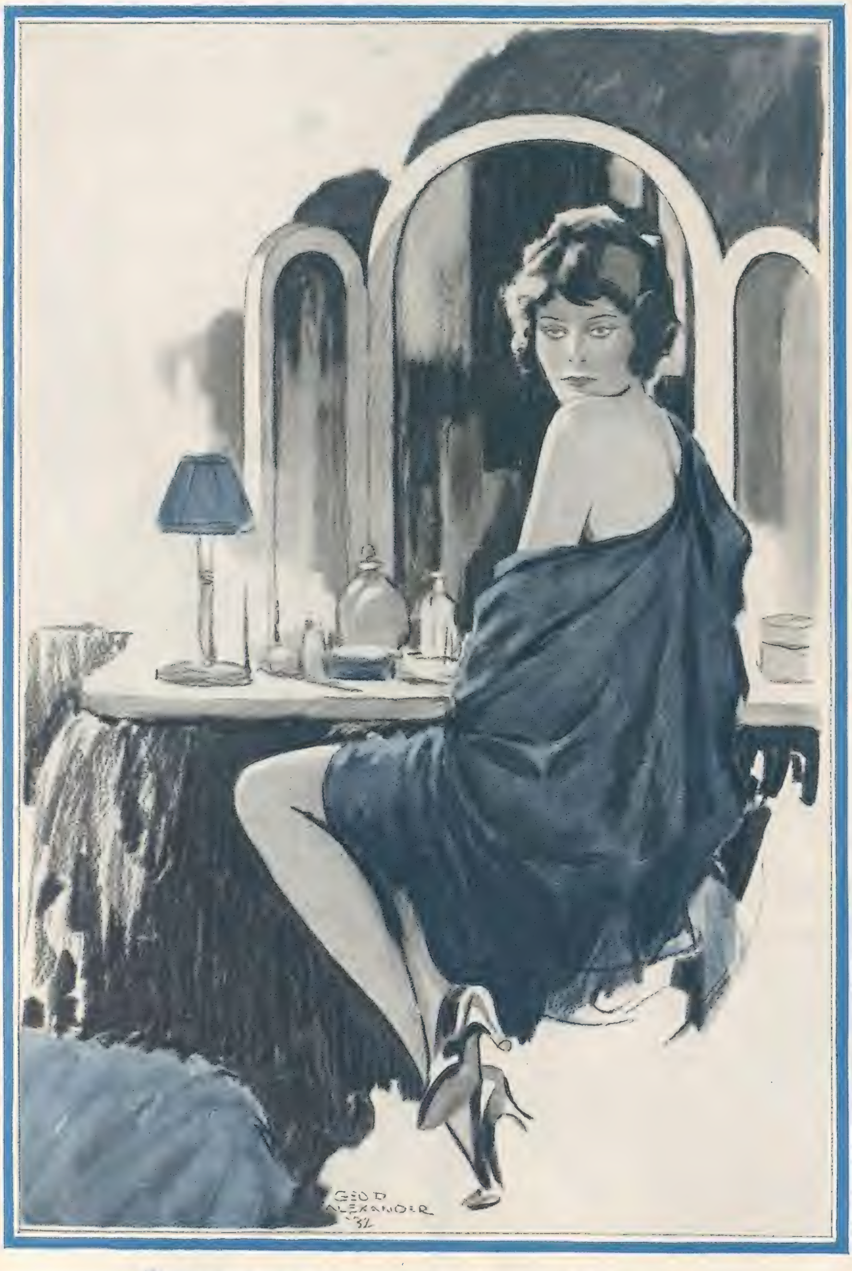
" You don't know how grateful I am to you, Miss Robinson. A man wants someone to back him up—to believe in him. Someone who understands."

Her eyes were candid upon him.

" Sure," she said. " No one can do anything by himself."

They were in the movie theatre. Huge, palatial, marble and gilt and bronze, with immense soft carpets and a multiplicity of lavishly broad anterooms by which they had entered the auditorium. It had cost a fabulous sum. No ancient emperor had ever enjoyed such vast magnificence. She thrilled to it. It had been constructed for her, for her in her millions avid of an Arabian Nights luxury which was an escape from the drab realities of life, paid for by their male partners vicariously endowing them with this splendour for fifty cents at the box-office ; as in another sphere a man would buy an emerald necklace.

The lights had dimmed, artistically through various tones of colour, into darkness. The big film was on. She watched, in hypnotised fascination. Exotically beautiful, alluringly seductive, Anita Montez was what every woman secretly would like to be, bewitching the male into subjection, making him forget all codes in his desire for her, filling him with the divine self-annihilatory madness that is the supreme purpose of Eve triumphant. Subconsciously she identified herself with that slim, large-eyed incarnation of mysteriously omnipotent femininity. Something of it radiated to him, enhanced her desirableness in an ob-



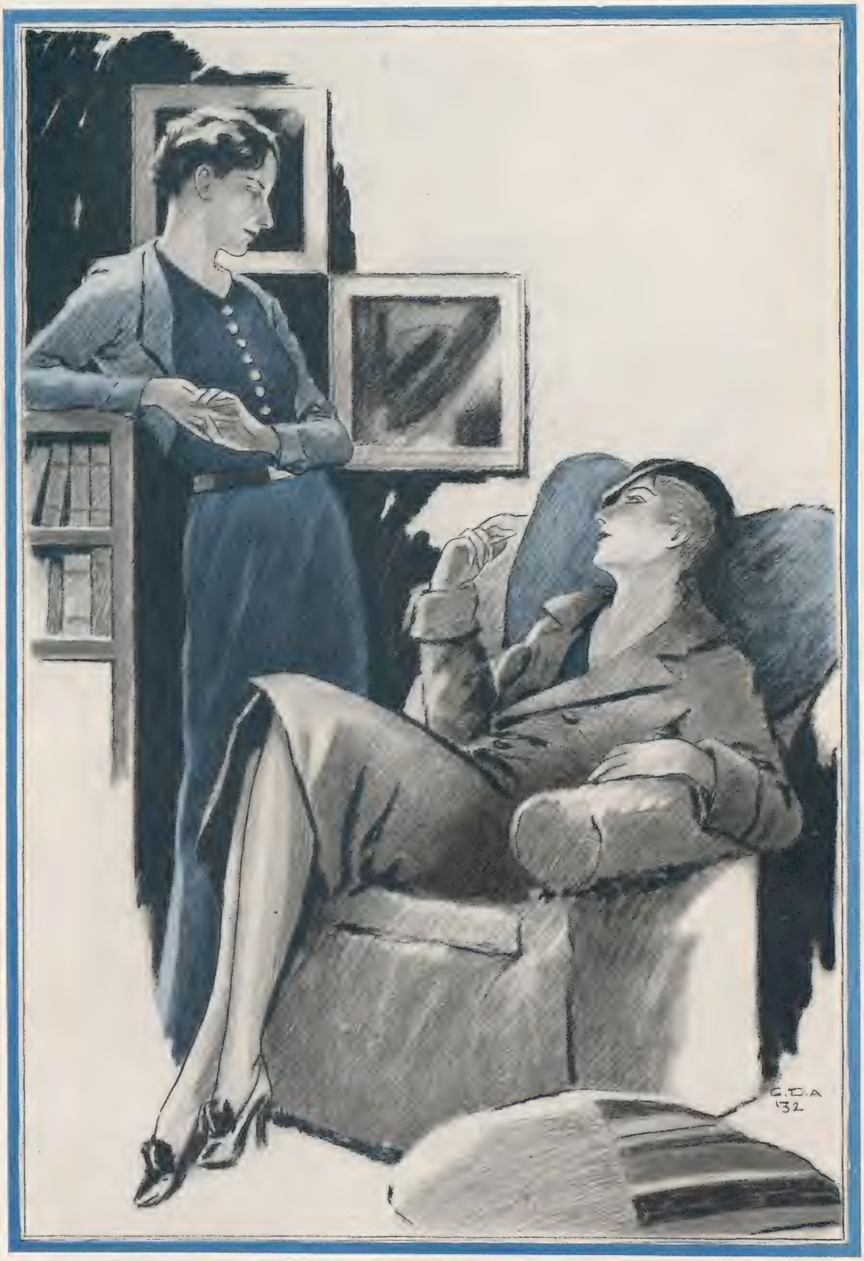
THERE was still a vividly bold allurement in her features, high-cheekboned, a long, red sensual mouth, slantingly sly eyes under abundant red-chestnut hair scure transference. She felt his hand creep towards hers, clasp it, at first diffidently, not sure of response. She gave his fingers a little squeeze. Sensed in every fibre of her was his closely near young manhood, eagerly ardent, tight-repressed in his awe of her virtue. She thrilled, in a delicious quasi-abandonment.

THEY were in a taxi together. An extravagance, for she lived far out, never went home other than by subway. But this was a special night. She leaned close against him, blissfully. More than ever, her entire being sensed his yearning for her, his chivalrously ideal worship of her. That was how she had dreamed of being loved. Her inmost self exulted, urged her towards him in a blind desire to feel his arms around her. She turned her face up to him. He had a fine, strong, manly profile, silhouetted against the vague side radiance of the headlights. His face came down to hers. He whispered: "Mary, I didn't know there was a girl in the world like you. I love you! I love you!" She yearned up to him, mutely. Their lips met of themselves. An ecstasy. He kissed her again. And again. His hands were audacious upon her body. She didn't mind. She meant them to be. He was murmuring to her. "Do you love me too, Mary? Say you love me! Say you love me!" She exhaled the words, in his embrace. "I love you, Jimmy. I love you. I can't help it!" He crushed her fiercely to him. "Darling! I will never let you go!" This was Romance, authentic Romance, suffusing the darkness of the taxi—It was incredible that they had arrived. Never had a taxi travelled so swiftly. He paid it off. They stood for a moment. "Must you go in?"

She sighed. "It's late. They'll be expecting me." He glanced up to the sky, black, and brilliant with stars. "Let's just walk a minute. Under the stars." She didn't care about the stars; she merely wanted to be with him yet another moment. "All right. But we musn't be long." They walked, his arm tight around her, along the silent street. He glanced heavenward, and she could feel that somehow he was lifting her, lifting their love for each other, into those infinite starry spaces. It flattered her. He talked no high-flown poetry, however. He spoke as if under an oppression, with deep breaths. "I can't believe it yet, Mary!—How soon d'you think we can get married? D'you know I fell in love with you the first moment I saw you?—And now I'm going to have you all my life! Gee! It makes a feller feel kind of humble!" She would be an ideal wife to him. She vowed it to herself. "Oh, Jimmy! I always thought love would be like this!" They stopped, for the overwhelmingly imperative kiss.

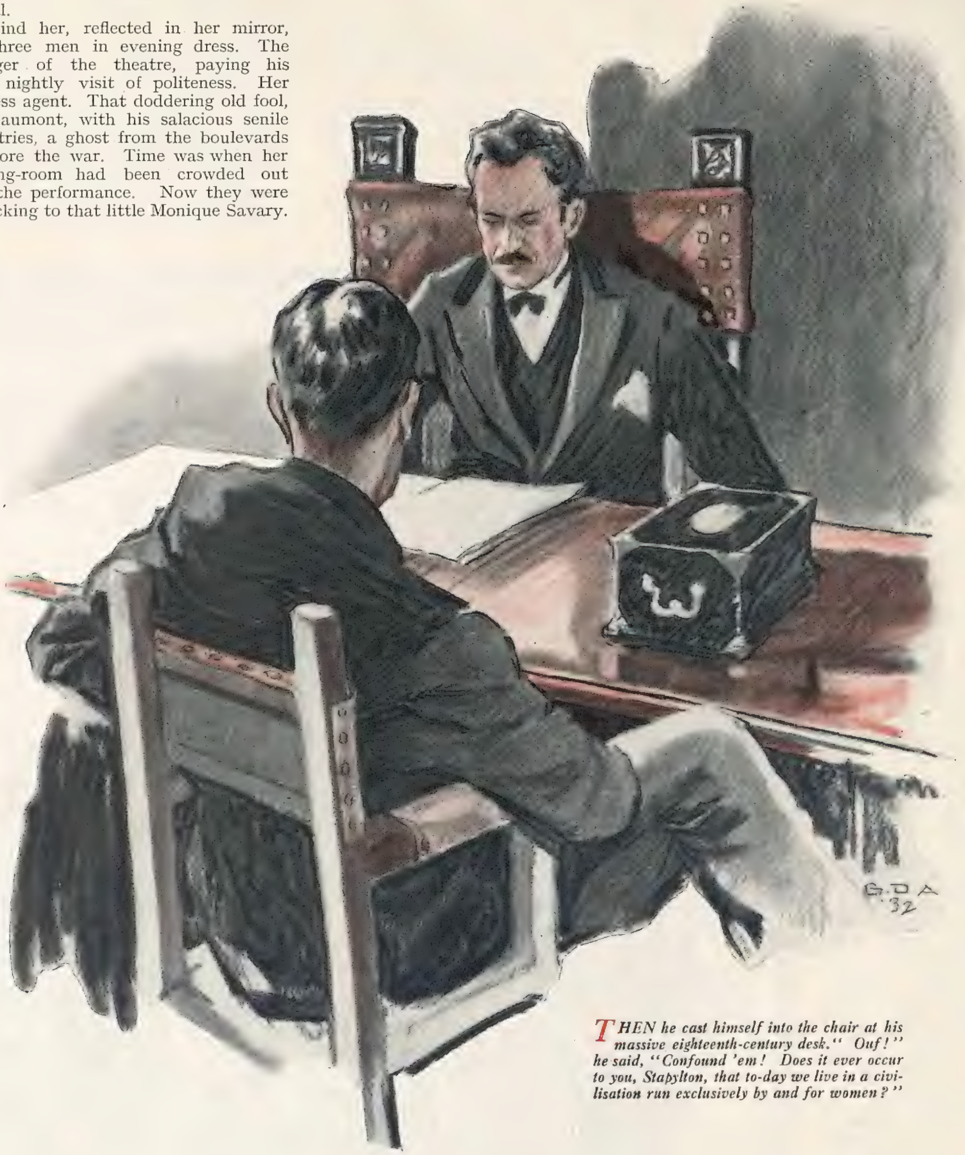
It was a wrench—an inexorable necessity—to tear themselves apart, to say Good-night.

MLLE. MADY LARYS, *étoile* at the Folies Parisiennes, removed the grease-paint from her face before the harshly lit triple-mirror of her dressing-room. Under the wrap thrown round her by her maid, her body was nude, save for the narrow girdle of glittering glass diamonds, as she had but just now appeared on the stage, leading the final parade of all but nude women which was the *clou* of this show out-daring



HELGA laughed. "In love? How old-fashioned you are, Ilse! No fixations for me! I take from men only just what I want and when I want. I can't imagine why you don't do the same" all the other undressed shows in the capital.

Behind her, reflected in her mirror, sat three men in evening dress. The manager of the theatre, paying his usual nightly visit of politeness. Her business agent. That doddering old fool, de Chaumont, with his salacious senile gallantries, a ghost from the boulevards of before the war. Time was when her dressing-room had been crowded out after the performance. Now they were all flocking to that little Monique Savary. Twenty years old—so she said—and vicious enough for fifty.



THEN he cast himself into the chair at his massive eighteenth-century desk. "Ouf!" he said, "Confound 'em! Does it ever occur to you, Stapylton, that to-day we live in a civilisation run exclusively by and for women?"

Bah! She wasn't finished yet. Few guessed that she would never see forty again—nor forty-five. The newspaper still inserted paid-for little paragraphs about the perfection of her figure. As she cleaned off the crude blue and black from around her eyes, she mentally made a note that she must try that new face-massage. What she had been having was no longer effective. There was still a vividly bold allurement in her features, high-cheekboned, a long, red sensual mouth, slantingly sly eyes under abundant red-chestnut hair. Many a man had ruined himself for the privilege of parading her, as he would parade the ownership of a costly racehorse. From the bottom of her soul she despised the entire sex. They wanted only to flatter their vanity with a woman who was conspicuous, "quoted" in the market of the half-world. If only that imbecile Swede had given her the advertisement of sensationally blowing his brains out when she had bankrupted him—as, twenty years ago, that Spanish-American youth had done—she would not be sitting here now as good as alone. She would again be having her pick. She owed two terms for her apartment, had a load of debts ready to descend upon her. Bah! She wasn't finished yet—wouldn't let herself be finished! She rubbed cream into her face, preparatory to the make-up of normal life.

There was a tap at the door. Her maid returned from it with an enormous bouquet. The most extravagantly expensive blossoms from a florist *de luxe*. A note accompanied it. "M. George Stainforth presents his respectful homages to Mlle. Mady Larys——"

She looked up to the maid.

"English or American?"

"I do not know, Madame. The *chasseur* said he was quite a young man."

"Ah!" She smiled. "*Eh, bien.* Show him up."

Her business agent shifted the cigar in his mouth and grinned.

"Let us hope he's a millionaire."

Old de Chaumont was amusingly crestfallen. If no admirers presented themselves, she would allow him to escort her rather than leave the theatre alone.

The manager of the theatre bent over her hand.

"*Encore mille félicitations, ma chère,*" he said, with a false enthusiasm. "You were superb to-night. You will permit me to tear myself away from you? I have so many things to attend to." Little Monique Savary would again make a scene with him for having ridiculously honoured the Larys by a visit. But he had to keep all these ladies in a good temper.

She snapped off the crude white light above her dressing-table, was suffused in soft rose and yellow radiance. She looked, perhaps, twenty-five.

The maid opened the door to a tall youth in evening dress, opera-hat in hand. A nice-looking young man, honest, naïve. He bowed clumsily over her fingers, spoke in an atrociously accented stiff French. "Mademoiselle, for more than a week I have watched you every night. Will you permit me to offer you this little token of my admiration?" She felt that he had read in a book somewhere that this was the correct way of introducing one's self to such as she. But he was desperately in earnest. She took the little leather box he proffered, sprang the lid open.

"*Oh, mais c'est charmante!*" she cried. It was a magnificent diamond brooch, costing at least fifty *milles*. In her greedy pleasure, she let her wrap fall carelessly from her.

He turned away his eyes, delicately. "Pardon, Madame—Mademoiselle——" he stammered.

She laughed. Probably this was his first adventure in the world—surely the son of a millionaire. He was utterly infatuated. She knew the signs. He had absurdly been sitting there night after night, devouring her with his eyes, not daring to introduce himself. What luck!

He glanced awkwardly towards the two other men who were whispering together, not heeding him.

"Mademoiselle," he said, breathlessly, tremblingly, "*je vous adore*——"

DOKTOR ILSE STRAUSS pottered about her bachelor *Wohnzimmer* with a luxurious sense of leisure. This was Sunday, her afternoon off duty from the clinic where she was assistant-physician. Presently some of her friends would be dropping in. The tea-table was already laid; a Russian samovar and *Kuchen* bought from a *Konditorei*. Save to arrange a few flowers, there was not much she could do to impress her personality on this severely ultra-modern interior, a cubist print isolated on each cream-enamelled wall. There were hundreds of precisely identical rooms in this huge apartment-block, aggressively ugly in a twentieth-century rejection of all precedent architecture, itself identical or nearly so with all the other new huge apartment-blocks in Charlottenburg. As she moved about, she caught glimpses of herself in the hexagonal frameless mirror above the pressed steel bookcase. An intellectual type, serious. She had never used powder or lipstick in her life.

So! There was nothing more to do. She threw herself down on the divan, took up the book she was in course of reading. It was an English book. *The Function of the Unmated Female in Civilisation: A Study in the Future of the Third Sex.*" A woman had written it.

Although the concept was not new to her, she had never before so vividly realised the dynamic mass existence of that Third Sex, millions upon millions of reproductively superfluous women. It was something quite novel in the world. Everywhere competing economically with the men they outnumbered, the enforced sublimation of their thwarted sex was effecting, silently, imperceptibly, the most profound of revolutions. Everywhere society was being *maternalised*. Symptomatic of it was the vast contemporary multiplication of schools and hospitals and welfare-clinics, of politically powerful humanitarian and pacifist Leagues, of quite recent State care for the sick and destitute, of ever-growing State restrictions on individual liberty in a myriad ways—sanitation, the sale of food, the consumption of alcohol. Everywhere it was women who overwhelmingly staffed these agencies, whose effectively organised or merely unconscious demand brought them into being. Individually sterile, collectively the surplus women were mothering humanity. The writer of the book looked forward enthusiastically to a future when this specialised Third Sex should automatically have assumed the prerogative of Government, acquiesced in by those sociologically inferior males and females who squandered a percentage of their vital forces in the mere perpetuation of the species. *Hm!*

She supposed that she also belonged to that Third Sex. She was thirty-five. No man had ever kissed her. Her youth, poverty-stricken in the crash of the German defeat, had been desperately, concentratedly, studious. She was a "cerebral." Tolerant of the conduct of others—and in this chaotic post-war Germany one had need of tolerance—she was content to be coolly immune from biological emotions. Marriage even less than the other thing. A gratuitous hampering of a career one could only achieve alone. *Danke schön!*

The door-bell rang. She went to open. It was Helga. Very smart as usual in a new rakish little hat, her lips vividly reddened. Not at all recognisable as the white-overalled efficient research-chemist of her working hours.

"*Fesch, was?*" Helga admired herself, with a caress of her hand to her hat, before the mirror. "I bought it yesterday. Heinrich is coming to meet me here, and we are going on to dance." Heinrich was Helga's latest. She experimented with a succession of lovers as other women might try various brands of cigarettes.

"Really in love this time?" she smiled.

Helga laughed.

"In love? How old-fashioned you are, Ilse! No fixations for me! I take from men only just what I want and when I want. I can't imagine why you don't do the same."

Ilse shrugged her shoulders.

"Perhaps because I want nothing at all from them. I am sufficient to myself."

Helga revivified her lips.

"*Wahr ist dass du kein* sex-appeal *hast*," she said, complacently. "But I believe in amusing one's self when one can. Nowadays it is worth while being a woman. It is something to be as free as men used to be."

Again the door-bell rang. Other friends. Trude, harsh-featured and masculine, who drew fashion designs for a weekly, and Isolde, flowingly loose-clad, yearningly exotic, excessively feminine, who wrote newspaper articles. They were inseparable.

Isolde gushed.

"It is so nice to see you again, Ilse darling! It must be nearly a month! But Trude and I have been so busy! *Ich weiss nicht mehr was! Allerlei—allerlei!*—"

Trude relaxed nothing of her beak-nosed grimness. She put an arm protectively about Isolde.

"Isolde has been overworking herself, the poor thing. I have had to be stern with her, and forbid her running around."

Poor Isolde! Trude really tyrannised over her too much. She welcomed them into the *Wohnzimmer*.

Other people dropped in, her usual Sunday gathering. Clever, brilliant people, modern, as a matter of course emancipated from conventionalities. Each had openly a mate, was at least temporarily paired with someone or other. All except herself—but she personified, consciously, almost proud in that superiority, the new Third Sex. All were more or less cynical, even bitter. But that was life. This hard modern world was merciless to illusions. See it as it is. The scientific outlook.

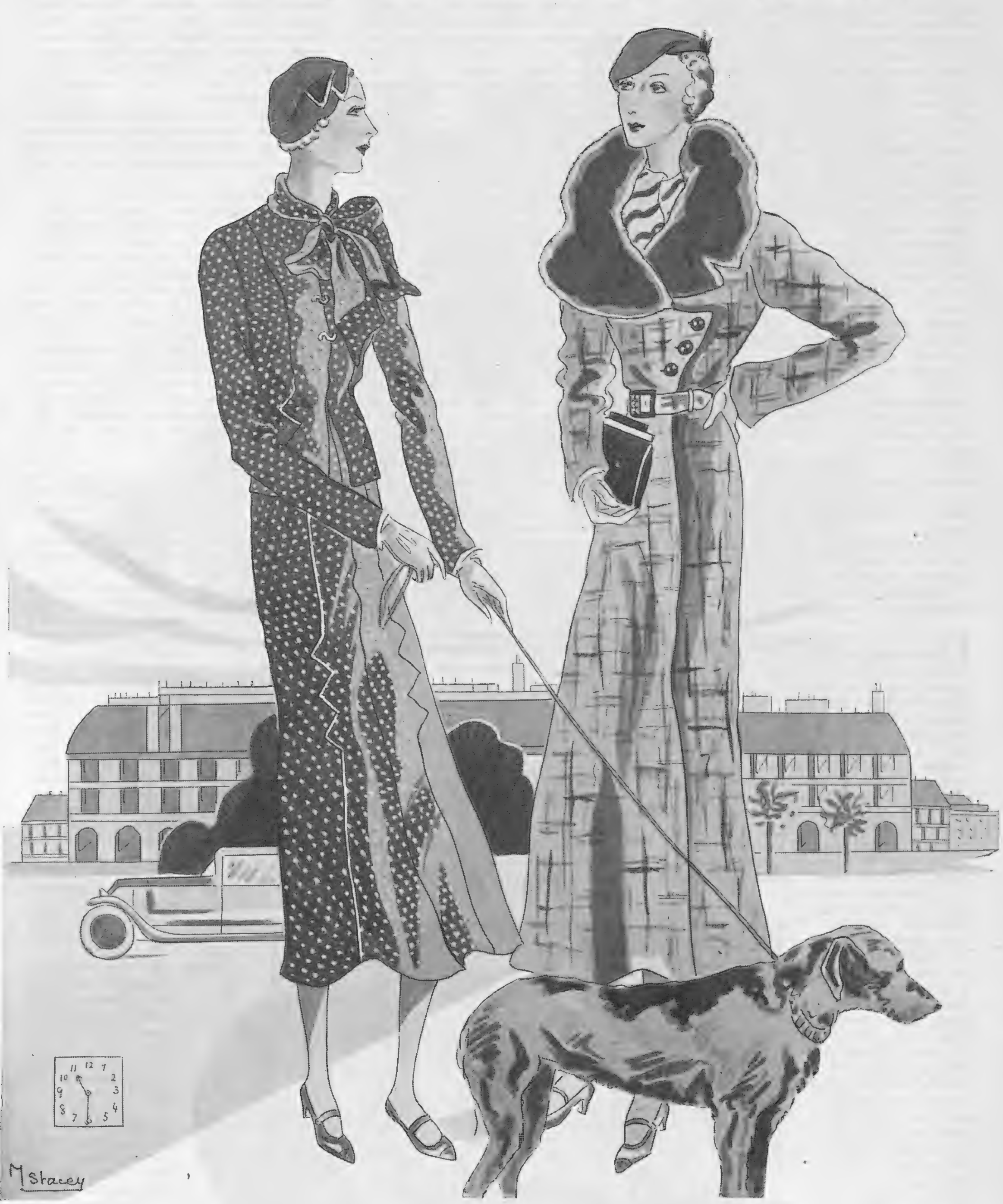
At last they departed, couple by couple. She cried, with a bright gaiety, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*" to the last pair.

Then she returned to the empty *Wohnzimmer*. She threw herself down on the divan, covered her face with her hands, and—ridiculously, irrationally—burst into tears.

HOURS ago the punctual West African night had in a few minutes plunged the jungle into blackness. Now the full moon had risen, sending shafts of light through the entanglement of foliage overhead. In the file of women padding along the

(*Continued on page* 120)

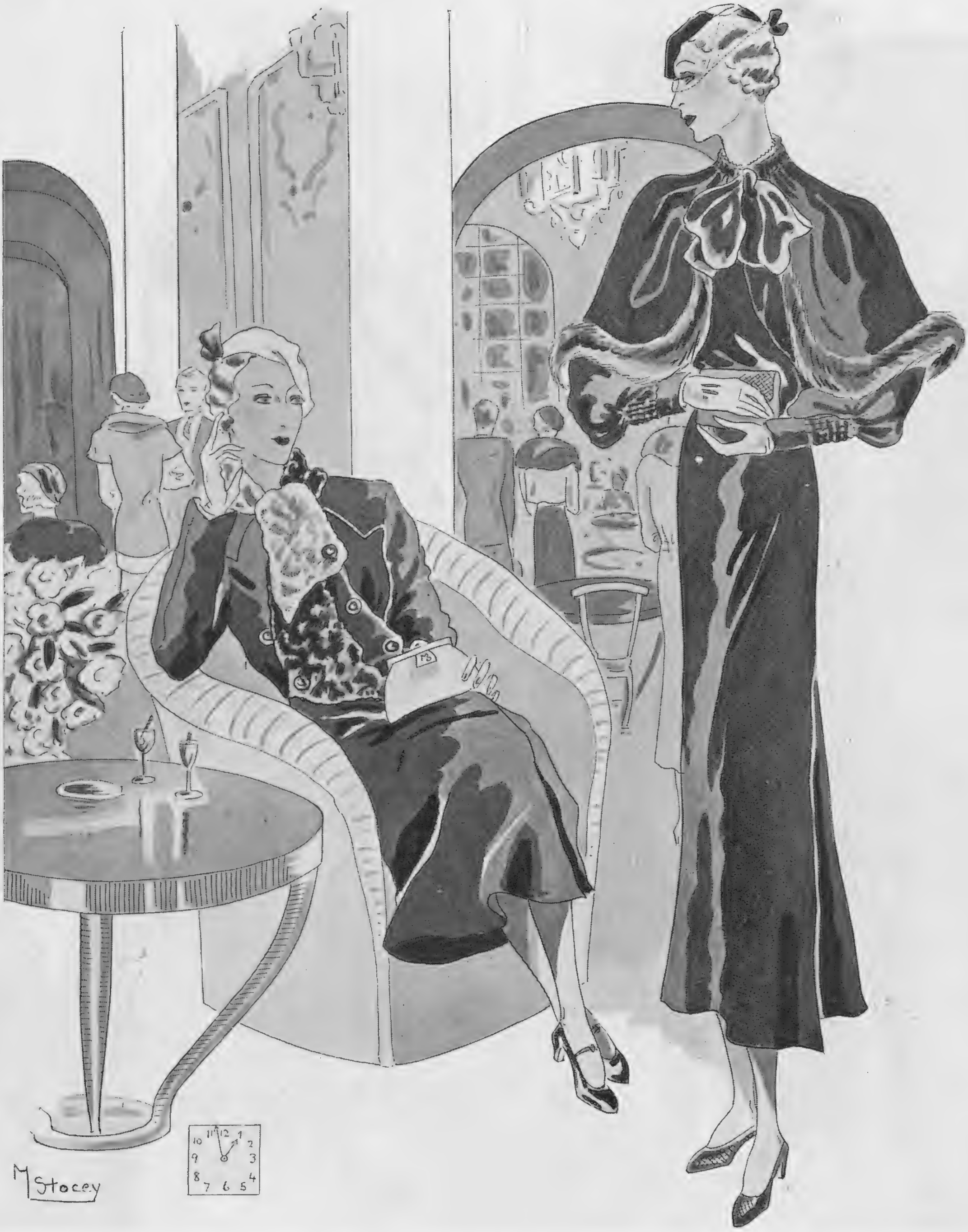
FOR THE MORNING WALK



A VERY smart two-piece for the morning walk or to wear beneath a fur coat is made of brown jersey dotted with rough and nobbly white spots. The zig-zag cutting of the skirt and coat seams, the slightly flared skirt, the fitted waist, the scarf collar and the silver S-shaped fasteners all combine to make this exceptionally attractive costume which comes from the knitwear department of Woollands.

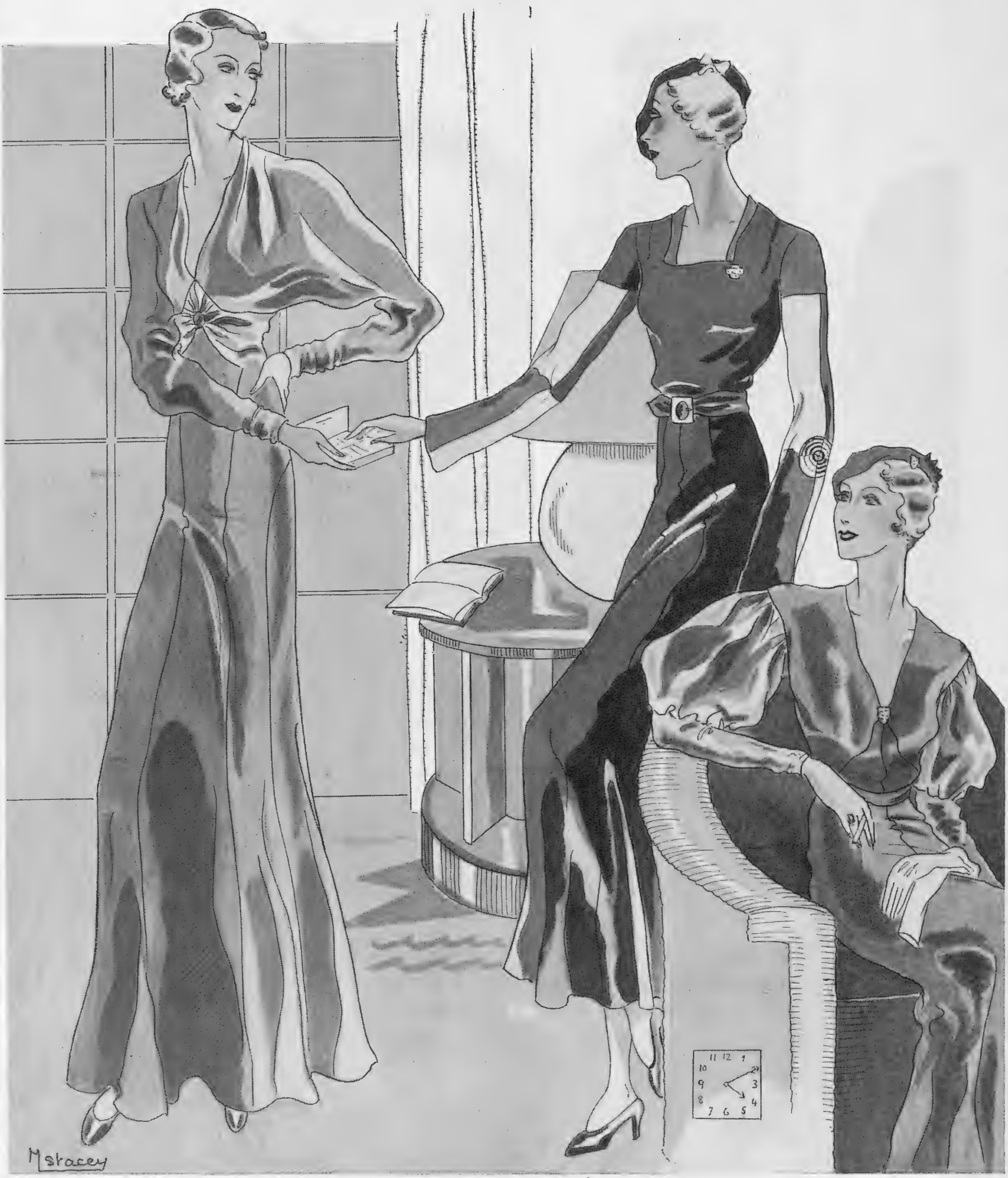
A top-coat of indisputable chic is made of brown and beige tweed and has a generous collar of beaver. This is cut with the new square revers and is fastened on one side by three large wooden buttons, and the belt of material has a wooden buckle punctured with steel holes. Altogether a coat much to be desired for general town use, for travelling, and for country wear. It comes from Harvey Nichols

FOR SMART LUNCHEON PARTIES



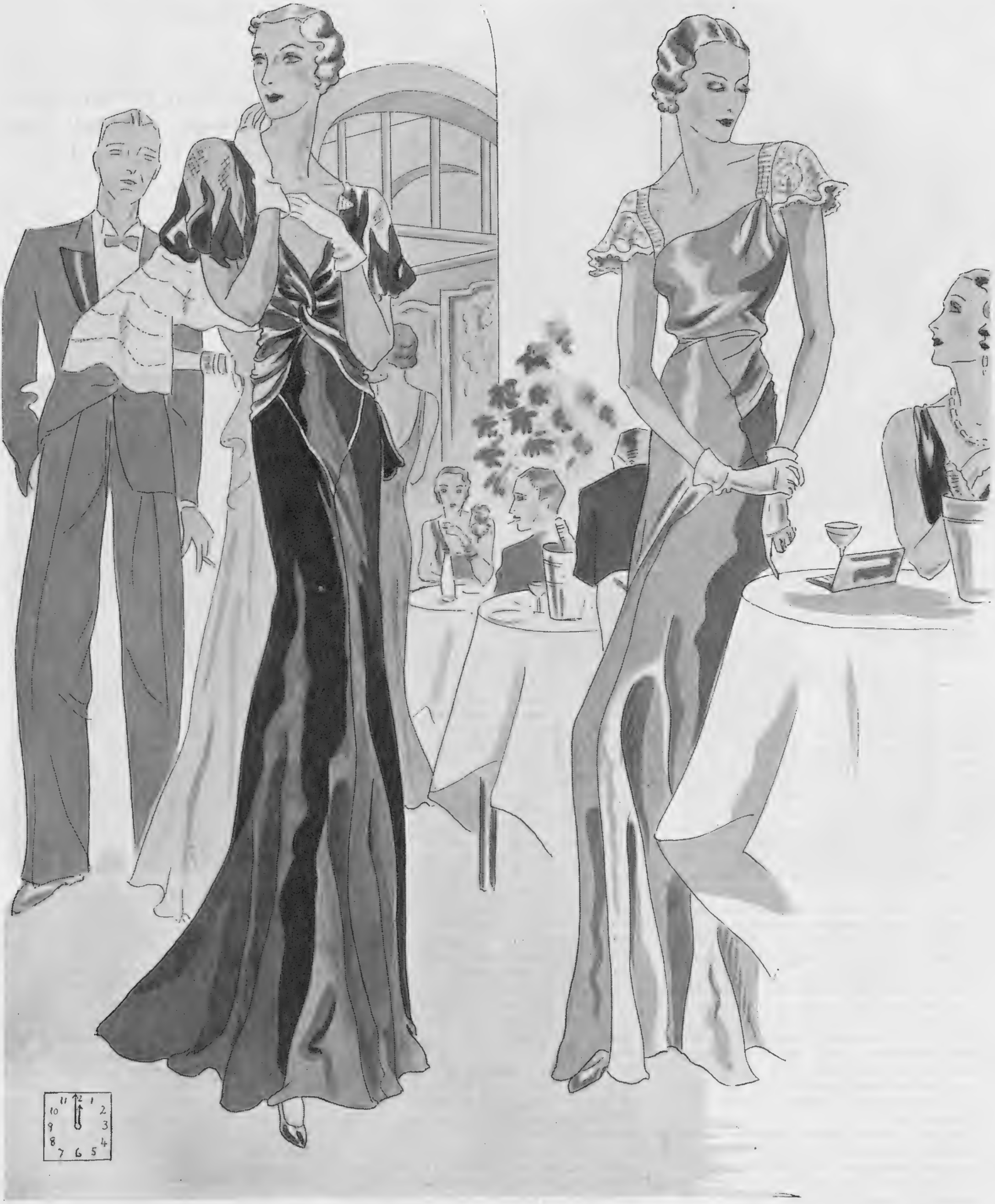
HERE is a choice of coats for the woman who wishes to lunch out smartly, or to arrive for bridge or tea parties looking the last word in chic. The seated figure is wearing a black wool bouclé coat with a tricky yoke and loose sleeves. It is fastened with large black buttons and two extra buttons, one black and one white, which attach the caracul scarf collar, one half of which is white and the other black. An excellent coat for the matron or smart young married woman. The standing figure has on a coat of black velvet with a deep cape of the same material bordered with brown fox. Ruching finishes the neck line and the cuffs, and the coat is fastened by two bows, one at the neck and one on the left hip. Both these coats come from Marshall and Snelgrove

FOR THE TEA HOUR



FOR the hostess this winter there are a number of tea-gowns of a novel type. These are made either of wool or silk crêpe or of velvet, and have skirts of ankle length. An excellent example, which comes from Harvey Nichols, is sketched above. This is carried out in the new shade of purple in a light-weight woollen material. Note the wide armholes and the clever cutting at the waistline in front. In the centre is shown an afternoon gown of black and white silk crêpe, the sleeves of a magpie persuasion with the join between the two colours accentuated by an embroidered motif in red, white and black. This comes from Debenham's. The seated figure is wearing a brown velvet tea dress from Walpole's, which has pretty puff sleeves, combined with long tight ones for warmth

FOR DINING AND DANCING



MANY of the new evening gowns show a sleeve or the suspicion of a sleeve, and most of them make a point of covering the actual shoulder and thus giving the necessary breadth of line. The petunia-coloured satin evening gown shown on the left has short puffed sleeves of tulle stiffened by petal-shaped sections of the satin. The draped, cross-over line of the bodice is particularly new and becoming. From Debenham and Freebody. The right-hand figure is wearing a black velvet gown which makes good use of a diagonal, asymmetrical cut, and has no trimming other than tiny shoulder capes of tulle entirely covered with silver and diamanté bead embroidery. This model comes from Gorringe's

SLEEP

Regular hours of calm and untroubled Sleep are as essential to the Health of Mind and Body as Food itself

THIS charming picture of Miss Gladys Cooper asleep is perhaps one of the prettiest photographs recently taken of this justly popular actress

AN attractive aid to comfortable slumber would be this bed set made of flowered chintz. The eiderdown, the bed-spread and the pillow are all made of quilted glazed chintz edged with a tiny coloured braid. The quilt costs £3 : 15 : 0, the bed-spread £5 : 5 : 0 and the cushion 24/-. From Walpole's

LIKE money, sleep is a thing of which one does not realise the importance until one has to do without, so that those who have the gift of sleeping well and soundly scarcely realise how greatly they are blessed.

Normal, natural sleep is Nature's greatest healer and restorative for all the complex mechanism of the human body, mind and nervous system. In illness, when sleep intervenes, it gives relief from pain and assists Nature to combat not only exhaustion and shock, but the malignant bacilli of disease. In health it is sleep that " pays back " all that is spent of energy, mental and physical, during waking hours, which readjusts the balance, restores, builds up and enriches our constitutions.

Insomnia is, unhappily, a prevalent modern malady. The strenuousness of life, the anxiety about financial conditions which many people are suffering, the noise and speed attendant on our lives to-day, all tend to create a condition of nervous tension which is inimical to peaceful and reposeful sleep. And once the anxiety about whether one will sleep or not takes hold of the mind, one is on the way to becoming an insomniac, and, like every other evil, insomnia is more difficult to cure than it is to prevent. It is, therefore, essential that the habit of sleeplessness should not become established.

It is of the first importance that general conditions should be conducive to restful slumber. The bedroom should be airy, the bed comfortable and the coverings warm but light.

A good and hygienically constructed bed is not only necessary for comfort and a proper relaxation, but is also essential for the healthy growth of children and the maintenance of physical balance in grown-up people.

Those who are not absolutely satisfied with their sleeping arrangements should go to a bed specialist and procure for themselves the luxury, justified by health consideration, of a perfect couch. There are handsome modern beds fitted with Vi-Spring mattresses and Vibasse mattress supports which are ideal from the point of view of hygiene, the correct position of the body in sleep, and absolute comfort. These mattresses are hand-made by skilled operatives. The overlay is composed of a " honeycomb " of evenly balanced springs, each separately encased so that it has a special resiliency, evenly distributed, and cannot get lumpy or flattened, and this lies on a well upholstered support. This bedding does not collect dirt or hold infection, and gives the body the repose—without suffocating softness—which is one of the primary conditions necessary for restful, healthy sleep.

THOSE who have suffered the torments of insomnia know the distressing alternations of temperature which often attend it. First, the victim is cold and probably piles on heavy blankets and quilts, only to wake from a restless doze uncomfortably over-heated and probably in a sweat. (This is a dangerous symptom, often causing chills and worse.) Heavy coverings mitigate against sleep and are unhealthy, as the pores of the skin all over the body are " breathers " and need ventilation.

Some of the modern bed-coverings are not only charming in appearance, but happily solve the problem of keeping warm in bed without the use of weighty, air-excluding covers. There are openwork woollen blankets which may be obtained from Walpole's for as little as 21/- and eiderdowns of gossamer lightness in all sorts of attractive colourings.

The mattresses I mentioned are covered in damask-like tickings which can be chosen to carry out your own bedroom colour scheme, and, with lacy woollen blankets and a feather-weight eiderdown to match, one would have a bed to which one could go with pride and pleasure and no fear of restless nights.

Some theories and advice on the choice of Cosmetics

By "CHRYSIS"

FLATTER your FACE . . .

• But do not turn it into a mask with exaggerated make-up

THE woman who totally eschews all and every "artificial" aid to beauty to-day is rare: she must have either a puritanical complex or a sublime and perhaps fatuous faith in her own unadorned charms.

The old idea that make-up spoiled the complexion is entirely false; one has only to compare the complexion of women who care for their skins and use, judiciously, cosmetic lotions, creams, powders and even rouges, with the leathery, sallow, coarse and veinous epidermis of those who "never use a thing except soap and water" and brave the elements and critical observation, unprotected and unembellished, to be convinced of the fallaciousness of such a theory.

Apart from the fact that an intelligent woman can add immeasurably to her natural beauty by means of a discreet use of cosmetics, there is something which suggests a lack of fastidiousness about a face that is frankly shiny, and lips that look colourless (and often cracked and dry). It is so deeply ingrained in woman to adorn herself that to-day, when *maquillage* is accepted and beauty products are so prevalent and of such excellent quality, it is almost unnatural to be too natural! On the other hand, I have always deprecated an exaggerated make-up, on purely æsthetic grounds. What is obviously a "painted face" is generally ugly, often grotesque and loses all the freshness, life and subtle contours of natural beauty. Undoubtedly a mask-like make-up is ageing and hardening. We will leave all questions of good taste, social acceptance and "sex-appeal" out of our discussion, with just this permissible comment: that anything too obvious and obtrusive either in conduct or appearance is "bad form," embarrassing to the beholder and therefore repellent.

There are two secrets—using the word in its least confidential form!—which are the bases of successful make-up; one is, of course, its application, but perhaps even more important is the selection of the right colouring (and good quality) of all the cosmetics used.

A comparatively heavy make-up can look fresh and natural when it tones with and complements the colouring of the skin and hair, whereas a superficial application of powder and rouge of the wrong colour will produce a doll-like and artificial effect.

Among the many interesting evolutions in modern cosmetics is the production of a now famous and invaluable rouge (for lips and cheeks) which has the almost miraculous property of adapting itself to the natural colour of the user. It is different on different people, taking on the tone indigenous to the complexion to which it is applied. Incidentally the pure cold cream base of the lipstick makes it a valuable salve as well as a cosmetic. The accompanying rouge is put up in neat little cases of compact powder, and since both the rouge and the lipstick will react identically to your individual "chemistry," there is no danger of the ugly divorcement of colouring between lips and cheeks which marks ill-chosen cosmetics.

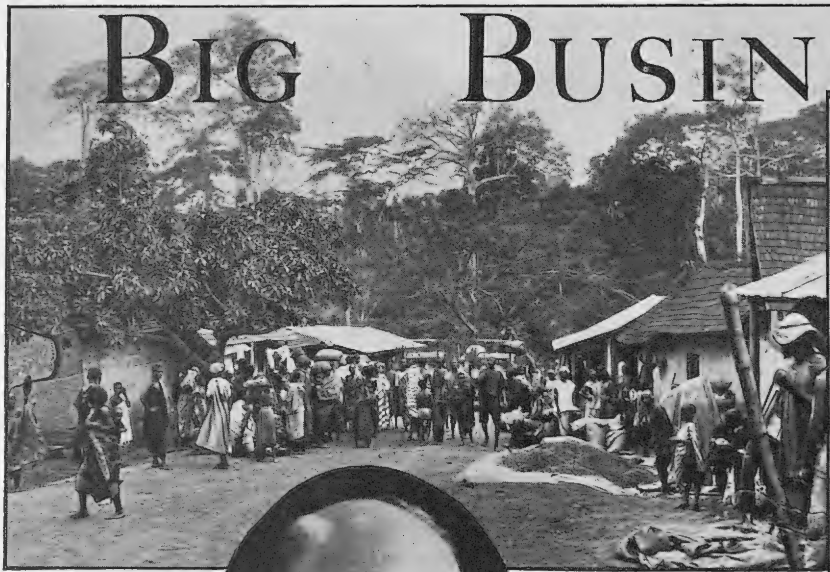
THAT Miss Elizabeth Allan is one of our most admired film actresses is due in no small part to her extreme naturalness. She is a "star" who has far to go

TANGEE cream costs 4/6 a jar, whether it be for day or night use, the face rouge costs 3/6, the miraculous lip rouge, which changes to suit each wearer, 4/6

There is one very important factor in the successful use of make-up, and that is to keep the skin itself soft, fine, clear and thoroughly cleansed. No cosmetics in the world can do themselves justice or beautify if they are put on to a coarse, harsh, dry skin or the pores are clogged with impurities. All make-up should be thoroughly and carefully removed at night, and the complexion should be cleansed and prepared in the morning before its application.

There is a milk soap for the complexion which has outstanding merit in this connection. In the past women with delicate complexions laved them in milk. Modern scientific experiments have confirmed their faith in milk as a complexion beautifier, and lactic acid is known to be a valuable specific. The milk soap, in which the essential elements of fresh milk are incorporated, lathers freely and acts as a water softener, leaving the complexion cleansed of all impurities and acid secretions and delightfully cool, soft and fresh. Incidentally this soap is manufactured by an English firm who guarantee its purity. For particulars of where it may be obtained, write to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

BIG BUSINESS:



NATIVES taking up cocoa beans in a Gold Coast village

RIGHT: The factory in a garden. A view from the south-west of the factory at Bournville

MR. EDWARD Cadbury, Chairman to Messrs. Cadbury Bros. Ltd.

The Romance of Great Enterprises and the Men behind them

By Gordon Beckles

WHEN Montezuma was Emperor of Mexico his country's currency was on the Cocoa Standard: twenty beans bought a plump rabbit, and for a hundred beans an upper-class Aztec could purchase a good slave.

It may seem strange that the Mexicans should have thus preferred the humble cocoa bean to the more manifest attractions of gold and silver. The invading Spaniards certainly suffered no such primitive delusions, and the bean quickly dropped into disfavour, both as currency and food. The glitter of gold and sheen of silver became the concomitants of wealth and power.

The tale that I have to tell is of how, four centuries later, there came a family of Quakers who not only brought the cocoa bean back into favour, but transmuted it into both gold and silver, earning for themselves much wealth and great power.

It starts with the modest tea and coffee shop in Bull Street, Birmingham, run by an energetic young man called John Cadbury. He was one of ten children of Quaker parents, and after an extensive apprenticeship in various London warehouses his father presented him with a sum of money and said: "That is all that I can afford to give thee; the future is in thy own hands."

Birmingham in 1824 was becoming a city of considerable importance. The factories that had earned fortunes for their owners making firearms and ammunition during the Napoleonic wars had now been adapted for the manufacture of a hundred different "toys"—as Edmund Burke once described such articles as knives, buttons, and the smaller domestic articles.

Young John Cadbury's shop was near the centre of the town, but at the back there was still a cherry orchard. He found life pleasant. Yet he was not content with merely selling what others had sold before him. Out of that discontent this story is born.

He began in his evenings to grind the cocoa bean with a view to discovering for himself the economics of chocolate selling. Heavy duties had hitherto kept chocolate a rich man's luxury. The cocoa houses of St. James's had been the haunt of fashion for a century, and it was almost a hundred years since Sir Hans Sloane had invented a delicacy called "milk chocolate," which the famous physician declared to be of "great use in consumptive cases."

But only a few tons of cocoa beans had been imported annually. John Cadbury thought that he saw his chance. He took further premises in Crooked Lane, and in 1842 produced his first bar of "fine French eating chocolate." It was tastefully wrapped and artistically decorated; and it was instantly popular.

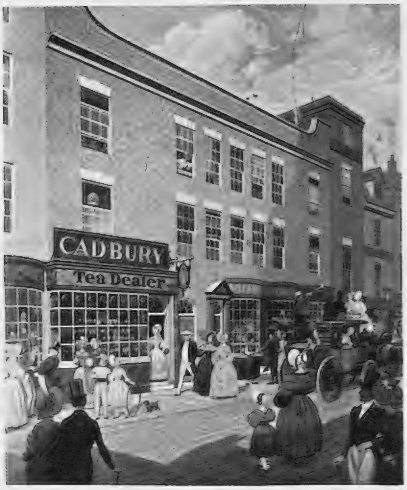
A FEW years later he conceived what may seem an absurdly simple innovation. He flavoured his eating chocolate with vanilla, and almost simultaneously received a Royal Appointment to Queen Victoria.

At this stage of the story one should be able to anticipate the growing prosperity and development of the firm of Cadbury Brothers—for John had been joined in 1847 by brother Benjamin. But something happened to impede the progress of the Crooked Lane business. Actually, several things happened.

Mrs. John Cadbury died, and John himself entered on a long illness. Yet neither physical nor financial loss prevented him from continuing to display the family's philanthropic traits. He was foremost in defence of the starveling boy-sweeps, whose forced labour amounted to positive cruelty. And he was able to make an historic denouncement of the Birmingham Overseers of the Poor. These worthies held their annual banquet in winter, when the streets outside were full of hungry people. Looking at the laden banquet table, John Cadbury made them such a withering speech that the ceremony was called off, and the food was distributed at once to the poor.

All this sapped John Cadbury's energy, and in 1861—with his business on the rocks—he had to turn the management of the firm over to his two sons, Richard and George, then lads in their twenties. The factory's turnover had so dwindled

No. 10. The Epic of Bournville



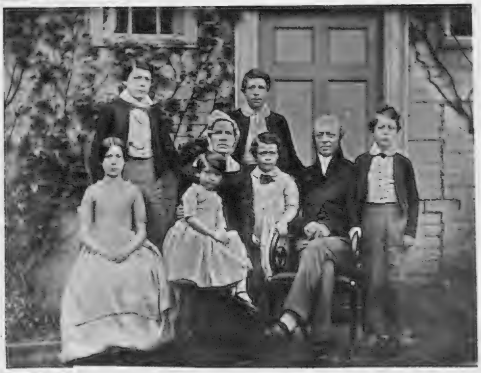
BULL Street, Birmingham, with the original Cadbury shop in the Eighteen-twenties

that only eleven girls were employed; it was a brave decision that made the two youngsters each put in their £4000 legacy that had been left them by their mother.

Five years later there was only £150 left of Richard's £4000 and £1500 of George's investment. But they went on. George concentrated on the buying of the raw material and its preparation; Richard on selling the finished article.

Fifty years later—when his business was worth millions, and his employees numbered thousands—the firm's great genius, George Cadbury, recalled these early days of crisis and depression: " I was preparing to go out as a tea-planter to the Himalayas, and Richard was studying to be a surveyor. Twice a year we took stock, determined that we would close the business down before we were unable to pay twenty shillings in the £. We had ten dreadful stock-takings, but every time went back (*continued on p.* 98)

LEFT. In one of the packing shops. The girls are packing half-pound packets of the famous Bournville chocolate



JOHN CADBURY and his family. Standing at back: John; Richard. Sitting: Maria; Mrs. John Cadbury (Candia Barrow); (on her lap) Henry; Edward; John Cadbury; George

Queer Tales of Long Ago:

Collected, Painted and Described by

F. MATANIA, R.I.

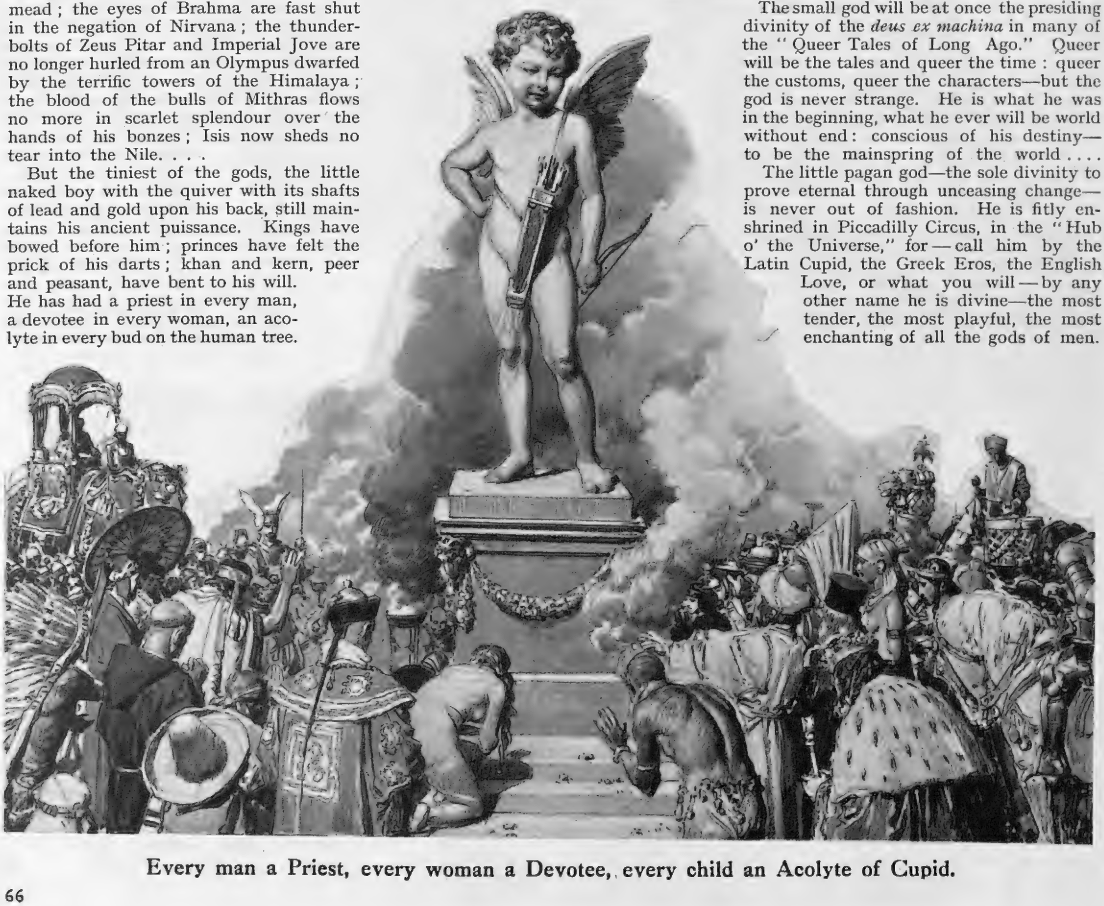
AMID the chaos of falling gods, only one stands supreme—untouched, untarnished, undefiled. Evolution and Revolution have wrought their slow or fast reversals: Wotan has fallen from his obsolete Valhalla of heavy-breasted maidens and copious horns of mead; the eyes of Brahma are fast shut in the negation of Nirvana; the thunderbolts of Zeus Pitar and Imperial Jove are no longer hurled from an Olympus dwarfed by the terrific towers of the Himalaya; the blood of the bulls of Mithras flows no more in scarlet splendour over the hands of his bonzes; Isis now sheds no tear into the Nile. . . .

But the tiniest of the gods, the little naked boy with the quiver with its shafts of lead and gold upon his back, still maintains his ancient puissance. Kings have bowed before him; princes have felt the prick of his darts; khan and kern, peer and peasant, have bent to his will. He has had a priest in every man, a devotee in every woman, an acolyte in every bud on the human tree.

Tragedy has befallen all who have, voluntarily or involuntarily, excluded him from their lives—from the Vestals walled alive in their tombs, to the real victims of the Inquisition, the inquisitors, or those self-condemned to the everlasting prison of the cloister.

The small god will be at once the presiding divinity of the *deus ex machina* in many of the "Queer Tales of Long Ago." Queer will be the tales and queer the time: queer the customs, queer the characters—but the god is never strange. He is what he was in the beginning, what he ever will be world without end: conscious of his destiny—to be the mainspring of the world....

The little pagan god—the sole divinity to prove eternal through unceasing change—is never out of fashion. He is fitly enshrined in Piccadilly Circus, in the "Hub o' the Universe," for—call him by the Latin Cupid, the Greek Eros, the English Love, or what you will—by any other name he is divine—the most tender, the most playful, the most enchanting of all the gods of men.



Every man a Priest, every woman a Devotee, every child an Acolyte of Cupid.

No. 30. Substance and Shadow

The wit of woman for once transcended by the wit of man

THE courtesans of Ancient Greece were not unlike the Geisha of Modern Japan—an integral part of the life of the country and of the time. As Greece passed from the heroic to the historic era, a wife was deemed to be an inferior creature to the husband, and her voice was limited to the dicta of the house; her education and upbringing, no less than her mature life, fitted her to this purpose, and this purpose only.

For the courtesan, however, higher education was the rule. The worlds of letters, music, art, metaphysics, poetry, were opened to her as the elements of her trade. These graces of mind, allied to their essential beauty of body, inevitably caused these beauties to attract to their society the greatest figures of the world, each from his own hearth—and wife.

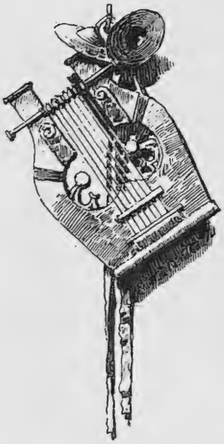
On occasion, when a woman of singular beauty was also possessed of equally singular natural abilities, her education was entrusted to the greatest minds of the day. Lastheneia of Arcadia was a disciple of Plato; Leontion, of Epicurus. The cardinal prototype is, of course, Aspasia, who, it has been said, instructed, rather than learned at the lips of, Pericles and even Socrates himself. . . .

Despite the ill-will of the married women of Greece, and pre-eminently of Athens, the *heteræ* were accorded the astonishing privilege of receiving the wives of Athenian citizens that the latter might learn, and adopt, the graces no less of mind than of body which held their husbands enslaved to the wives' own detriment—a privilege calculated, if effective, to promote a higher standard of life among the mothers of the race and a higher morality among the fathers.

HISTORY affords us innumerable examples of great friendships between many of the *heteræ* and the notables of the time, with the result that the courtesans also achieved a measure of greatness. Such figures as Socrates, Pericles, even Demosthenes, have paid eloquent tribute to the courtesans, who lavished their gifts of mind and body upon great men with no sordid mercenary *arrière pensée*, but, to maintain the luxury which was essential to them, made up for this generosity by claiming from those who had only material wealth to offer, the highest possible price for their favours.

An amusing little story is mentioned by Plutarch from which one may derive an extraordinary insight into the mentality of the period. Lamia, the beautiful daughter of an Athenian, achieved so great a reputation that she was summoned by the Pharaoh Ptolemy to be his uncrowned queen. Subsequently, when the Pharaoh was defeated at sea by Demetrius, she was taken as the greatest spoil of war; but the heart of the Greek soon melted beneath the charm of her company, and she became the adored of the conqueror.

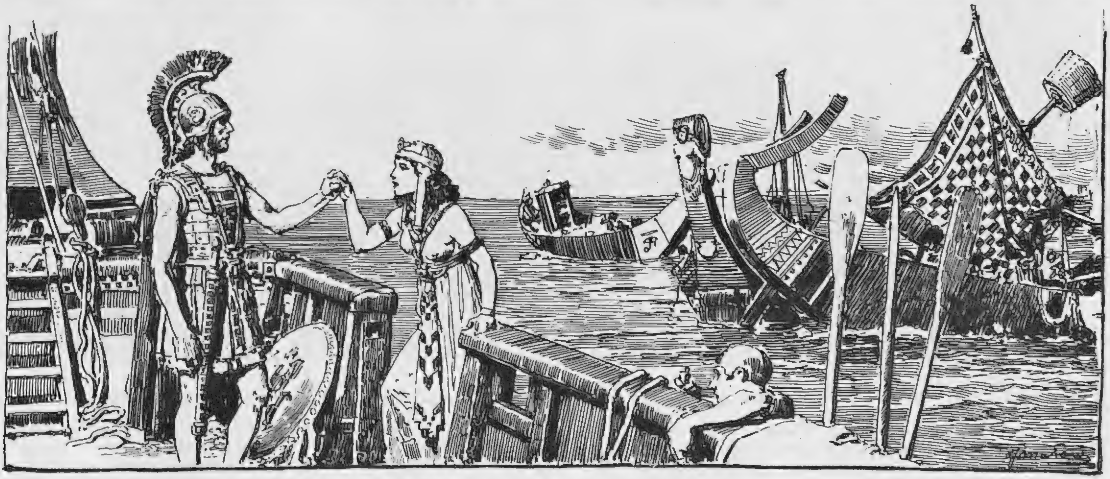
By virtue of her own lack of it, and her position as the beloved of a national hero, Lamia was accorded the privilege of taking an active part in any public cause involving one of her, perhaps less fortunately placed sister *heteræ*. She was, in fact, one of the first champions of the Feminist cause.



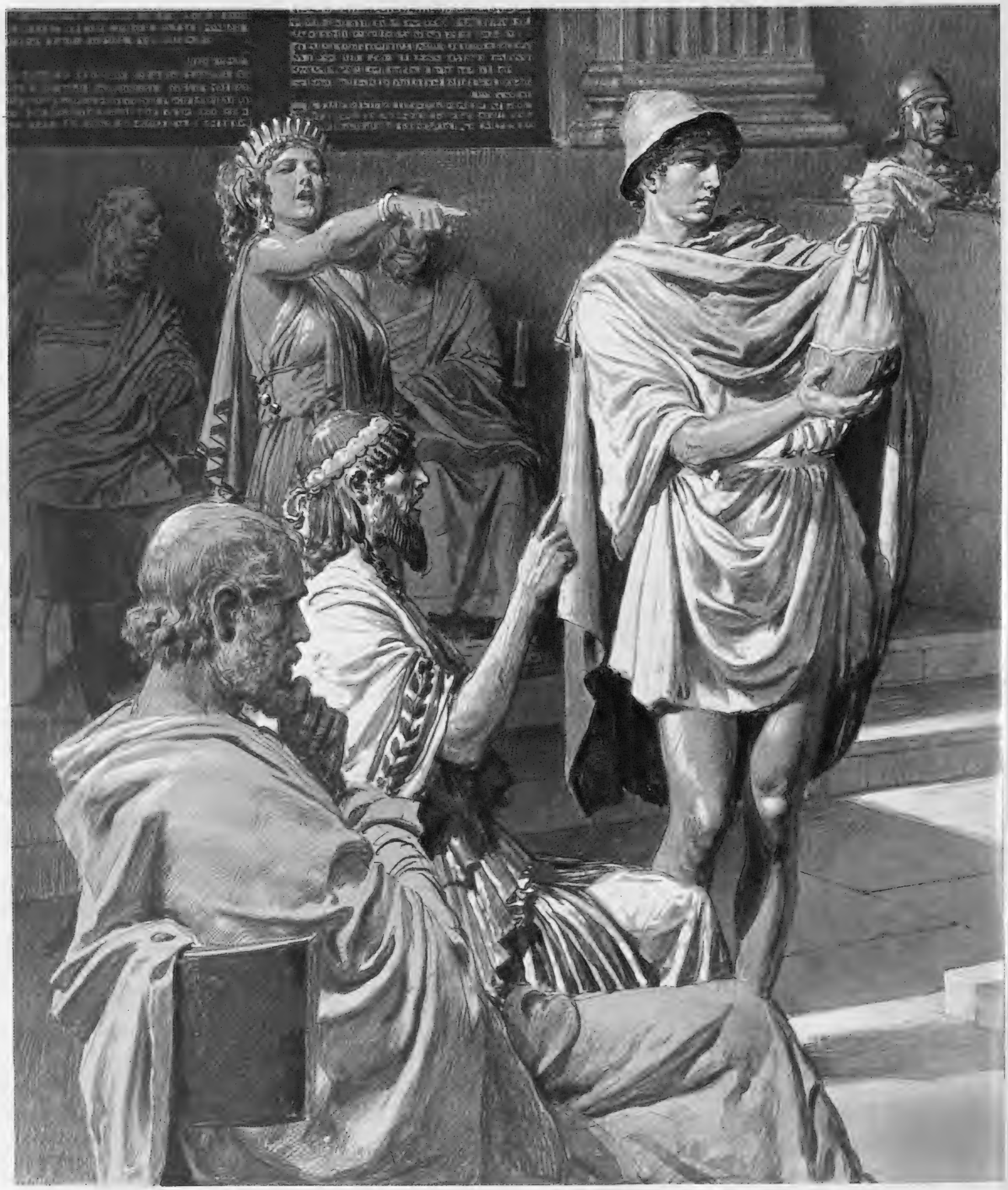
One of the cases in which Lamia took an interest concerned one Thonis, a courtesan of established position—and price. With Thonis, a young man had fallen desperately in love, but, as he had not the gifts to attract her, the personality to enchant her, the learning to delight her, nor even the money to purchase her favours, he had perforce to resign himself to the hard task of forgetting her. For days, he mourned his lack of means. He sonnetted her, balladed her, importuned her—to no avail. She became an obsession to him. . . .

But the little winged Eros, though he had fired a dart of lead into the heart of Thonis and an arrow of gold into that of the youth, yet proved merciful. In a dream, the young man was vouchsafed by the god all that he had been denied in life. As in the case of the hero of *Aphrodite*, that delicately indelicate masterpiece of reconstructed Alexandria by Pierre Louÿs, peace of mind and balance of soul was re-established by the dream, and carking desire ceased from troubling the dreamer.

Much to the astonishment of Thonis, she was no longer besieged with letters and poems that she had not troubled to read, let alone to answer. For him, she



THE GREATEST SPOIL OF WAR: Lamia taken from the Trireme of the Pharaoh Ptolemy and brought aboard the galley of the conquering Demetrius



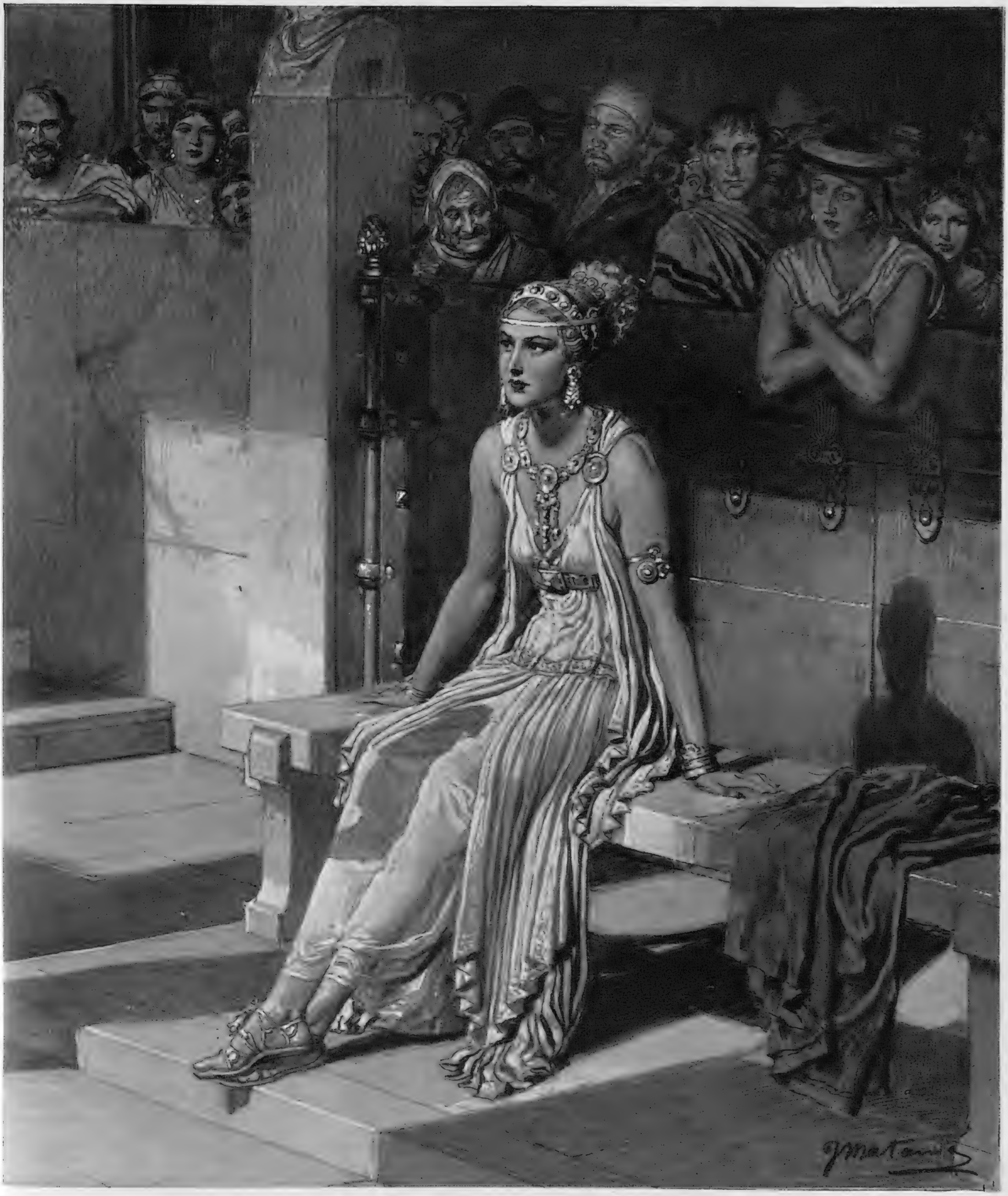
THE PAYMENT OF A DEBT. **The Archon Bocchoris directs the youth to project the shadow of**

might as well not exist. Piqued, she wondered what had caused the passion of her admirer to wane like the harvest moon. Finally, she discovered.

Vanity, no less than venality, drove the courtesan to be revenged. Though Congreve's immortal couplet had not then been penned by near two thousand years, Hell held even then no fury like a woman scorned.

Thonis brought suit against the young man for the amount at which she had priced her favours, alleging in her pleadings that, as she had been the sole origin of the dream, she should be given the reward. Lamia upheld the claim, and it seemed as if the resources of the youth bade fair to become as

No. 30. Substance and Shadow



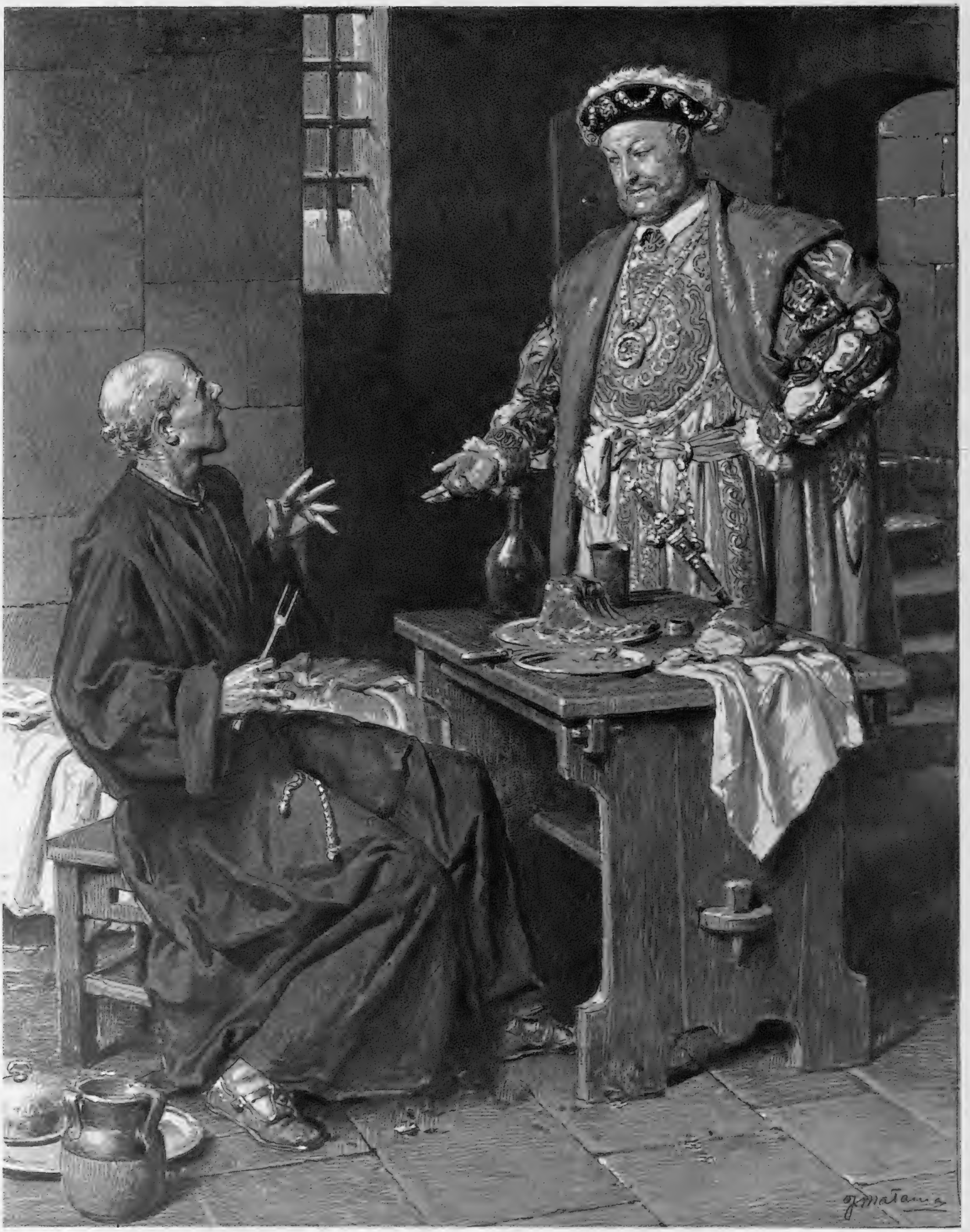
his purse on to the lap of Thonis, while Lamia exults at the anticipated triumph of the courtesan.

impaired as his health had been not long before.

The case, however, was called before an Hellenic Solomon. This judge was one Bocchoris, one of the ornaments of the Athens of that day and the legal profession of all time. He heard the cases of the plaintiff and defendant, and reserved judgment for a week, but he commanded that the young man should bring into court the full sum demanded by the *heteræ*.

In vain did he protest that, had he been able to raise so great a sum, there had been no cause to bring the action. The judge proved inexorable. One week's grace to find the money. . . . (*Continued on page* 97.)

No. 31. A Royal Prescription



THE FEE OF A ROYAL PHYSICIAN: **Henry VIII demands 100*l* from the Abbot**

LET us be thankful that the drastic system of curing diseases practised by Henry the Married required all the power of a king to inflict, for, otherwise, the Tower, Pentonville, and Wormwood Scrubbs would soon be requisitioned by Harley and Wimpole Streets!

The burly Tudor, while hunting in Windsor Forest disguised as one of the Royal Guards—a trick to which he used often to resort to achieve a liberty forbidden to the dignity of the King—chanced to be at the gates of the Abbey of Reading

(*Continued on page* 97)

No. 32. "The Decline and Fall of"—Edward Gibbon

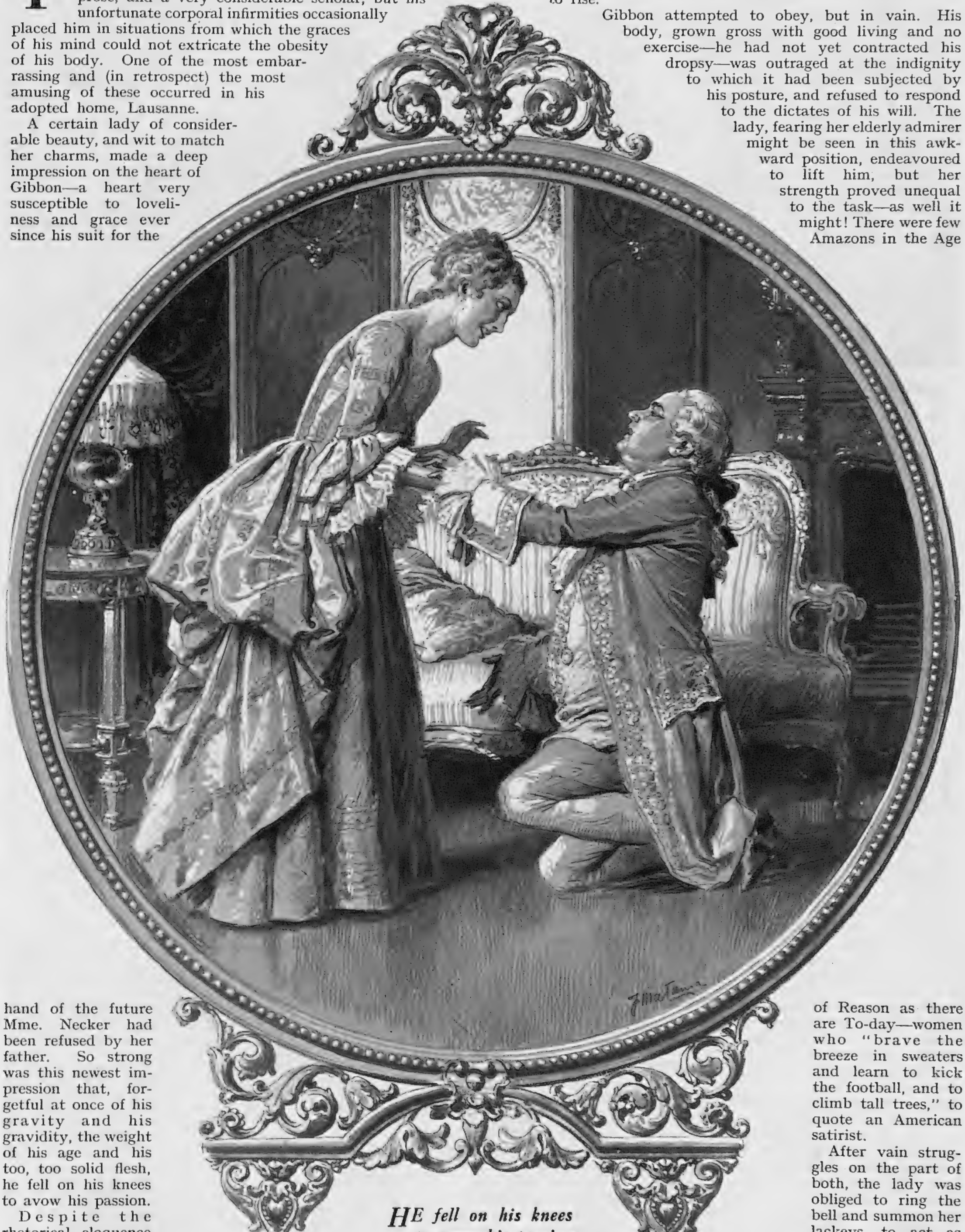
THE great historian has written his name for all time as a master of irony, a superb *virtuoso* of English prose, and a very considerable scholar, but his unfortunate corporal infirmities occasionally placed him in situations from which the graces of his mind could not extricate the obesity of his body. One of the most embarrassing and (in retrospect) the most amusing of these occurred in his adopted home, Lausanne.

A certain lady of considerable beauty, and wit to match her charms, made a deep impression on the heart of Gibbon—a heart very susceptible to loveliness and grace ever since his suit for the hand of the future Mme. Necker had been refused by her father. So strong was this newest impression that, forgetful at once of his gravity and his gravidity, the weight of his age and his too, too solid flesh, he fell on his knees to avow his passion.

Despite the rhetorical eloquence of which he was so great a master, the lady was deaf to his pleas, being perchance more conscious of his physical imperfections than of his mental quality. She requested him to rise.

Gibbon attempted to obey, but in vain. His body, grown gross with good living and no exercise—he had not yet contracted his dropsy—was outraged at the indignity to which it had been subjected by his posture, and refused to respond to the dictates of his will. The lady, fearing her elderly admirer might be seen in this awkward position, endeavoured to lift him, but her strength proved unequal to the task—as well it might! There were few Amazons in the Age of Reason as there are To-day—women who "brave the breeze in sweaters and learn to kick the football, and to climb tall trees," to quote an American satirist.

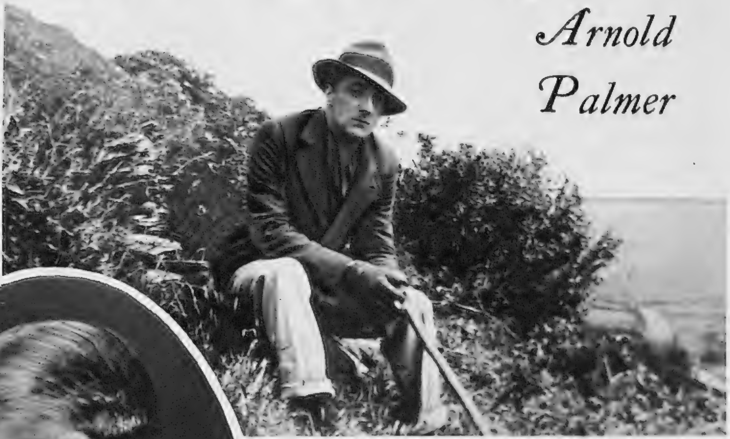
After vain struggles on the part of both, the lady was obliged to ring the bell and summon her lackeys to act as sturdy derricks to assist the prostrate scholar to his feet!



HE fell on his knees to avow his passion

BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer*

MARGERY SHARP, author of "Fanfare for Tin Trumpets," a charming story of London life



JAMES HANLEY, whose book, "Ebb and Flood," is a sincere and compelling story of Liverpool "low" life

(*Right*)
JAMES HILTON, whose new book, "Contango," presents, vividly and with convincing detail, life in the Tropics, in England, in Hollywood, and South America. This novel may easily become a best-seller

BRILLIANT ideas are the very devil. They may lead to a peak or to a bog ; but they always appear to be, like Agnes, pointing upwards, and the poor mortals who encounter them have no choice but to follow, blinded and dazzled, where they lead. That most excellent novelist, Mr. James Hilton, has had a brilliant idea. If, definitely, it has not led him into a bog, it has left him, I fear, on a rather lowly peak, and even at that moderate altitude he has an insecure, unhappy, wobbly look. He will be remembered as the author of *And Now Goodbye*, an admirable story of provincial life in England, low in tone, close and firm in treatment. *Contango* (Benn ; 7s. 6d.) is a far more ambitious work. It ranges over the whole globe with a knowledge and assurance that are remarkable. Mr. Hilton presents, vividly and with convincing detail, life in the Tropics, in England, in Hollywood, in South America ; he shows us rich men and poor, good women and not so good, a silly hen of a spinster and a young Roumanian of genius—he shows us and makes us believe in all of these. In a society devoted to cosmopolitanism, his novel may easily become a best-seller.

Yet all is not well with it. Though there are moments when one lays the book on one's knee, murmuring : "This is a masterpiece, or on the way to becoming one," these moments grow rarer, and finally, during the last quarter of the book, disappear completely. The penultimate chapter wounded almost to death my appreciation of a good piece of work. How the man who has written so many fine pages can have been satisfied with the preposterous, forcible-feeble interlude of the hotel chambermaid and the Soviet delegate is, for me, a minor mystery of Literature. Perhaps Mr. Hilton reached his climax too soon, and grew tired towards the end of his book. Indeed, the writing of it must have imposed a far greater strain than the ordinary novel.

What is this "idea" by which our author has been caught up ? It has points of resemblance with the idea which was behind *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*—the idea of Chance, like a thread, linking together the lives of people who are ignorant of one another's existence. The idea beat Mr. Wilder in the end—his final pages were simply a pity—and it has beaten Mr. Hilton too. But he has written a striking, uncommon book, occasionally moving, often thrilling, and always holding the attention. It may be that his partial failure is the most creditable performance of his career. If he has failed, as I think he has, it is something to have met such a glorious and stirring death.

Between Sun and Moon (Constable ; 7s. 6d.) also fails to come off, and in its case there is no

A German Master

"Three Essays," by Thomas Mann

(Secker ; 7s. 6d.)

THE three essays differ so widely in theme, and were written in such opposed eras (1914 and 1923), that unity can only be derived from the merit of the author. But that is more than enough to drill them into a book. Herr Mann brings to Goethe and Tolstoy, to Frederick the Great and to an occult séance, the same spirit of fair-minded sympathy and curiosity, the same human doubts and the same wish to reach Truth. It is perhaps possible to argue that his remarkable study of Frederick would have differed in two passages had it been written before, and not after, the outbreak of the war. But even as it is, its detachment is extraordinary—is, of course, the more extraordinary for having been displayed at a time of acute national excitement, when the resemblance between the fate of Saxony in 1756 and of Belgium in 1914 must have been present to all his readers.

There was a spiritualistic chapter in *The Magic Mountain* which makes the concluding essay additionally interesting to students of the German novelist. This essay will possibly be the most appreciated of the three. The doubts, the scepticism of every detail of the scene, including himself, the inability to be entirely serious at what may be a transcendent experience, the subsequent state of mingled distaste and fascination—all these sensations, familiar to everyone who has ever attended a "sitting," could not be more perfectly treated. It should be added that the work of translation has been exceptionally well done by Mr. H. T. Lowe-Porter. But Mr. Secker has, for once, been satisfied with an unsuccessful page-design.

The Choice widens—Publishers slip into top

encouragement to lighten the depression. Miss Agnes Mure Mackenzie has always favoured the literary mannerisms of the *grande dame*, but even at her best her æsthetic address has never been far from Wardour Street. In her new book she definitely settles among the theatrical costumiers. There is invariably distinction about her work, but what with the difficulty of parsing her sentences and the slightness of her story, it wears rather thin. *Lark Ascending* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.) is also slight, or at least light, but Miss Mazo de la Roche is so genuine and unpretentious an author that her work cannot fail to please. Her new book is a story of Americans in Sicily. Its lazy, amusing plot is not suited to condensation. Those who know the author's work will read the book without wanting to be told what it is about. They will also find grounds for satisfaction in reflecting that the holiday nature of *Lark Ascending* suggests that the Jalna series still absorbs the author's attention and may, therefore, be added to before long. Those who do not yet know her work will be well advised to accept the smiling invitation here offered by the author.

A DIFFERENT but no less excellent type of light entertainment is provided by Miss Margery Sharp, whose name is already known to readers of BRITANNIA AND EVE. Her *Fanfare for Tin Trumpets* (Barker, 7s. 6d.) is a charming story of London life. The scene is laid just off the Edgware Road—a perfect choice. Indeed, Miss Sharp is singularly perfect. She is as free from mistakes as Pett Ridge; her work at times recalls his, and that is as high a compliment as any young novelist can ask for. *Fanfare for Tin Trumpets* is the sort of book which, within six months of its success at home, will be devoured by exiled Cockneys all the world over. I can imagine nostalgic tears ploughing their way through the sand on their sun-dried faces, and dropping into their pegs (or whatever they are); and I can imagine the novel making the round of the station and growing steadily damper on every (is it ?) stoep. I think that, metaphorically speaking, Miss Sharp may go far; I am sure that, literally, her book will.

After these two pleasant stories, Mr. Edward Thompson seemed even more humourless than usual. His *Lament for Adonis* (Benn, 7s. 6d.) deals with the Palestine campaign. Mr. Thompson is, in some ways, a distinguished writer. The standard he sets himself is a high one, and he never ceases to strive after it. Many good judges believe that he reaches it. But his work is spoiled for me by the weakness already indicated—or rather by the author's ignorance of his weakness. Mr. Thompson is fond of humour, but his ideas on that quality do not march with mine. His humour impresses me as an arch facetiousness; and that, of course, means that I am precluded from appreciating his work.

I HAVE kept till the last *Ebb and Flood*, by James Hanley (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), for the very good reason that it would be almost impossible to discuss any ordinary novel after it, any more than one would discuss fencing after being shelled by a howitzer. A well-placed shell will make the best fencer in the world look rather

(*Continued on page* 116)

Brief Allusions

C. S. Forester

The Elegant Woman: *by Gertrude Aretz*

(Harrap, 18s.)

"THIS is not," says Mr. James Laver in his preface, "a history of fashion." But it is—at least, it is a history of the changes of fashions in France and England during the last two centuries. The fact that the author believes that all fashions have an erotic basis or explanation does not rob her work of its historical value. Indeed, its historical is greater than its philosophical value. Although it might have been more profound and convincing if Mr. Laver had written the whole of it, it is an amusing book, and sumptuously produced with over 60 plates, coloured and otherwise.

Etruscan Places: *by D. H. Lawrence*

(Secker, 15s.)

YET another posthumous work of this prolific writer. Those readers—and they are numerous—who find deeper satisfaction in Lawrence's travel-books than in his other work will be particularly glad to find that there is this one more account of his physical explorations. At the end of his life he was hopefully seeking to find in the traces of old Etruria what he thought previously that he had found in Mexico—a civilisation flowing from the depths of consciousness uncontrolled by the intellect. The book is beautifully produced, and the illustrations, selected from Lawrence's own collection, are wonderful.

Black Mischief: *by Evelyn Waugh*

(Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d.)

Death to the French: *by C. S. Forester*

(Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

THESE two novels are recommended, in the order given, by the Book Society. Mr. Waugh is, as always, amusing, but Mr. Forester is so much the more genuine that it is to be regretted that his novel was not given priority. It is not quite as good as his best book, *Brown on Resolution* (to which it bears a distant resemblance), but it is good enough for anybody—a straightforward, absorbing tale of the Peninsular War, impossible to lay aside when once begun.

The Irish

Butler's Gift: *by Martin Hare*

(Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

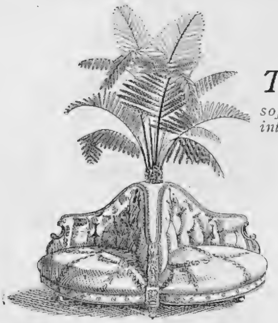
The Invisible Army: *by Desmond Ryan*

(Barker, 8s. 6d.)

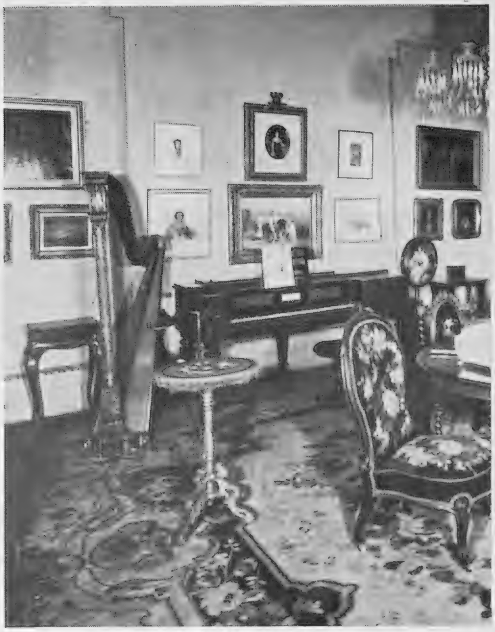
THE English, as even the Mahatma admits, have a conscience, and many of them are genuinely desirous of understanding the Irish point of view. To put the case no higher, they would rather be liked than disliked, and when they find themselves detested they are genuinely surprised and anxious to correct what must, they feel sure, be a misapprehension. For that reason these two novels about modern Ireland will probably attract a good many readers. They will understand and enjoy Miss Hare's pleasant, rather old-fashioned story. They may feel that no very penetrating light is thrown on their difficulties—Miss Hare frequently seems about to cast a ray, but after preparing the apparatus she never uses it—and that they have been allowed to see only what is good for them. Still, occasional glimpses of the stage Irishman encourage them to think they are on the right road.

Miss Martin Hare

Mr. Ryan's book is very different. It is the story of the 1916 rising and of Michael Collins. Mr. Ryan is one of the few living men with sufficient knowledge to tell this story, and it is a tragedy that he has not the literary technique for the task. His notion of the writer's art is truly remarkable. In a dim light, he fills his reader's mouth with ashes and his ears with sand. He drags him over rocks, uphill, screaming so shrilly that his instructions cannot be heard, and using his torch to dazzle the eyes rather than illumine the path. The reader, whether he perseveres or not, will be left with the discouraging conclusion that he can understand the men of any nation better than he comprehends the Irish.



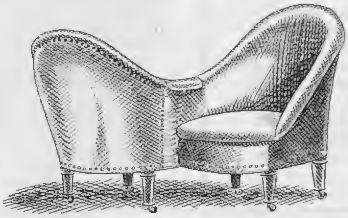
THE third seat of this triangular Victorian sofa was, I presume, intended for the chaperone



HERE on the right is a typical Victorian drawing room, with very little provision for the comfortable cultivation of the art of conversation. Contrast the stiff-backed chairs and their arrangement with the interior shown in the lower right-hand corner of the opposite page

Conversation

AN up-to-date version of the Victorian room, complete with palm, is shown on the left, designed by Alexis ffrench. But the chairs are comfortably modern in shape



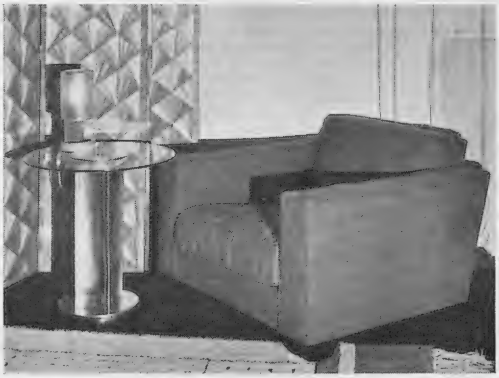
THERE is much to be said for this Victorian chair which is, I think, admirably constructed with a view to easy conversation. Why does not some designer of furniture give us a contemporary version of this idea?

FURNITURE has always played an important part as an adjunct to conversation in polite society since the days of the eighteenth-century salon. The elegant formality of eighteenth-century manners is reflected in the stately lines of Sheraton and Chippendale, and the complacency of the nineteenth century is shown in the florid discomfort of the Victorian drawing-room.

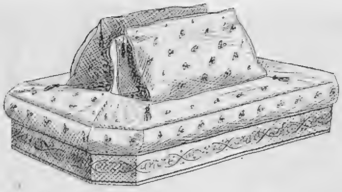
About the eighteen-sixties, our great grandparents considered themselves immensely cultured and artistic. Culture and learning were in the air. Led by Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, they vainly sought beauty and design in the past, and undoubtedly they would have been horrified at our dull, uninspired interiors of to-day. These were the days of leisure when, instead of going to the cinema, people stayed at home and indulged in conversaziones. After dinner, the red plush chairs and the prim S-shaped settees, which by their nature permitted only the politest of conversations, were arranged around the room whilst the daughters of the house gave readings from the *Idylls of the King* or sang songs by Mendelssohn. The heavily embroidered chairs covered with needlework and their straight, narrow backs, the carefully divided sofas, which forbade any relaxation or the possibility of a flirtation, reflect only too well the prim and genteel conversation of the time when women were not allowed to play golf or take any part in politics or social welfare, and all they had were their games of croquet, their embroidery and needlework, and their homes.

With the coming of the 'nineties, decoration and furniture took a more frivolous turn. The epigrammatic conversation of Whistler and Oscar Wilde have their counterpart in the exotic furnishings of the day, and in one of the leading magazines we read in 1897 a remarkable article written on the decorative qualities of "Erotic and Cupidine," suggesting various ways in which the frescoes of Cupids at Pompeii can be copied in the home as mural decorations and as suitable designs for Christmas cards!

During this period, inspired by the poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne and *The Importance of Being Earnest*, rooms became very fantastic. Whistler designed his famous Japanese rooms, and covered the walls with gold and peacock blue and other Eastern designs, whilst there was quite a vogue for the Greek and Roman styles. In accordance with the loosening of morals, furniture became more comfortable. The origin of our modern easy chair began to appear and low divans covered with cushions upon which one could recline in the Grecian manner became popular. The lighting in the drawing-rooms became more discreet and life generally more informal. The gay 'nineties is reflected in the highly coloured wallpapers and curtains of William Morris and his school (which actually had started in the 'eighties) and the well-known Morris chair sprang into being.



THE lengths and depths to which the modern craving for comfort can reduce a chair is admirably illustrated above. Here is a chair in which the occupant, once comfortably installed, would willingly sit and converse on any subject



THE original of this sofa is to be found in Queen Victoria's sitting-room at Balmoral, and seems to offer unexampled opportunities for eavesdropping

By

Derek Patmore

Pieces . . .

THE French made of conversation an art, and their chairs, even such short-backed ones as those shown above, are models of comfort, although the arrangement of their interiors is a little too stiff for easy manners

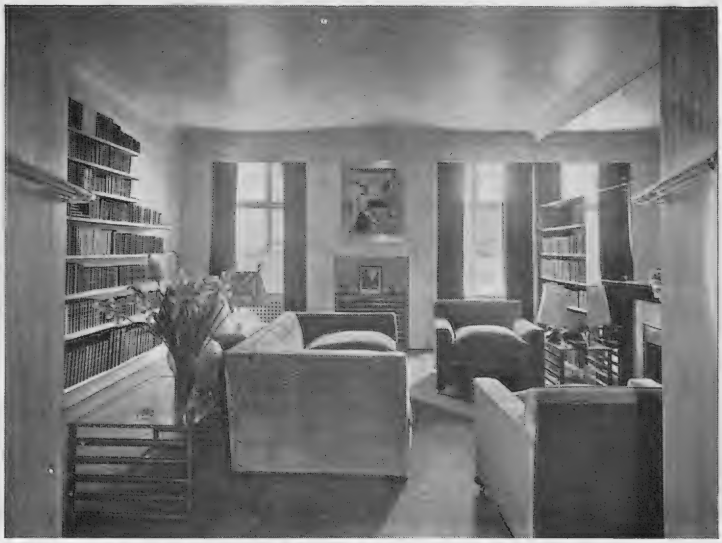
THE Edwardian era fostered this desire for comfort in the home, and the Edwardian interior, although hideous to our modern eyes with its palms and ferns and profusion of chintz-covered chairs and settees, was undoubtedly extremely comfortable and a suitable background for a discussion of the rise and fall of consols, the greatness of Mr. Kipling and the British Empire, and a luxurious horror in the carryings-on of Lily Langtry and her set.

However, it has remained for the twentieth century to create the perfect conversation furniture. At this juncture you will probably ask: "What is the perfect armchair and settee suitable for conversation?" Well, good and entertaining talk demands comfort and ease first of all. So our armchairs should be wide and deep with ample room for legs, and a deep, well-upholstered back will provide that feeling of ease so conducive to a pleasant evening of discussion and chatter. The best modern armchairs and settee are low and square and usually covered in some plain coloured tweed or linen. And what kind of room do we demand for the generation that has produced such a brilliant conversationalist as Noel Coward?

FURNISHING rooms to suit the various modern types of to-day raises many an amusing hypothesis. Noel Coward's personality demands a room something like the décor of "Words and Music"–all black and white and silver with a grand piano lurking in the background, so that when conversation languishes, a soft sentimental tune can relieve the atmosphere. Evelyn Waugh's characters demand something more hard and definite. Let them sit in a gleaming modern room furnished with chromium metal furniture with a radio-gramophone creating the staccato atmosphere, and a brilliantly lit metal and glass cocktail bar to inspire a "racket."

Or let us be sentimental with Greta Garbo and the Sitwells, and hang our walls with elegant draperies of the early Victorian era. The gilded baroque furniture upholstered with a Dufy fabric will reflect the nostalgic mood of our conversation whilst we contemplate the lost glories of Palladian England—that happy time when the gentlemen of England were art lovers, witty, and sophisticated—and not driven to fill in the gaps in the conversation by machine-made music.

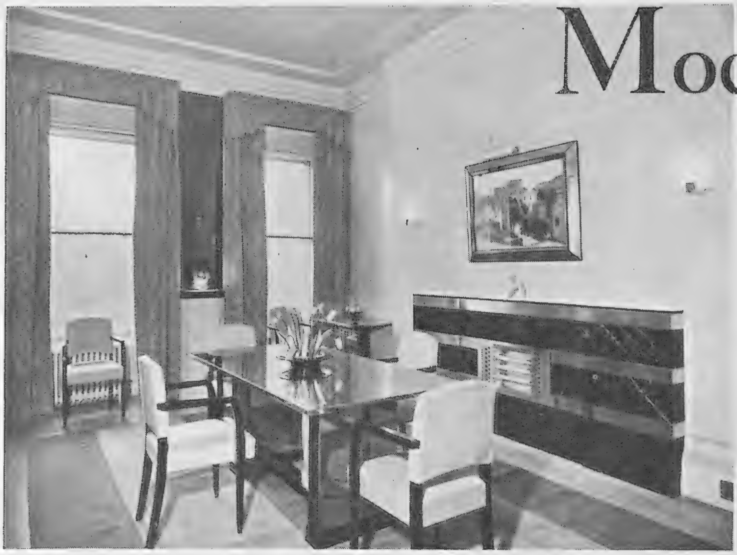
SOMEHOW, the bright colour and clean-cut lines of modern furniture and fabrics suit modern dialogue with its slang, brevity and ironical wit. Our room for conversation should have soft, indirect lighting, walls, ceiling and curtains of a restful shade, comfortable low modern armchairs and wide settee and the walls lined with low bookshelves filled with books.



HERE is a typical modern room where comfort, if not conversation, is certainly carried to a fine art. The arrangement of the furniture is designed to create an intimate atmosphere, and the simple yet luxurious background is a good illustration of contemporary taste

Modernising an Old-

A Nineteenth-Century
which has been trans
with modern ideas of



THE dining-room colour scheme is in yellow, grey and cream, the walls being yellow, the ceiling grey-white, the carpet light and dark grey, and the curtains and pelmets grey and cream

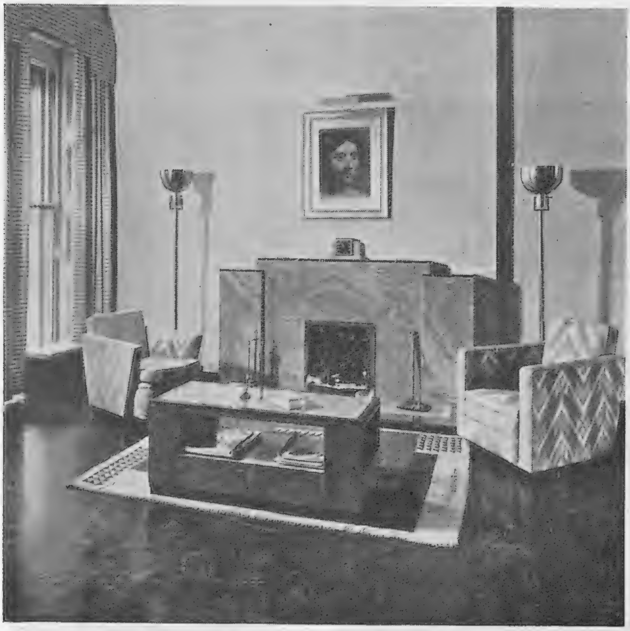
IT happens not infrequently that the modernisation of an existing house results in a surprisingly practical, as well as an artistic, improvement. In houses of nineteenth-century origin modern character is obtainable largely by *elimination*—the removing or concealing of unnecessary ornament. From the point of view of expense, modernisation is an *investment*, yielding its dividend in time and labour saved and running costs reduced.

The chief points to decide are whether to install new doors and architraves and new fireplaces, or whether to find some way of converting the existing ones. Doors, for example, can be changed to the flush or single-panel type by facing them with either wood or metal, and sometimes the existing fireplace can be boxed in with a new fitment. But the complete removal of old-fashioned features is often better if it can be done.

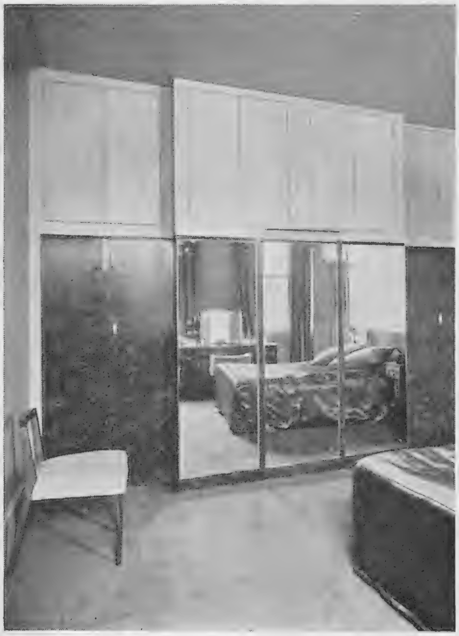
A nineteenth-century house in Cambridge Terrace, Regent's Park, which has recently been modernised by Mr. Edward Maufe, M.A.Oxon, F.R.I.B.A., is illustrated with this article. The house is the residence of Captain and Mrs. E. Beddington Behrens, who are well-known art connoisseurs and collectors, and one of the most interesting features of the house as reconditioned is the use made of modern pictures and statuary in the various rooms.

Perhaps the most interesting interior of all is the drawing-room, which occupies the whole of the first floor, and has been obtained by throwing two rooms into one. This has made the drawing-room "L" shaped, and a doorway which became unnecessary has been walled up to form a decorative niche on the first-floor landing. In this niche is seen a well-known head by Epstein, "The Tragedy of the Negro Race," for which Paul Robeson was model. In the drawing-room a picture by Picasso—one from a series of women's heads—is seen above the electric fireplace.

The plain "step" mouldings which



THE drawing-room is equipped with specially designed furniture, and the walls and ceiling are warm Italian pink, delicately scumbled



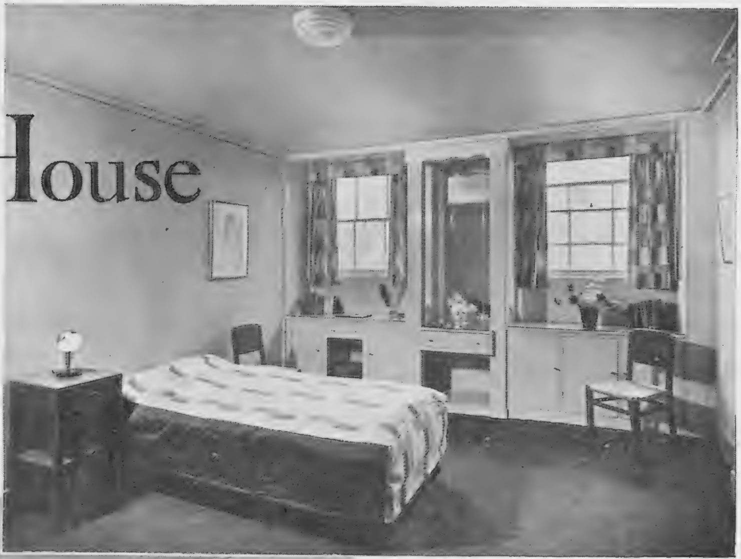
THE principal bedroom has pink walls and brown carpet, and bedspread and curtains

Fashioned House

House in Regent's Park
formed in accordance
simplicity and taste

By

Baseden Butt

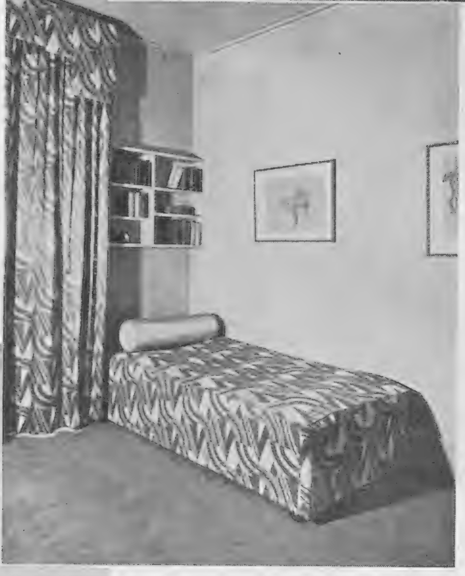


THE spare bedroom has light apricot woodwork and cream ceiling. The carpet is deep green, and the curtains and bedspread are green, yellow and cream. The walls are covered with washable wallpaper in light yellow, green, putty colour and pale mauve

give so much modern character to this room are of fibrous plaster, and the original Victorian mouldings are concealed beneath them. These older mouldings could be exposed again at any time if it were desired to alter the appearance of the room.

THE drawing-room floor is of black unjointed composition relieved with modern rugs in tones of grey, brown and black, and the furniture is macassar ebony and grey olive wood, toning exactly with the carefully chosen Napoleon marble fireplaces.

An interesting interior on the ground floor is the dining-room, which illustrates the use of metal and tinted mirrors. The dining-table is of monel metal and ebonised wood, the chairs being ebonised wood covered with yellow fabric; and the surround to the electric fire is *bleu belge* marble with bands of rustless steel and a plinth and top of Belgian black marble. The picture above the fireplace is by Brook Farrar, and has a frame of smoke-grey mirror, and between the windows is a tall pier-glass of black mirror which provides a background to the sculptured head, by Frank Dobson, standing on an illuminated pedestal.



THE dressing-room has pale green walls and ceiling, a dark green carpet, and curtains and bedspread in green, beige and cream

ceiling, a pale golden
of dark golden satin

ADJACENT to the dining-room is a charming study with furniture and fitted bookshelves in figured walnut and upholstery in brown and grey. The bookshelves are on all four walls, and give as much accommodation for books as possible without taking up much space in the room.

The entrance hall, which although small is quite charming, has walls and ceiling painted yellow, and there is a specially designed side table painted Chinese red, with a *bleu belge* marble top and a mirror above with a Chinese red frame. There is also a glazed vestibule door, which has a frame and architrave in silver cellulose, the handle, lock-plate and ornamental star above it being rustless steel.

The bedrooms show how greatly built-in furniture of a practical kind can contribute to comfort. In the principal bedroom a fitted wardrobe runs the entire length of one wall, and above this are a series of cupboards carrying the fitment flush with the ceiling, so that there is no upper surface to collect dust. In the guests' bedroom built-in dressing-tables are seen before the windows, which are cleverly disguised dormers in a mansard roof. Part of the woodwork surrounding the mirror in the centre belonged to the original structure of the room, and has been incorporated in the new scheme with exceptional success. Beneath the dressing-tables are fitted cupboards.

There is also a charming little dressing-room which may be used as a third bedroom when required. A divan-bed occupies a corner of the room, with a simple and convenient arrangement of bookshelves at the head.

"What new careers has the
Generation ? What, that
father's day, is there that
could Diana be that would
my mother as a possible career
out a few such facts about

New JOBS

By Amabel

WHAT new careers has the world to offer to the new generation ? What is there that was not dreamt of in his father's day that Charles might do ? What might Diana be that would never have occurred to my mother as a possible career for me ? Need your schoolgirl daughter depend upon matrimony or the usual sort of teaching for a career ? Certainly not, if you and she are willing and able to equip her with a well-devised training.

Do you know, for instance, that the clove industry in Trinidad was saved by a woman botanist who discovered the cause of the trouble and then got it under control ? Do you know that there are nearly as many women as men working on one branch or another of plant genetics and economic botany, trying to find new strains of grass that will grow in very dry or in very wet places, improving wheat, maize, tea, cocoa, rice, sugar, cotton—in short most of the plants that man uses ?

Do you know that women bacteriologists are working at cancer research, that medical women and women bio-chemists are busy on research on such substances as vitamins and the chemistry of the blood ? Do you know that X-ray photography of new types is increasingly used in medicine and research, and that the best results are got by specially skilled and trained workers ?

To turn to another field, do you know that there are openings for women with a good knowledge of physics, and who have also taken a good secretarial training, as secretaries in engineering, lens - making, wireless, and other scientific firms, or with research associations ? A woman with a chemistry degree would also probably get the preference as secretary to one of the numerous associations of industrial chemists, and so on with other research and learned societies. All, or most of these firms and these societies, also have libraries, and in many cases they employ women trained both in the special subject and as librarians, and women furthermore (when they can get them) with enough knowledge of the chief European languages to be able to deal with research papers from other countries.

Do you know that many firms and factories employ their own psychologists and psychological investigators and advisers, and that there are openings for women factory inspectors ? Also that women trained in psychiatry work increasingly in various capacities in connection with children's courts, child guidance clinics, and in other branches of social work.

That women, as well as men, are employed as research workers in industries that have to do with such varied things as photography, cement, boots and shoes, laundry, and musical instruments ?

Has it also occurred to your Diana that modern firms need trained and talented designers in their pottery, textile, and glass works, and that there is a great deal done both in a theatre and in a film studio beside acting ? Also that if there are trained women at work in all these varied skilled jobs, then it stands to reason that somebody teaches these subjects in schools, universities, and polytechnics.

The secret of finding a career is first to find something Diana cares for, and then something that the world will need in five or ten years even if times are still hard.

World to offer to the New
was not dreamt of in his
Charles might do? What
never have occurred to
for me? I have been finding
the World of To-day . . ."

in a New World

Williams-Ellis

DO you know that in the search for new materials in industry—it may be for a new material for gramophone records, or motor-car bodies, or electric cables and insulators, or for the storage of electric power—the crystallographer is a man to be consulted? That in a works making gramophone and radio apparatus several chemists and mathematicians are employed as well as the electrical engineers whom we should expect to find there? Do you know that before a big plant could be erected by a firm of hydro-electrical engineers in Malaya, the swampy piece of ground where the plant was to be built had first to be cleared of malaria-carrying mosquitoes, and that bacteriologists and entomologists all over the world are busy upon analogous work—clearing huge districts of tsetse fly or trying to conquer the mosquitoes that carry yellow fever or malaria?

Do you know that bio-chemists as well as bacteriologists have worked at research which has finally resulted in the protection of dogs from distemper, and are investigating a form of tumour in chickens whose control may help us to fight human cancer, that bio-chemists have given us our knowledge of vitamins and helped to make insulin an established aid to human life?

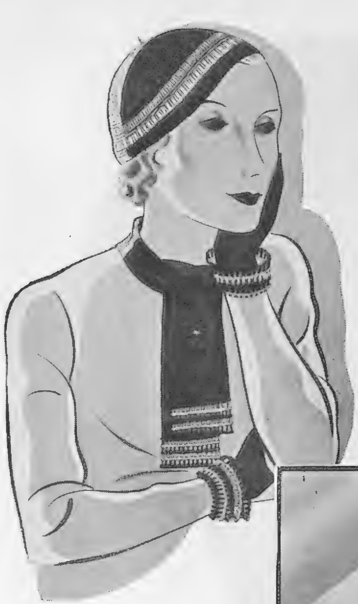
Do you know that in a foundry when things go wrong an expert in cast iron is sometimes called in? Also that the head municipal engineer of a single London borough may control a pay-roll of £2,000 a week, and that his work, and that of his assistants, may range from planning drains and traffic refuges to planning a complete new town? Have you heard of soil science? Do you know that both here and in tropical countries farming may, in another generation, be revolutionised by soil scientists working with economic botanists and plant and animal geneticists?

Have you ever thought how the fishing industry is the only big field of production where civilised man is still in the hunting stage, and do you know that the first studies of the industry are now being made in departments of oceanography, as a rule by a number of experts working together, some studying the migrations and breeding habits of fish, some the movements of ocean currents? Do you know that at the same time mycologists and bacteriologists are studying the preservation of fish when they have been caught?

Then have you considered what is happening in the world of fuel technology? New combinations of oil and pulverised coal, new ideas in the use of crude oil, gas, and anthracite, are making this profession an important one. In the oil industry and in other branches of mining geo-physicists are among the new kinds of expert whose work is in demand. Have you thought that it must follow from new developments in the Dominions, abroad, and in the colonies, that in the future veterinary surgery, combined probably with a practical knowledge of animal genetics, is bound to gain both in importance and in scientific standing?

If you think my suggestions strange and new-fangled, are you sure that the world is not a new-fangled place? But there are, of course, many more orthodox branches of the professions we have glanced at that are still less obvious, and therefore often less crowded than diplomacy, the church, the law, or the services. It is perhaps the greatest service that you can render your son, so to equip him that the modern world will need him, and that congenial work will call out the best that is in him.

A Knitted CAP *and* GLOVES



Cap

START with brown wool. Cast on 110 stitches, using 4 needles.

1st and 2nd rows —p.

3rd, 4th and 5th rows —K. 3, p. 2, end of row.

6th row.—K. 3, inc. 1, p. 2 to end of row.

7th, 8th, and 9th rows.—p.

Now change to orange wool.

10th row.—K. 4, p. 2, end of row.

11th row.—K. 1, inc. 1, K. 3, p. 2, end of row.

12th to 16th rows.—K. 5, p. 2, end of row.

Change to brown wool.

17th to 20th rows.—p., end of row.

21st row.—K. 7, inc. 1, end of row.

Change to orange wool.

22nd to 28th rows.—K. 7, p. 1, end of row.

Change to brown wool.

29th, 30th, and 31st rows.—p., end of row.

32nd row.—K. 25, K. 2 together, end of row.

33rd row.—K., end of row.

34th row.—K. 24, K. 2 together, end of row.

35th row, K., end of row.

36th row.—K. 23, K. 2 together, end of row.

37th row.—K., end of row.

38th row.—K. 22, K. 2 together, end of row.

39th row.—K., end of row.

40th row.—K. 21, K. 2 together, end of row.

41st row.—K., end of row.

42nd row.—K. 20, K. 2 together, end of row.

43rd row.—K., end of row.

44th row.—K. 19, K. 2 together, end of row.

45th row.—K. 18, K. 2 together, end of row.

46th row.—K. 17, K. 2 together, end of row.

47th row.—K. 16, K. 2 together, end of row.

48th row.—K. 15, K. 2 together, end of row.

49th row.—K. 4, K. 2 together; end of row.

50th row.—K., end of row.

51st row.—K. 3, K. 2 together, end of row.

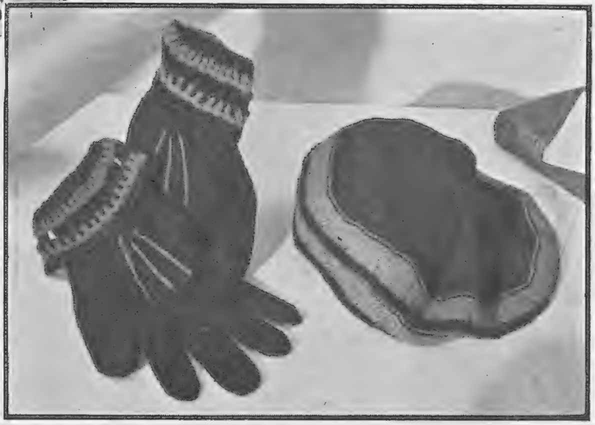
52nd row.—K., end of row.

53rd row.—K. 2, K. 2 together, end of row.

54th row.—K., end of row.

55th row.—K. 2 together, end of row.

Draw wool through remaining stitches with a needle.



Gloves

WORK at a tension to produce 10 stitches to the inch, cast on 60 stitches.

K. 2, p. 2, to twenty rows.

Next row.—K. 9, inc. 1, all round, K. plain, for 10 rows.

Next 2 rows plain.

12th row.—K. 2, raise a stitch by taking up 1 from the preceding round, and knitting it (this will be called "raising" "a stitch"), K. 2, inc. by knitting into first the front and then the back of the next stitch, by raising and increasing as described, the gusset of the thumb assumes a more decided appearance. K. the remainder of the row plain.

13th and 14th rows.—K. plain. Repeat these two rows after each of the following rows until 39th row is reached.

15th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 4, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

18th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 6, inc. k. plain to the end of row.

21st row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 8, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

24th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 10, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

27th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 12, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

30th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 14, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

33rd row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 16, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

36th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 18, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

39th row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 20, inc. k. plain to the end of the row.

42nd row.—K. 2, raise 1, k. 21, inc. k. plain to the end of the row, then 2 plain rows.

45th row.—K. 3, slip the next 20 stitches on to a piece of wool, and finish k. the row.

K. 15 rows plain.

Commence the fingers as follows:

First Finger.—K. 9, slip all but the last 9 stitches on to a piece of wool, put the last 3 stitches (of the first 9) on a second needle, cast on 2, k. 2 of the last 9, with the third needle k. the remaining 7 stitches; there should then be 20 stitches in the row. K. 36 rows plain.

Second Finger.—Take the next 8 stitches at each *side* on to two needles. On the first needle k. 6, on the second needle k. 2, cast on 2, k. 4, on the third needle k. 4 and k. up 4 stitches along the lower edge of the *First Finger.* K. 46 rows plain. Decrease as follows:

49th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from to the last 2 stitches, k. 2 tog.

50th row and 51st row.—K. plain.

52nd row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from to the end of the row.

53rd row.—K. plain.

Break off the wool and finish off as given for the *First Finger.*

Third Finger.—Work the same as the second finger, but only k. 39 rows plain before shaping for the top.

Fourth Finger.—Divide the remaining 14 stit. to three needles, k. up 4 stit. along lower edge of *Third Finger.* 31 rows plain. Shape top as follows:

34th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from to the last 2 stit., k. 2 tog.

35th row and 36th row.—K. plain.

37th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from to the last stit., k. 1.

The Thumb.—Dividing the 20 stit. on the three needles, k. up 4 stit., over the opening.

K. 28 rows plain.

34th row.—K. 2 tog., k. 2, repeat from to the end of the row.

35th row and 36th row.—K. plain.

37th row.—K. 2 tog., repeat from to the last 2 stit., k. 2 tog.

38th row.—K. plain. Break off the wool and finish. (*Continued on page 116*)

MATERIALS REQUIRED

CAP.—Four No. 8 needles, 1 oz. Wolsey's 4-ply Lido wool in African brown, 1 oz. capucine orange.

GLOVES.—Four No. 15 needles, 2 oz. brown wool, 1 oz. capucine orange.

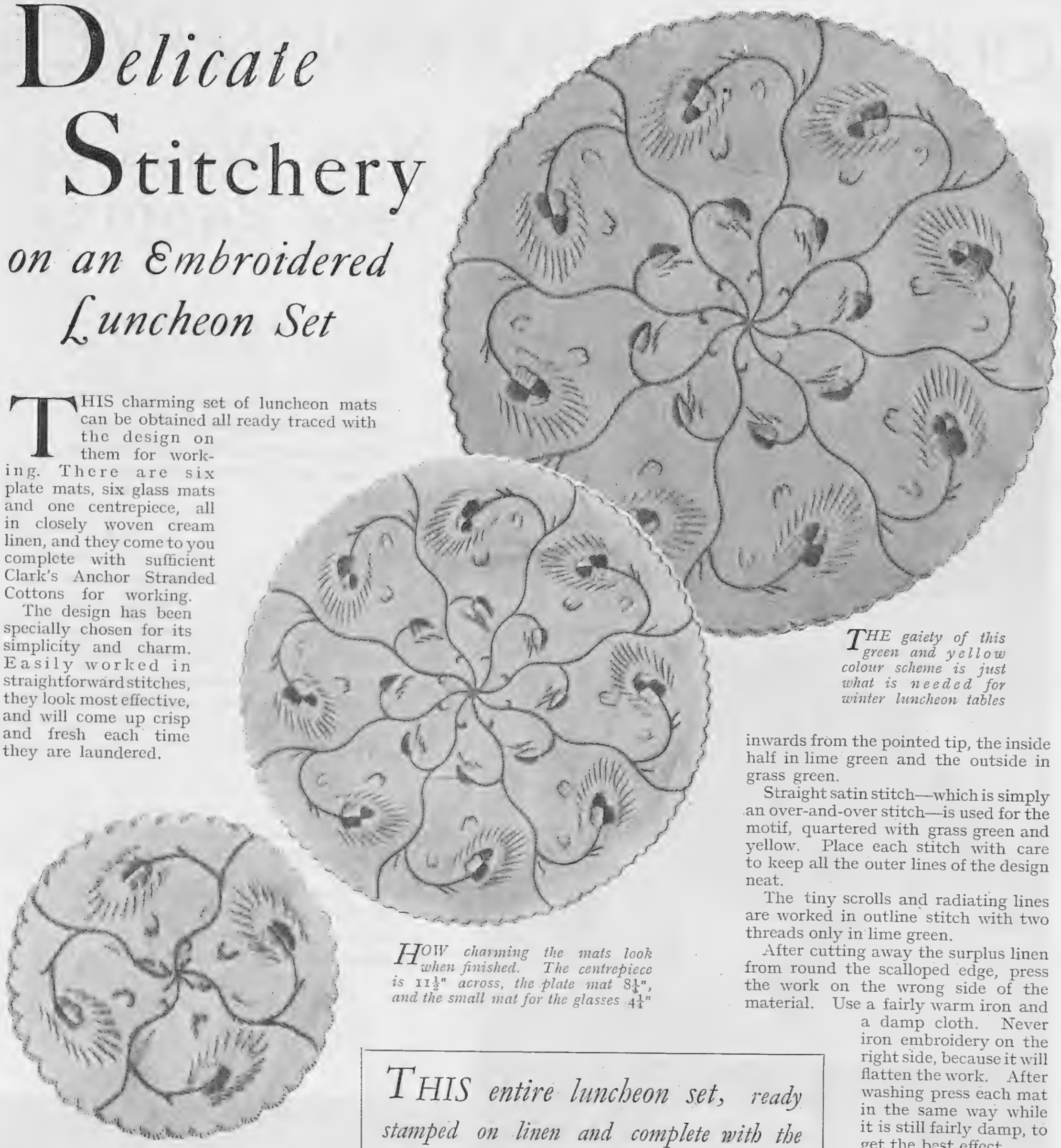
Abbreviations used.—K. = knit; p. = purl; inc. = increase.

Delicate Stitchery

on an Embroidered Luncheon Set

THIS charming set of luncheon mats can be obtained all ready traced with the design on them for working. There are six plate mats, six glass mats and one centrepiece, all in closely woven cream linen, and they come to you complete with sufficient Clark's Anchor Stranded Cottons for working.

The design has been specially chosen for its simplicity and charm. Easily worked in straightforward stitches, they look most effective, and will come up crisp and fresh each time they are laundered.



THE gaiety of this green and yellow colour scheme is just what is needed for winter luncheon tables

HOW charming the mats look when finished. The centrepiece is 11½" across, the plate mat 8¼", and the small mat for the glasses 4¼"

The Colour Scheme and Stitches

The colour scheme is unusual—being in two shades of green and a pretty tone of daffodil yellow. The scalloped edge is worked in yellow, as is also part of the motif. The gracefully slim curving stems are in grass green, while half of the tiny leaves are in grass green and the other half in lime green. These colours would look equally attractive on a polished mahogany or limed oak table.

Use three strands of the cotton for the embroidery and work the neat scalloped edge first. Then put in the divisions in outline stitch and the leaf stems (in grass green), beginning where they all meet in the centre, and work towards the outer edge of the circle. Each half of the tiny leaves is worked separately in sloping satin stitch, worked downwards and inwards from the pointed tip, the inside half in lime green and the outside in grass green.

Straight satin stitch—which is simply an over-and-over stitch—is used for the motif, quartered with grass green and yellow. Place each stitch with care to keep all the outer lines of the design neat.

The tiny scrolls and radiating lines are worked in outline stitch with two threads only in lime green.

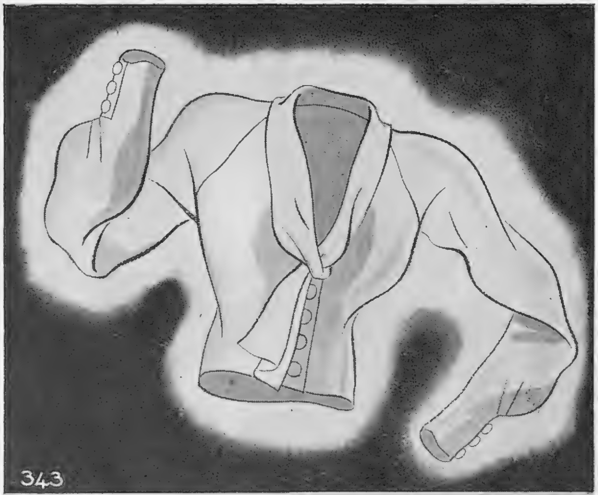
After cutting away the surplus linen from round the scalloped edge, press the work on the wrong side of the material. Use a fairly warm iron and a damp cloth. Never iron embroidery on the right side, because it will flatten the work. After washing press each mat in the same way while it is still fairly damp, to get the best effect.

A MORE imposing Christmas present for the price would be hard to find, for the napery for an entire table is not often to be had for 4/6! The work involved is slight, because the stitches used are simple, and the effect obtained is so striking that it is well worth while to make the effort. If you wished, napkins could be made to match by buying natural linen, cutting it into squares and hemming them with chain stitch in green thread.

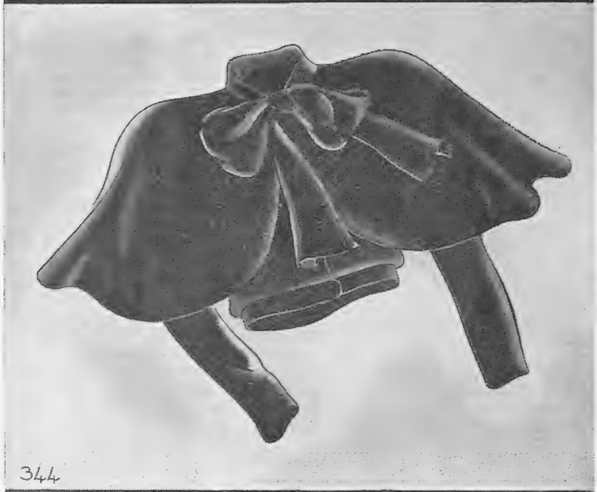
THIS entire luncheon set, ready stamped on linen and complete with the necessary embroidery thread, costs 4/6. It consists of a large mat for the centre of the table, six plate mats and six small mats for the glasses. It is stamped on good quality natural linen, and the embroidery is worked in yellow and two shades of green. A more excellent Christmas gift would be hard to find. Send 4/6 to the Woman Editor, Britannia and Eve, 346, Strand, W.C.2, and a set will be sent to you by return of post

OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

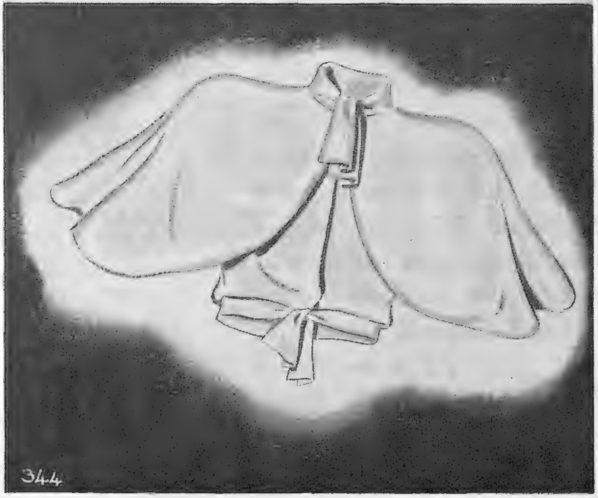
New Ways to Save Pennies


343

No. 343.—A blouse which can be worn either inside or outside the skirt has wide raglan sleeves which fit closely at the wrists by the aid of several tucks and some buttons. The scarf collar is pulled through a loop at one side. This pattern requires 2¼ yards of 38″ material and costs 1/-


344

No. 344.—An attractive short wrap which can be made to accompany a day or dinner dress or be used as a bridge coat is carried out in black velveteen. This, accompanied by a low-cut velvet dress, would make an ideal dinner or cinema ensemble. It requires 2¾ yards of 36″ material, or 2 yards of 50″ material. Price 1/-


344

No. 344.—This pattern would look most attractive in the new silk ermine, a really lovely dead white material with an interesting marked surface of which the photograph beneath does not do sufficient justice. It comes from Woollands, is 50″ wide, costs 33/9, and can also be had in wool in several fur shades. Price of pattern, 1/-

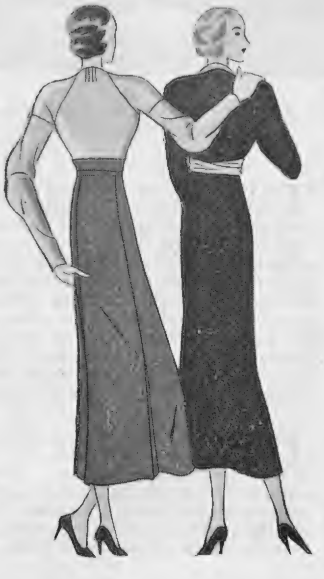
FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER

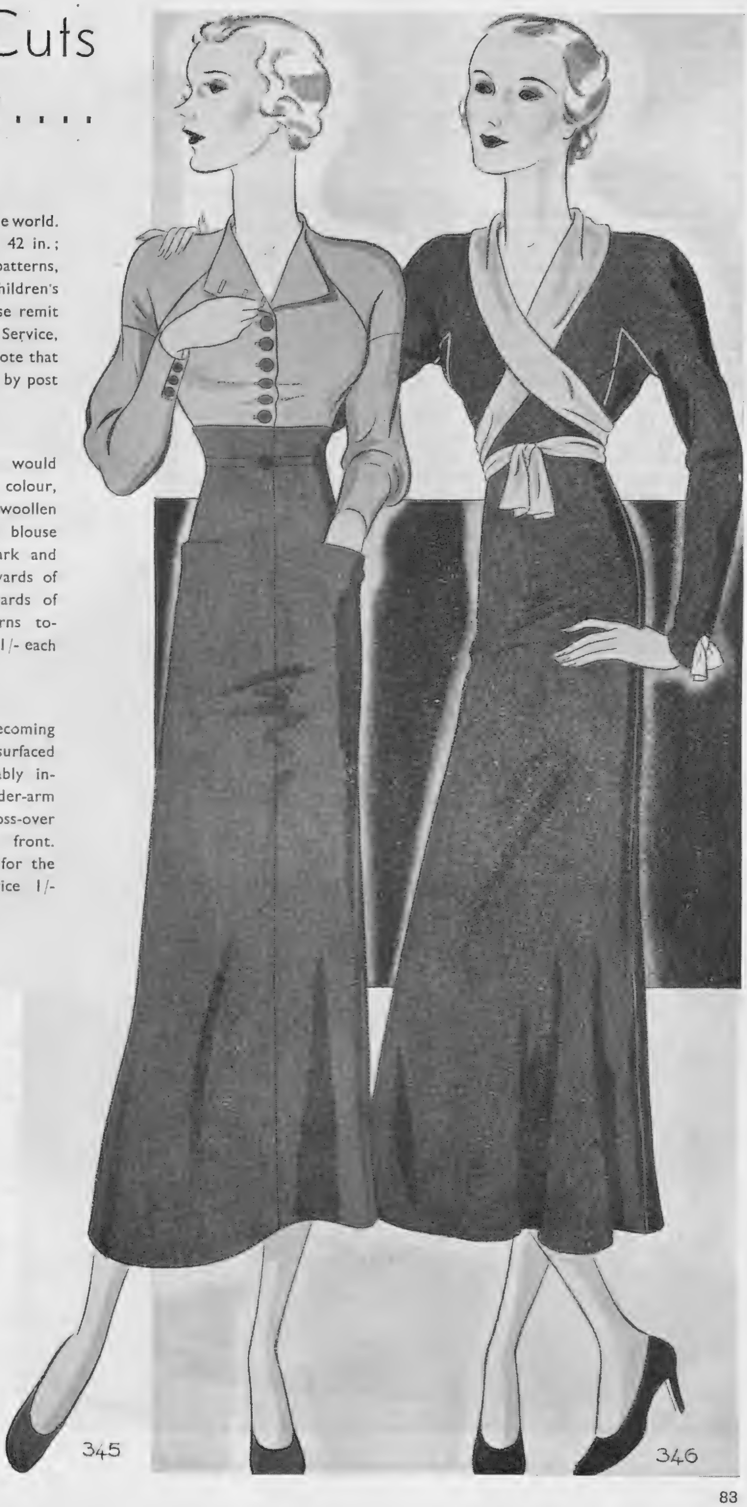
Two Short Cuts to Economy....

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia and Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

No. 345.—This two-piece costume would look equally well carried out in one colour, but a combination of dark brown woollen skirt and a nasturtium red crêpe blouse would be attractive. So would dark and light blue. The skirt requires 2¼ yards of 54" material, and the blouse 1⅜ yards of 38" material. Price of both patterns together, 1/6. Each pattern separately, 1/- each

No. 346.—A simple and most becoming afternoon dress of a new dull surfaced crêpe (Celanese have some remarkably inexpensive ones) has an interesting under-arm cut and a gored skirt. The cross-over collar of white angel skin ties in front. 4 yards of 38" material are required for the dress and ¾ yard for the collar. Price 1/-





Madam, *did you* Know . . . ?

Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption

THAT if you buy glycerine by the pint for preserving your autumn decorations you will find it very much less expensive than buying it in a sealed bottle? The chemist will sell it to you in this way if you ask, but see first whether your local oil and colourman stocks it; he will sell a less purified form which is, however, quite good enough for the purpose. One method of preserving leaves and berries is to seal up the ends of the stems with sealing-wax after they have fed on the glycerine for a week or two.

THAT the latest accessory for one's writing-table is a chest of drawers to hold the stationery? In the photograph one is shown which can be bought for 4s. 9d. from Gorringe. Filled with 100 envelopes and 60 sheets of paper as well as a writing pad and an assortment of large envelopes, this chest costs 7s. 6d. The blotter also shown in the photograph is particularly good value, for it is of antique finish leather and costs only 11s. 9d. Another desk accessory which is always an attraction is a gaily-coloured quill pen. This costs 1s. 3d. All these items are from Gorringe.

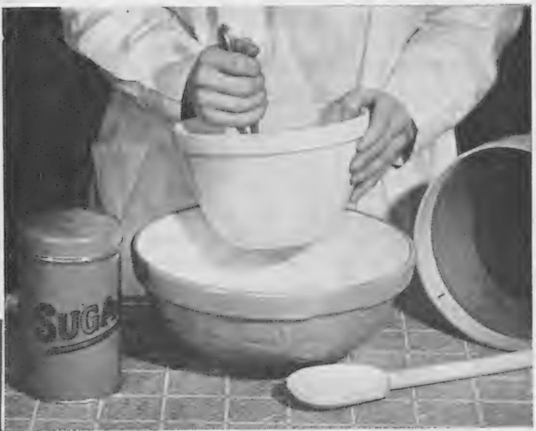
THAT the secret of making a really light sponge-cake is to do with the beating of the eggs? These should be beaten until they are quite stiff. This does take rather a long time, which is probably why it does not get done as a rule, but a way to make the eggs thicken more quickly is to beat them over a basin of hot water, as shown in the photograph.

THAT the new electro-plate holders for Pyrex dishes have a bottom to them and not just the band round the side? The Pyrex dish and holder in the photograph costs 12s. 6d. complete; it is a 1½ pint size. For 15s. a dish which holds 2¼ pints can be bought; this includes the electro-plate stand as well. From Peter Robinson.

THAT a very simple way of making an excellent polish for linoleum is to mix beeswax and turpentine? Some beeswax is shredded and put into a jar; this is just covered with turpentine and put in a warm place to melt the wax—naturally not near a flame. The solution should be well mixed and used very sparingly. Then did you know that a little of a solution of turpentine and linseed oil on a duster will not only make your furniture shine but pick up the dust as well?

This Pyrex dish and electro-plated holder costs only 12s. 6d.

A CABINET for your writing table is the newest thing and it keeps your stationery free from dust



EGGS will take less time to beat if held over a basin of hot water

THAT if soot or coal dust is spilt on the carpet, salt should also be spilt and the two brushed up together? And did you know that milk will remove a black ink stain from a carpet, and lemon juice remove one made with red ink? Of course in both cases the milk or lemon juice is rinsed out with warm water and the carpet dried as much as possible. Remember that you must always start work on the outside of a stain and work inwards so that the stain does not spread.

THAT soap if bought in quantity is not only a saving on the price but it is more economical in usage? This is accounted for by the fact that the longer soap is kept the harder it becomes. Bars of soap should be cut up and stored so that the air gets all round each piece.

Solving *the* Problem *of the* "Left-Overs"

By A. H. Adair

BACON and mushrooms are the other chief ingredients for croquettes of beef

IF the stuffing is spicy and well seasoned, Potato Surprise is one of the best dishes made of "left-overs." The Potatoes look most attractive and are easy to serve.

MOST housewives have to deal with the question of left-overs, and it is not always easy to think of new ways in which to treat the remains of a joint, especially a joint of beef. Mutton, somehow, lends itself more easily to be recooked. It can be minced, hashed, curried, made into a pie or a pilaff and so on; but roast beef, being much harder, has to be treated differently; for instance, a curry made of the remains of cold roast beef is, we venture to think, definitely unpleasant, and so we have to think of something else. The following are examples of very pleasant dishes easily prepared with the remains of a joint of beef.

Sauté of Beef with Onions

For all dishes made with remains of a joint, it is essential to trim it very carefully before starting. Remove most of the fat and all of the gristle and cut the meat into thin slices. Put some butter or dripping into a flat pan, heat the beef thoroughly in it, seasoning with salt and pepper, and then remove the meat and keep it hot. Meanwhile, for every half-pound of meat take one medium-sized onion, peal it, and chop it very finely indeed, and brown it in the same fat. Do this slowly, so that the onion is well cooked and just golden brown. Arrange the beef in a hot serving dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley and dispose the onions around it, put a pudding-spoonful of vinegar into the pan, let it come to the boil with the fat, stir well and pour this gravy over the beef.

Sauté of Beef with Tomatoes

Peel and chop finely one onion and brown it in dripping. Add a pound of tomatoes peeled, with the pips squeezed out, and then cut into small pieces. Add salt and pepper and simmer very slowly for twenty-five minutes, stirring occasionally. Meanwhile trim carefully the beef and cut it into small pieces; when the tomatoes have sufficiently simmered put in the beef and cook together slowly until the beef is really hot. Put into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley. The flavour of this dish is greatly improved by the addition—before putting in the tomatoes—of a small clove of garlic finely chopped.

Croquettes of Beef with Mushrooms

Trim and mince your cold beef, and for a pound of the mince take half that amount of mushrooms and streaky bacon. Trim the bacon, cut it into small pieces, and fry it in butter or dripping. Add the mushrooms trimmed and chopped, salt and pepper, a little grated nutmeg, chopped parsley, and cook slowly until the mushrooms are quite soft. Add the minced beef, work the whole well together, and fry until it is all hot again. Turn the mixture out on to a board, see that it is well seasoned, and add sufficient breadcrumbs to bind the mixture together, mixing it well. Shape into little balls or cakes, dip these in beaten egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat until they are golden brown.

Meat Slices with Forcemeat Balls

Slices of cold beef cut thinly; ½ lb. forcemeat made as follows: 8 oz. breadcrumbs, 4 oz. Atora shredded suet, 1 teaspoonful finely chopped parsley, ½ lemon grated, salt and pepper, 1 egg.

Mix all together, and bind with the egg.

Fry the thinly cut slices in hot fat until browned on both sides; take out, drain, and keep hot.

Have the suet forcemeat prepared, roll into small balls, dip into beaten egg, and then in breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat until a golden brown (about ten minutes).

These should be served on an entrée dish, round the meat slices, the meat covered with a thick gravy.

THE SAUCE.—1 teaspoonful flour, ½ pint of water, salt. Brown the flour and salt in the pan in which the meat has been fried. Add the water gradually, bring to the boil, and boil for one minute.

Devilled Beef

Cut the beef into fairly thick slices, trim them and rub them with salt and pepper and a little prepared mustard. Paint the pieces with melted butter, roll them in breadcrumbs, and fry golden brown in boiling fat. Drain them well and serve with mashed potatoes.

Potato Surprise

Take some large potatoes of the floury kind, scrub them, dry them, and put them into the oven until they are cooked. Cut the potatoes in two lengthways, and scoop out half the insides. Meanwhile trim and mince the beef and make it hot in a pan in which you have previously browned half a finely chopped onion. Add salt, pepper, some chopped parsley and a little Worcester sauce. Cook together for a few minutes and then add the potato flesh. Mash together and fill the potato cases with this mixture. Put a little piece of butter on top of each and brown in the oven or under the grill.

The flavouring of this dish can be altered in various ways. Some chopped pickled walnuts or tomato sauce could be used instead of Worcester sauce, or grated cheese could be sprinkled over the top before the stuffed potatoes are browned. But in any case the stuffing should be spicy and really well seasoned.

ALWAYS weigh out carefully the ingredients required, and have ready the utensils. Preparations such as this make for good as well as easy cooking

By
Margaret
Currant

Below:
FOLD a band of greaseproof paper twice and tie it round the outside rim of the soufflé dish

ADD the flour to the melted butter and blend well for a few minutes

Below:
SOUFFLÉS can be cooked either by steaming or being baked in a moderately hot oven. Do not place in the top shelf of the oven, as it is too hot

On making a Soufflé— and some Recipes

MANY delicious and really light soufflés can be prepared if a few rules are followed carefully. With one or two exceptions these rules apply to every kind of soufflé—cheese, sweet, fruit and fish.

All preparations should be made beforehand, so that the mixture may not lose any of its lightness by standing before it is put into the oven or on to steam. Soufflés can be cooked and served in one large case or in a number of smaller ones.

1. Prepare the mould by folding a band of greaseproof paper twice, and tieing it tightly round the outside rim of the case so that it can support the mixture when it rises above the dish level. It must be tied closely to prevent the mixture from running down in between the paper and the case when it rises.

2. Grease both the inside of the dish and the paper with clarified butter, which tastes nicer than any other fat.

To clarify the butter.—Place it in a saucepan and heat gently until it is clear, removing the scum which rises to the top, Then pour it into a store jar, when it is ready for use. If the soufflé is baked, the case should be placed on a baking sheet in the oven.

3. For making the soufflé itself, use a large saucepan when melting the butter, as the addition of the stiffly whipped whites of eggs takes up a lot of room.

4. Add the flour to the melted butter and blend well for a few minutes.

5. The liquid is added next, either milk for a cheese or sweet soufflé, fruit juice for a fruit soufflé, or fish stock for a fish soufflé.

This is stirred constantly for a few minutes until it is sufficiently cooked, when the mixture leaves the sides of the saucepan clean. The mixture cannot support the egg if it is insufficiently cooked, and on the other hand over cooking will make it oily. The latter can be remedied by adding a few drops of cold water and beating for three or four minutes, off the gas.

6. Add the salt and pepper or sugar as the case may be, and beat in the egg yolks one at a time, taking the pan off the gas to prevent curdling. As the success of a soufflé is dependent on its lightness, both the yolks and the whites must be thoroughly beaten.

7. Add the flavouring, which may be cheese, shredded fruit, fish or some sweet flavouring such as chocolate. For a fish soufflé, do not separate the eggs, but beat them in whole, as the fish makes the mixture too heavy for the whites of egg to be added separately.

8. Stir in thoroughly one large teaspoonful of the whipped whites to prevent any streakiness, and fold in the rest, tilting the pan sideways and folding the mixture over and over until it is well blended.

Care must be taken with the folding of the whites, otherwise their lightness will be broken down.

9. Cook the soufflé immediately, either by steaming in water not quite boiling but just bubbling, or by baking in a moderately hot oven. It should take about three-quarters of an hour to cook. The temperature must not be too hot in either case, or the soufflé will rise too quickly and then sink. Do not place it on the top shelf of the oven, as it is too hot. Should it brown too quickly cover it with greaseproof paper.

Soufflés must be served as soon as they are cooked, that their lightness may be appreciated, and should be well seasoned and flavoured as the digestive juices need stimulation at the close of a meal.

Recipes

Cheese Soufflé

1 oz. butter
¾ oz. flour
¼ pint milk
3 eggs
3 oz. grated cheese, salt, pepper and cayenne pepper

Fish Soufflé

1 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
¼ pint milk
3 eggs (beaten in whole)
4 oz. sieved white fish
salt, pepper and cayenne pepper
2 teaspoonfuls anchovy essence (if liked)

Strawberry Soufflé

1 oz. butter
½ oz. flour
¼ pint sweetened strawberry pulp
3 eggs
½ oz. castor sugar
2 oz. chopped strawberries
¼ gill of cream and a few drops of carmine

Coffee Soufflé

1 oz. butter
1 oz. flour
¼ pint milk
3 eggs
1 oz. castor sugar
¼ pint coffee
pinch of salt

The Growing Importance —and *Perfection*—of Tinned Food:

By Len Chaloner

A TIN *of mushrooms in the house would help to give variety to any meal—from breakfast to dinner.*

EVERY good housewife knows from long experience of domestic emergencies the importance of keeping a certain number of canned rations in the cupboard. They are stand-bys in moments that would otherwise be fraught with dire distress, since with the adroit touch of the conjurer she produces an ample repast at half an hour's notice on early closing day, or long after shops are shut and the belated guest has "blown in" with no higher expectations than to take the merest pot luck.

The truth about diet and health is that the diet must be varied, interesting, both to look at and to taste, and it must be *balanced*. It is this last word that is still too often the stumbling block. It is highly important but not very well understood.

It means that the diet must include the right proportions of warmth and energy giving foods, and food for secretions or digestion. Proteins, fats, sugars and starches, mineral salts and vitamins are all, like water, essential to health. A very common misgiving once cherished against tinned foods was that they must lack the *vitamin* elements as a consequence of having been heated in the process of canning. Various recent research committee's reports by indisputable medical authorities both in Canada and this country have, however, proved that even the highly important vitamin C (the antiscorbutic vitamin) does not suffer but is retained in properly canned fruits.

On the other hand, such items as sardines actually gain in the fat value through the addition of oil in their preserving, and additional calorific value has been added to fruit in the shape of syrup. Thus we may begin to balance up the different factors in the diet.

TINNED foods to-day, far from being regarded merely as the iron ration of emergency, should be intelligently chosen in order to supplement those foods which are difficult to obtain and thus build up a balanced diet at times and seasons when the entire use of fresh foods is impracticable, inconvenient or too expensive.

Until recently most of us limited our ideas of the tinned items in our store cupboard to sardines, tomato soup, baked beans, and possibly asparagus or peas. A visit to the vegetable canning factory of Messrs. Chivers at Huntingdon would quickly enlighten them. Here are tinned, under ideal conditions, every conceivable vegetable, picked at exactly the right moment of its development, and in such a manner as to render serving them a delight. For instance, carrots and beetroots are to be obtained diced in small cubes already for serving with salads, while parsnips are quartered and turnips can be had either quartered or whole. Here brussels sprouts are tinned for the first time in history, but are used chiefly for export, and golden beans and cauliflowers are successfully canned, also for the first time in this country. The list of obtainable vegetables is too long to print, but it includes such refreshing novelties as stringless beans and celery heart. All the vegetables used by Chivers are grown under contract and their own inspectors see that the plants are in perfect health and that the vegetables are harvested at exactly the right moment. Under such conditions it follows that the products are the finest available and that such ailments as those induced by the eating of under-cooked vegetable or the summer-time possibility of eating over-ripe fruit, which is a common source of digestive troubles among children, are completely eliminated. We may make out a far more interesting list, moreover, from the point of view of menus, when sometimes even the most resourceful woman is led to wonder what on earth "new" there can be to order. New potatoes, young carrots, French beans, *artichauts fonds*, celery, spinach, head the list among many of the best brands of vegetables, while even such luxuries as strawberries no longer look like dejected pieces of red flannel as they emerge from the tin.

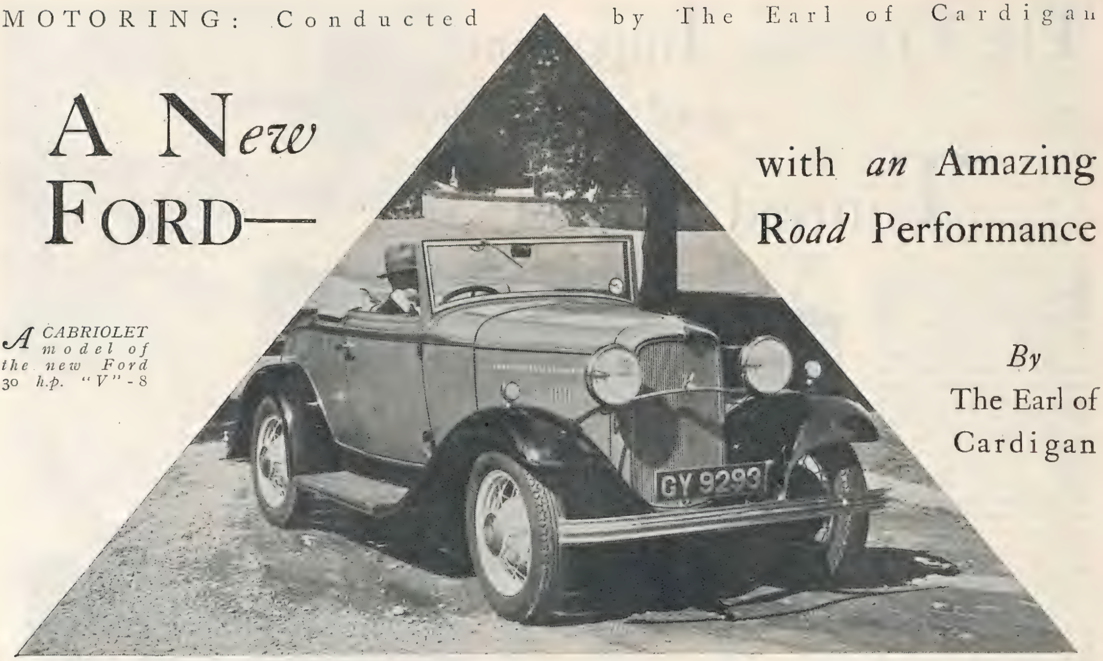
A MEAT *dish that has nothing very special about it can all at once become interesting with the aid of Farrow's tender new peas*

A meat dish that has nothing very special about it can all at once become interesting with the aid of new potatoes—at a moment when they would otherwise be out of season—and so are delightfully unexpected and proportionately appetising. Or we may mix tinned peas with fresh carrots chopped small. Or a cold meal may be given piquancy at the start by *artichauts fonds*, served hot, followed by a lettuce salad, to escort the meat.

Experts differ as to how we may most advantageously heat our tinned vegetables, but asparagus is best if the lid of the can is removed and the juice is retained, the tin placed in a saucepan of water over heat, duly drained, and served like the fresh grass.

A COLD *meal may be given piquancy with the aid of canned fruits and vegetables*

A New FORD—with an Amazing Road Performance



A CABRIOLET model of the new Ford 30 h.p. "V"-8

By The Earl of Cardigan

IT is, alas, comparatively rare in this country to find a car which has been built simply and solely to provide the maximum efficiency at a minimum price. Nearly always other considerations enter into the design. Most commonly, the horse-power of the engine is modified to comply with a system of motor taxation which is now generally agreed to be archaic and irrational.

An unfortunate state of affairs; but the average manufacturer is not to blame for it. He sells the majority of his cars in England; the English Government has expressed, by taxation, its preference for the small, ultra high-speed engine; and he naturally tends to produce, even against his own better judgment, engines of this particularly favoured type.

The Ford Motor Company is one of the few which can afford to disregard such considerations. The new "V"–8 Ford has clearly been produced with one object only—to give the best all-round road performance which is possible for an outlay of £250–£300. For this purpose, a 30 h.p. engine, having eight cylinders cast in two blocks of four, is fitted to a short and compact chassis. The drive is transmitted through a three-speed gearbox, having exceptionally high second- and top-gear ratios.

One does not require much engineering knowledge to see that the result is a foregone conclusion. The engine is very powerful, and the size of the chassis is relatively small. What is known as the power-weight ratio of the complete car is therefore unusually good. Consequently, the engine makes very light work of its job and, having eight cylinders running in perfect balance, has remarkable powers of flexibility and acceleration.

As a direct result of this, it is possible to use very high gears. Second gear can be high enough to give approximately 60 m.p.h., and is yet capable of moving the car smoothly at any speed above about 2 m.p.h. Top gear can be high enough to give something like 80 m.p.h., and yet does not boggle at a 4 m.p.h. crawl.

This high gearing is a very great advantage. It enables the car to run at, say, 50 m.p.h. in top gear with a degree of ease and silence which would otherwise be unattainable. At 60 m.p.h., when a low-geared engine would be "revving" at a very high, and possibly not very agreeable, speed, the Ford engine turns over in a manner which seems, by comparison, positively leisurely. Thus higher road speeds are obtained with less apparent effort, and with less actual mechanical stress.

IT is hardly necessary, having said so much, to add that I thoroughly enjoyed my recent test of this car's capabilities. My first and chief impression was of the exceptional degree of power which the driver has at his disposal. When he wishes to accelerate, to overtake some other car or to gain speed after being checked, he has merely to open the throttle in order to set the speedometer needle moving round the dial at a truly astonishing rate. I do not wish to exaggerate, but I definitely formed the opinion that this new Ford, on a difficult and twisting road, could get away from anything except a genuine full-blooded sports car.

Although the second gear fully deserves to be used on occasion, extraordinary feats of hill-climbing can be achieved in top gear only. I succeeded in climbing up through Hampstead on to the Heath, in spite of being blocked several times by slow-moving vehicles, without any real necessity for changing down. There are not many cars, and probably none at the price, which, having been slowed almost to walking pace on this gradient, can accelerate again in top gear, easily overtaking other cars which are "revving" freely in their indirect gears.

WHERE performance was concerned, indeed, I found myself with much to praise, and no material for criticism. The steering is definite at all speeds, and has an exceptionally wide lock. The springing is unorthodox, but excellent, and the brakes are smooth and powerful. Since no car is perfect, however, I found the driving position not quite ideal for a tall man, and the legroom rather meagre.

To complete this inadequate picture of Mr. Ford's new "V"–8, I will merely add that one of the saloon models sells for as little as £230. At any price this would be a good car, judged by the ordinary standards of performance. At the price quoted, I can find no word other than "phenomenal" to fit it.

This Month's Motoring Hint

Those "Come On" Signals

I OFTEN think that private motorists are not sufficiently appreciative of the courtesy which is almost invariably shown to them by bus and lorry drivers. These men, who work very long hours, are particularly good in giving frequent, clear and generally helpful signals.

If they ever err in this respect it is in signalling a following car to "come on" under rather doubtful circumstances. Drivers of sports cars can usually accept such signals at their face value, but the driver of an old or slow car should display less faith and more caution.

The "come on" signal means that, *in the lorry driver's opinion*, there is room for the following car to overtake. With the best will in the world, however, the man may have completely misjudged a small car's power of acceleration. What seems to him "plenty of room" may turn out, in practice, to be a very tight fit indeed. There is only one safe course to pursue—namely, having received the signal, to verify it by personal observation before acting on it.

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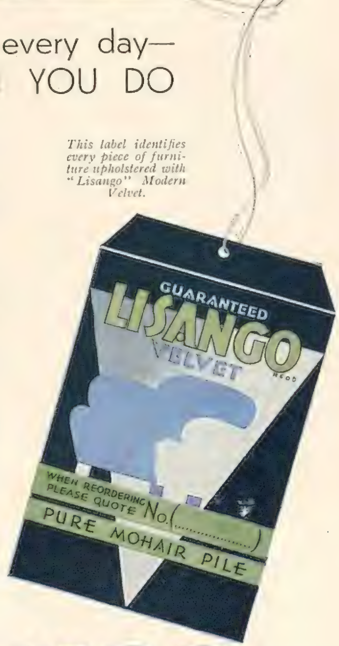

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The Bandit SCARE

Why *not* Tackle the Problem at *its* Source?

By The Earl of Cardigan

SMOKE-BOMBS for Bandits. A signal, originally invented by Schermuly's, the well-known inventors of ships' life-saving apparatus for trawlers in distress, has been adapted as an anti-bandit device, and is undergoing trials by several police forces. It weighs nine ounces and is seven inches long. It operates instantly on a pin being withdrawn. A car into which one is thrown would immediately be filled with dense smoke, and the car would have to be vacated at once. The device leaves a coloured deposit all over the inside of the car

HARDLY a week passes nowadays without some new exploit of the so-called "motor bandits" being reported in the papers. Undoubtedly, with the ever-growing efficiency of motor-cars, the use of even the most homely vehicle for unlawful purposes must constitute a serious menace. To give the criminal a means of transport capable of speeding at 60 m.p.h., averaging perhaps 40 m.p.h., and covering perhaps 200 miles without a halt, is to present him with a tremendously valuable asset.

Indeed, when one considers the enormously increased mobility of the modern criminal, it is really rather remarkable that crime has increased so little by comparison. If criminals found burglary worth while in the days of horses, when only by boat or train could one make a raid outside one's own immediate neighbourhood, how much more attractive (in theory) should it be to-day, when one can manœuvre with such speed and certainty from one district to another!

While not wishing in any way to disparage the ability of the modern criminal, I am bound to say that I think him rather lacking in enterprise to make so little use of motoring facilities. If a man has any inclinations towards banditry, I am astonished to think that he should consider any métier other than that of motor bandit. The pedestrian bandit, if such an individual still exists, must surely be one of the most conservative of professional men; for in no line of business do "modern methods" seem to offer such obvious advantages.

The fact remains, however, that a very considerable number of criminals do make use of motor-cars, and that it is obviously becoming very difficult for the police to deal with them. Frankly, I very much doubt the utility of some of the orthodox methods of solving this problem. To provide the police with fast cars, and to expect them to chase and overhaul cars driven by criminals, seems to me hopelessly unsound.

I myself often drive fast cars, and often encounter criminals on the road (or, at least, people driving in what I would describe as a criminal manner). I have always found that a 12 h.p. car, driven fast and dangerously, is a good match for any 20 h.p. car driven fast and safely. I assume, of course, that the criminal will not commit the error of leading the police car on to the Great North Road, where superior speed is bound to tell, but will dodge in and out of by-roads and through suburban streets.

I do not see how the recklessly driven car can fail to gain ground under these conditions. Any blind right-hand corner gives it an advantage. Such a corner can be taken safely at perhaps only 20 m.p.h., whereas, by making use of the camber of the road and hugging the right-hand kerb, it could be taken dangerously at a good 30 m.p.h. My argument is, I think, borne out by the fact that, when motor bandits are captured by police cars, it is nearly always as a result of over-reckless driving which, by causing a crash, brings the chase to a premature end.

Moreover, since the number of police cars must be strictly limited, it is to be presumed that the bandits will ordinarily have a good start. If anyone is inclined to underestimate the advantage of such a start, let him make this simple test. Keep pace with any small car which is being driven briskly along a main road. Then stop for five minutes, re-start and try to regain the lost ground.

THE obvious method of hampering the criminal is, of course, to make it difficult for him to obtain access to a car in the first instance; but it is not easy to see how this could be done without also causing great annoyance to the ordinary motorist. A car, unfortunately, is an eminently "stealable" article, especially nowadays when even sports cars are very easy to drive.

Once a car has been stolen and a crime committed, the best chance of catching the offender would seem to lie in isolating the section of road, or group of roads, over which the suspected car is making its escape.

This method is, of course, in use now, but it very often fails, if one may judge by newspaper reports, through lack of thoroughness. Policemen form a cordon across a road, and stop and question all drivers using it. The innocent motorist naturally pulls up when signalled to do so, but the bandit, equally naturally, does nothing of the sort. He drives straight at the unfortunate policemen, who have to save themselves by a last-minute leap aside.

Surely it would be possible to avoid these rather humiliating failures, and to supply semi-permanent road barriers at strategic points? I would suggest that such barriers should be available at the main exits from all important towns. Then, if the "wanted" car was inside the town, it could be prevented with some certainty from getting out; whereas, if it was at large in the country, it could be prevented from entering and passing through the town concerned.

We should, I think, try to imagine ourselves in the "enemy's" position. Personally, if I were a motor bandit, I should have little fear of ordinary pursuit; but I should be terrified to operate in the neighbourhood of London if I knew that a hundred barriers in the outlying suburbs could suddenly be closed against me.

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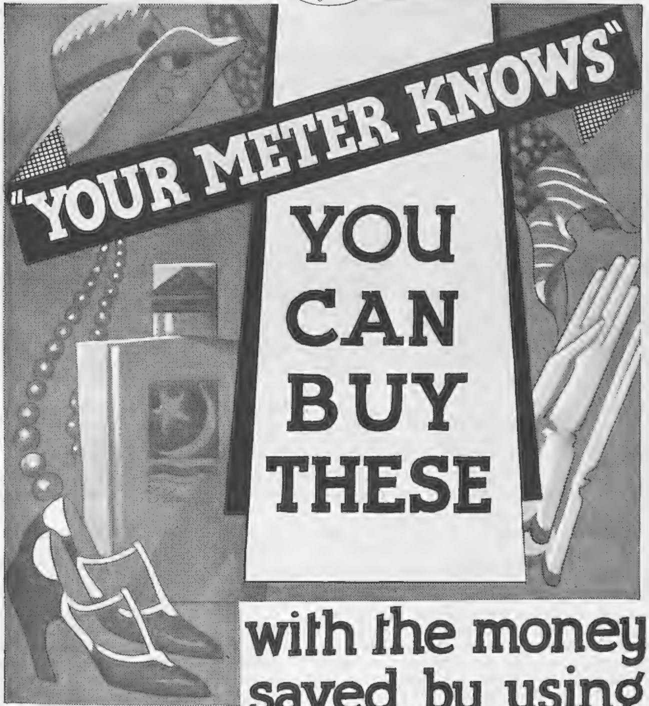

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And *the* Other *was* Hung

(*Continued from page* 37)

"Have you changed your profession from lounge lizard to police bait." And then to Wenson: "If you are the owner of this rabbit warren, I'd be glad to know what is this trouble about my passport?"

Bonzo ordered: "Come on, my dear. Let's have the whole story. There are features about this Ronoff affair which are a good deal of embarrassment to this office. If you want to profit by that, now's the time to talk. It's your last chance."

"Honoured sir," Robin interposed. "Makin' all allowances for your irritation at the premature springin' of this little trap, I'd have you remember that this lady is a friend of mine, and such questions are grossly contrary to the recent Act." And then to the exquisite daughter of America's master crook. "Miss Stronge, I'd be honoured if you'd dance with me at the Savoy to-morrow night—dinner at eight-thirty."

Bonzo pressed one of the bells on his desk, and said grimly:

"Unfortunately, I have no grounds to detain you as yet, Lord Locheven, without risking a political upheaval, but Miss Stronge's movements will be somewhat restricted until we've settled the error of her passport—which will be about twelve o'clock to-morrow."

"And that," drawled Robin, bending over the girl's hand, "will not interfere with our date at the Savoy, Miss Gladise. I shall expect you at eight-thirty."

THE detective on duty outside Robin's club that evening was unfortunate in that London taxis are not built to compete with an Hispano Suiza. All he could do was call up the Yard and report that the Viscount Locheven had left London via Hammersmith Bridge, presumably heading for the Kingston by-pass and his residence in Sussex. It was, however, only just after dusk when Robin parked his car in a certain by-way off Victoria Street, and went on foot to the block of flats and offices in which was the suite of the Anti-Bolshevist Society.

There was, he knew, no porter or liftman on duty at that hour. Nevertheless, his coat collar was turned up around a bulky muffler and his black eye-patch was in his pocket. He opened the office door with a key, and, with a heavy tyre spanner, covered by the noise of outside traffic, made adequate evidence of a forced entry. In the secretary's private office he replaced the latchkey on the duplicate key-board from which he had surreptitiously removed it that afternoon. Deciding against the electric light, he flashed the beams of his car torch on the front of the old-fashioned desk and found the little partition behind which Raikes secreted his drawer keys. He smiled as he drew them out. He was not surprised that Raikes did not carry that bunch about with him, for there were eight—a different one for each drawer. Rummaging carefully in the bottom left, he found the cigarette box and the safe key. Turning round to the safe he focussed his flash on it. The safe door was wide open, half the Society's books lay on the floor beneath it, and the drawer at the back was empty.

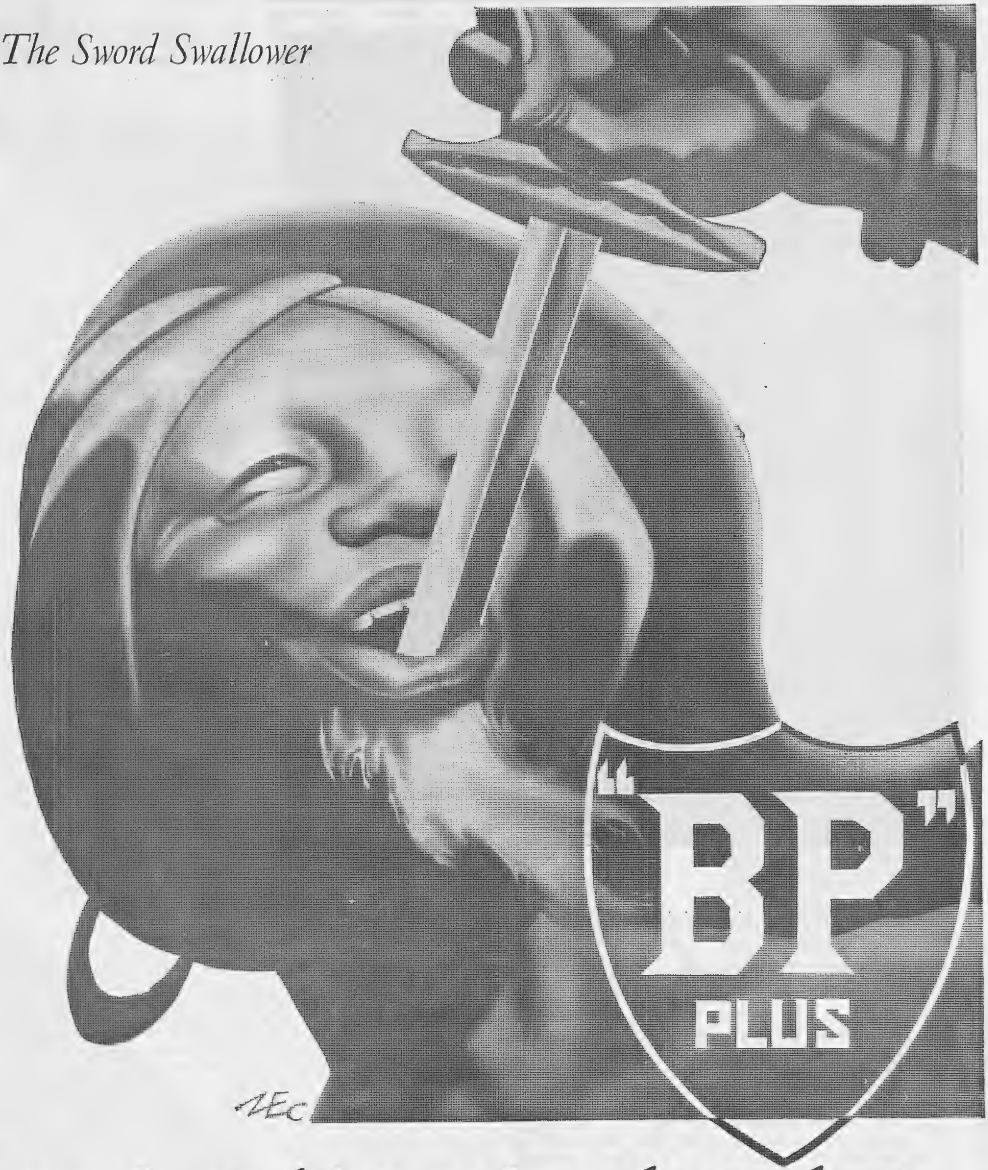
It did not take him more than half a minute to discover that the alternative entrance to the suite—a door that was never used—had been forced. He sat on the edge of Raikes's desk and frowned, completely defeated by this extraordinary development. Was it a ruthless move of Bonzo's? A secret search? If so, the fat was well in the fire.

In the fender a cigarette was still smouldering. Moving back to the safe, his questing cobalt eye caught a gleam of yellow on the strip of old carpet. He picked up a little gold figure an inch long, the model of a nude girl, with hands behind a perfect head. Around her waist a girdle of platinum set with tiny rubies ended at her back in a fractured ring. Locheven stared. He was recalling where he had seen it before.

Half an hour later he parked his car amongst those of

(*Continued on page* 94)

The Sword Swallower



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R32a

other thirsty joy riders in front of the Spaniards Inn on Hampstead Heath and went inside for a whisky and soda. Ronoff's house was less than eight minutes' walk from that popular tavern. Robin did it in five. The lights on the gate posts were burning, and there was a low red Lancia tourer standing at the kerb. He felt the radiator, and found it warm. He went up the gravelled drive to the big front door, glanced over the stone balustrade into the barred basement window of a servants' sitting-room. A black bearded manservant loafed on a couch and seemed half asleep. Another sat at the table smoking a cigar, scratching his head and bending over a newspaper. At his elbow were glasses and a bottle of something that looked like gin. Leaving the steps he crossed to the lawn, left of the house. There was no light anywhere but that from the front basement window. Traversing the lawn to the full depth of the house, he paused again. A long shaft of light ran across the wet grass to a shrubbery and high wall at the rear. And he could hear voices: quarrelling voices, guttural and indistinguishable. Removing his black patch again, he crept to the long French windows and peeped in. Two men stood facing each other across a big square desk, oblivious of everything but the hate in each other's eyes. A third man, in an easy chair, lolled sideways, in judicial contemplation of the quarrel. Robin could not see his face, for his back was turned to the window. But the tall desk light glinted on a bald head of peculiar contour, and he knew the motionless referee was Ronoff.

Pushing open the window he stepped into the room, a burly dominating figure in his blue motoring coat.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said.

If he had dropped a bomb into that secluded apartment he could not have caused greater consternation. He had often heard of people gibbering, but had never seen a real gibber sag two human faces before, even in France. What happened immediately he did not see, for the table lamp crashed to the carpet and plunged the room into darkness. There was a stumbling frantic rush and the bang of a heavy door; then silence, in which he stood listening. Presently he flicked up the button of his car torch. Ronoff's two guests had gone, but Ronoff himself still sat in his chair.

"Ronoff," said Robin, "your nerves seem better than your compatriots. But why they bolted like that beats me."

Ronoff did not reply. He was dead. And on the desk in front of him in two careless heaps were the royal diamonds gleaming bluely, provocatively. How Ronoff had died Robin could not detect. But he was dead enough.

The silence was broken by the muffled roar of a distant car engine. It back-fired, steadied, and began to recede even as Robin reached the windows. Closing them he turned back into the room, found the switchboard and clicked on a big ceiling light.

A few links of gold chain dangling in front of the dead man's waist caught his eye. They were attached to a broad fob of purple silk, and the bottom link was broken away. Robin produced the golden nude which he had found beside the looted safe in the Society's office and laid it on the desk. Methodically, he gathered up the diamonds and put them into the pockets of his great coat. The golden nude was Ronoff's, but not the diamonds; though probably even that had been looted from the jewel chest of a murdered Czar.

Switching off the light, Robin closed the windows carefully behind him. In the basement kitchen, Ronoff's menial comrades still took their peaceful ease, and down the quiet road outside, as he reached the gate, there passed a big limousine, brightly lighted and gay as to passengers.

It was something after eleven o'clock that evening when the Viscount Locheven, in a very perfect suit of evening clothes and smelling slightly

(*Continued on page 96*)

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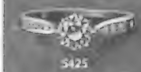

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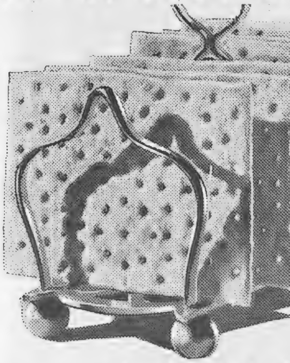

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of old lavender bath salts, sat sipping an alleged Waterloo brandy in the Carlton suite of his friend the Maharajah of Chakrata. The Maharajah, though a very strict Hindoo in his own country, was also indulging his palate with the forbidden product of the grape.

His Eastern soul was, however, deriving a more orthodox pleasure in running sensuously caressing fingers through the diamonds he had just bought from the man with whom he had played many victorious chukkas of polo on his own *maidan* in India. That, at least, was a sensation in which he saw eye to eye with the gods of his fathers.

"I have many diamonds, Locheven Sahib," he told his guest, "but none quite as these. In the matter of secrecy it shall be as you desire. I do not understand why you give this cheque to this Anti-Society. In my domain I do not give money to buy talk. I hang those who would make the wrong talk. It's cheaper and it's more effective."

Robin grinned and admitted the efficacy of the remedy, adding:

"Here we do nothing so sensible, Rajah Sahib. We hang 'em only after they've done the damage—an' then not always. Yet there are a few of us who do a bit of short-circuiting when we get the opportunity. Now I must trickle along an' have a small dance somewhere. I'm feelin' the need of a little excitement. Will you come? There is a club I know where I can stand you a very nice fillet steak."

The Maharajah held up his hands with a gesture of pious deprecation:

"If my people knew that I ate of the defiled flesh, I should have to hang many to restore their faith. Moreover, to-night I must sleep, for to-morrow I expect to be sick all day. My stomach does not like the sea."

The Viscount Locheven did not confide in the Maharajah that he did not mind how sick that ruler was so long as he had those diamonds safe in his luggage on an outward bound P. and O. He reserved such candour as was unavoidable for Scotland Yard the next day. For this visit he selected a morning coat of superb cut, trousers with a pearl grey stripe, bought a white gardenia at Henrys and called for a newly ironed silk hat from his box at Scotts.

"What the devil are you doing here at this time in the morning," Sir Edwin Wenson demanded.

Robin did not reply immediately. He appeared to be examining the tip of his cigarette. But what he was really looking at was an object that lay in the centre of the big blotter on Bonzo's desk. It was the golden nude figure he had left with the dead Ronoff, the ruby girdle at its waist gleaming redly and vividly in a splash of sunshine through the office window. Tapping his cigarette on his case, and picking up Bonzo's matchbox, he answered:

"Business, beloved sir. The only thing anybody gets up for before lunch. I've just tottered in to say that the jewel exhibition is off. The diamonds you wanted to see were abstracted in the silence of the night from the venerable safe of the Society for Bolsheviki flopagander."

"Sit down," said Bonzo abruptly. And he leaned back in his chair and turned his pale frosty eyes on Robin who remained at the fireplace, comfortably warming his seat.

"Why did you tell Jenner those diamonds of yours were at the bank?"

"Polite friction, sir, with the R silent, as in fish," answered Robin cheerfully. "A windfall is a windfall. I saw no reason why I should satisfy the curiosity of your respected officer without first considerin' the matter. You know, sir, you can't go snoopin' around everybody's bric-à-brac on the mere chance that it might interest you professionally. I suppose Jenner didn't burgle our safe, did he? I'm getting very suspicious about this business."

Bonzo took a small cardboard box from a tray in front of him, opened it and produced three diamonds.

"Are these anything like your diamonds?" he inquired.

Locheven walked to the desk and inspected them.

"Very similar," he agreed. "Where did they come from?"

Bonzo half closed his eyes and looked at Robin through two narrow slits.

"Ronoff's house," he said. "And so did this." He took from the same tray a long thin knife with a black ebony handle, and a blade nearly as fine as a knitting needle. Close to the haft was a little dried blood. "This came from the middle of Ronoff's back. He was killed last night—murdered."

"The devil he was!" said Robin.

"The devil he *was*," Bonzo repeated grimly, his eyes on the unflickering cobalt one of Locheven.

"Who killed him?"

"Fortunately," said Bonzo with peculiar emphasis, "I can answer that question. He was killed by the owner of that knife. Ronoff or his gang cracked your safe, took the diamonds, and quarrelled over 'em. He warned him to attend your office to-day to identify the stones, and apparently presumed they were already there."

"That's pretty swift work on your part, sir," commented Robin admiringly. "But why should Ronoff pinch his own stones, and what are you goin' to do with 'em now you've got 'em?"

"Damn your eyes I haven't got 'em," snapped Bonzo. "These three were found on the carpet. And as for Ronoff, he had nearly as much reason as you to shirk a court claim to 'em. The only thing that puzzles me is just how those diamonds got to your damned Society. If this was one of your X Section stunts, I don't see the Foreign Office disposing of 'em that way. And if it wasn't, I don't see your lady friend and her father sending 'em."

"No," agreed Robin judicially. "That certainly lets them out of it, don't it. No diamonds, no Ronoff, no case, an' no further hocus regarding Miss Stronge's passport. But what about Ronoff's pals?"

Bonzo got up from his chair, took the chamois from the mantelpiece and viciously polished one of his shoes.

"Ronoff's pals crossed to the Continent on the night boat—before we discovered the murder," he stated. "One of my people has just 'phoned up to say so." Flinging the chamois leather back on the mantelpiece, he confronted Locheven again.

"And that—you will be relieved to hear," he added, "is probably the last we shall see of them. Come on—own up sonny!"

The Viscount picked up the discarded polisher, inspected it carefully and remarked with interest:

"I prefer the leg of an old silk pyjama personally. These chamois leathers hold the grit."

Bonzo studied his imperturbable friend for a few moments, eyebrows contracted, nostrils twitching.

"Then answer this one," he invited conversationally. "*Considering you and Miss Gladise Stronge arrived together yesterday morning on the 'Bremen' from New York—why did you come and ask me for her address?*"

With the utmost nonchalance, the Viscount Locheven replaced the chamois leather on the mantelpiece, adjusted his black silk patch, and answered cheerfully:

"Tactics, honoured sir, and old friend. Tactics and feminine obstinacy. Miss Stronge declined to do me the honour of wearin' the Locheven coronet until she was quite sure she had no er—outstanding account with your Department. No flowers by request—but you might join us at the Savoy to-night, an' pay for the dinner out of that fifty pounds you owe me."

Bonzo stared at him speechlessly. Then he took him by his coat lapel, led him gently but firmly to the door, and said slowly:

"Robin, my boy—there are only two coves I've ever met like you. One became Chancellor of the Exchequer—and the other was hung."

END

Queer Tales of Long Ago

(*Continued from page* 70)

at the time of the mid-day meal. With the generosity of the Church, he was invited to the Abbot's table.

A sirloin of beef was set before him, and he fell to as heartily as a beef-eater might!

"Well fare thy heart," quoth the Abbot, "and here in a cup of sack remember me to your Royal master. I'faith, I would give a hundred pound that I could feed on beef so lustily as you. Alas! My poor, queasy stomach will scarce suffer me to pick at the wing of a fowl."

The King thanked him for his good cheer and departed undiscovered.

Shortly afterwards, the Abbot was hailed under arrest to the Tower. His frantic pleas to know on what charge he was arraigned were answered by a shake of the head, a shrug of the shoulders.

The treatment was rendered still more harsh by the fact that his diet was bread and water only.

After some few days, the cleric was amazed and overjoyed to behold a juicy sirloin of beef provided for his ration. He cast away fears of future indigestion in the interests of present satisfaction, and assailed with cannibal voracity the luscious joint.

In his ravenous hunger, the Abbot had not noted two bright eyes watching through the "squint," but a moment later the door of his cell opened, and, before the astonished priest had time to struggle to his feet, the familiar figure of Henry VIII stood before him in regal state.

"My lord Abbot," said the King sarcastically, "deposit at once your hundred pound or go hence no more! 'Tis We who have been your physician and, as we deserve it, we demand our fee!"

No doubt the Abbot must have discovered that in this world there are things more difficult to stomach than a sirloin of beef!

(*Continued from page* 69)

Ensued a week of racking anxiety for the boy, a week of gloating anticipation for the courtesan and her patron, Lamia.

Finally, on the day appointed, the youth presented himself with a huge bag of gold, raised by who knows what frantic efforts. Bocchoris carefully counted it over, piece by piece. It was correct to the last drachma. Then the judge turned to Thonis and bade her sit on a bench flooded by a shaft of sunlight.

Bocchoris turned to the young man and bade him hold the sack full in the ray that the shadow might be projected on to her lap.

"Dreams are only the shadow of reality," said the judge. "As was your love for him, so shall his money be for you. Be contented, as he, with the shadow!"

It was in vain that Lamia launched on behalf of her *protégée* her final and most ingenious plea—that the judgment was iniquitous because, while the young man had been cured of the torture of unsatisfied love, the hapless Thonis was more than ever agonised by the desire for the gold!

Films

(*Continued from page* 43)

on making stars. Naturally America is only too anxious that we should become the film centre of the universe, and Luella Parsons wants to see our brilliant young artists properly exploited—although she has not always made their progress in Hollywood too facile.

She may be right, but I could suggest several other and more cogent reasons why British films are as uninteresting as the majority of them undoubtedly are. And, as to this business of stars, "Grand Hotel" shows just where it ultimately leads, and in "The Devil and the Deep" Laughton, an English actor who was not and could not be "groomed for stardom" (or for any other appearance!), does not steal, but just *takes* by right of talent, all the acting honours in a film made from a story by an English Author (*sic*).

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Big Business

(*Continued from p. 65*)

again to our work with renewed vigour. It was splendid training, and I sometimes pity those who have never had to go through it. Success is infinitely sweeter after struggle."

Yet the firm was destined to climb into such a position that—dominating the cocoa and chocolate industry of Great Britain—it is to-day in a position to keep all its business secrets intact. Although it has an authorised capital of £4,000,000, Cadbury Brothers, Ltd., publishes no reports. It is still a family business, one of the biggest of its kind in the world, saturated in the principles of Victorian commerce, and linked to its employees by more than mere wage ties.

The first move towards the salvation of the firm came with George's production of a pure cocoa. Hitherto potato starch and sago were introduced to counteract the excess of butter in the cocoa. The new brand was proudly labelled "absolutely pure, and therefore best." It was a slogan that was going to follow the firm to prosperity.

Then Richard, not to be outdone, sat down and began to use his painting talent towards the decoration of boxes of eating chocolates. He was an artist with a good sense of colour, and he let his imagination run riot. There was nothing in his cover pictures to indicate what was inside the box. Just a pleasing picture. It was an innovation, and caught the public's fancy.

By 1878 their business was on such a good footing that they were forced to look for other premises. They went four miles out of Birmingham and bought fourteen acres at a place called Bournville. A year later they had opened a new factory, and by Christmas, 1880, the demand for their many new brands was so great that the workgirls had to live locally in order to be on the spot as early as possible in the morning.

Their workers were treated so well that the fame of the Cadburys as philanthropists spread beyond the limits of the Midlands. They were the first Birmingham firm to give their employees Saturday afternoons off. They encouraged them to tend gardens on the factory estate, to play games and generally considered it part of their duty as employers to look after the workers' cultural life—if the workers wanted to be looked after in their spare hours.

Coincident with the business of making money for themselves the brothers began to take this other side of the business of employment very seriously. Mr. Edward Cadbury—George Cadbury's eldest son—evolved seven rules that were to become unique. They are so interesting, and they have been so well adhered to, that I print them here:—

(1) That those employed at Bournville should have a sound education, both mental, moral and physical.

(2) That as far as possible they should have some voice in the conditions under which they work. The Shop Committees and Work Councils provide for this.

(3) That as many as possible should have an interest in the prosperity of the business. The management staff have a direct interest in profits; and the welfare funds provide this for the workers generally.

(4) That they must work under healthy conditions.

(5) That they should have the desire and opportunity for hobbies and recreation outside their work.

(6) That they should work reasonable hours.

(7) That they should be provided for in sickness and old age.

Many firms to-day follow these ethics of employment, both for their own and their employees' good. The Cadburys were the first to release the worker from the bondage of Victorian narrowness.

They were also in the dying years of the last century throwing their envoys out into the world in search of new sources of raw material. In 1897 they had purchased two estates in Trinidad, but later, after the remarkable change in the

(*Continued on page* 100)

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healthiness of the Gold Coast, they changed their collecting centres to the country around Accra, Kumasi and the newly developed areas of Nigeria.

When you eat a chocolate think of the long lorry "trains" driving through the African jungle with the cocoa beans destined for Bournville.

The present company—the directorate of which is made up of nine members of the family—dates from 1899. There was an additional issue of shares in 1920, by which time Cadbury Brothers had united with the firm of J. F. Fry and Sons, Ltd., and a new company floated called the British Cocoa and Chocolate Co., Ltd. This company holds all the ordinary shares of Cadbury's and all the deferred ordinaries of Fry's.

The Cadbury family supplies the greater part of the directorate of the holding company. And not one of the companies publishes a report.

It is all between the Frys and the Cadburys, and their nephews and nieces. In that respect the firm of Cadbury has not "progressed" since the days of the Bull Street premises of the early nineteenth century. Mr. Walter Barrow, one of the directors, recalls that it was a Miss Barrow who married John Cadbury, and left the £8,000 legacies to her son, that her husband's business might be saved.

All from the lucky fact that George Cadbury thought of making unadulterated cocoa, and brother Richard put it up in pretty boxes and told the world that "it was absolutely pure, therefore best."

END

Open Letters *to the* "Would-be's" *of the* Theatre

(*Continued from page* 39)

director will, of course, clean forget you next day. But you will sneak in at the door when no one is looking—this they all do—and be there just at the moment when the film director says, "I want a platinum blonde."

"This is my moment," you will say. Then they will let you walk across the stage.

For several hours, they will screen that you cannot walk across the stage, that you never could, and that you never will.

"Give me another chance," you will moan.

And, this time, you will do it so badly that everyone will say, "My God, she's got It."

Then the star will fall ill, or walk out, or be discovered in some dope joint, which will sell more copies of the picture than they can make.

So, not finding anybody else silly enough, they will fall back on you.

Now you believe this, I know. It is no use my telling you. Everybody knows it.

Novelists, going to Hollywood for plots, have found that they could not write Fiction, because Fact was even worse. Scenario writers, wanting a story about the screen, have merely taken one from what happened to them the day before.

They have found their humour—incredible though it sounds—in what people have actually said to them on the set.

You know this is true, and I know this is true, and they know this is true.

I am writing it all to stop you. But it won't stop you. Not even the horrible possibility of your becoming a film star will stop you.

You still have time to remain decent, and proper, and nice, and all that sort of thing. But you won't. You can still stop at home and be a charming wife and a kindly mother and a good citizen. But you won't.

It is no good my warning you of all the other boring film stars you will have to know, and all the silly parties you will have to attend, and all the stupid Society hangers-on you will have to tolerate when you come back to London.

You are a brave girl. You will face even all that.

For the sake of your It, you will even live in a large apartment when you know very well you would prefer nice simple digs.

You will put up with even one of those borzois when I know you would rather have a fox terrier at home.

You will endure all the tortures of being manicured, and shampooed, and slimmed, and massaged.

In fact, you will endure anything for the sake of that It which is the all-important thing in modern life.

We, who know you, cannot understand where it came from.

At school, you seemed an ordinary snub-nosed little thing. Your sisters thought you a frump. The boys thought you stupid. You did not shine at school. In fact nothing about you shone, except your nose.

Then came that terrible day when someone said, "She's got It." And the rest of your life, I know, was dedicated to that noble mission of thinking It, and dreaming It, and living It.

Mussolini knew, when he learned the most important syllable in Italy was the first.

You know much more. You know that the rest of the name of his country is all waste. It is only the It that matters.

The future of It is safe with you. For It is all you know.

Women T*alk* So C*arelessly*

(*Continued from page* 51)

her to the Golf Club. There was a huge fire burning and there was champagne on tap and Colette laughing.

"Oh, Gladys!" she said. "The world's most marvellous miracle! A man I've never heard of, my dear—I've never heard of him—on some island in Italy—he's left me £80,000!"

Gladys Wotherspoon said stupidly, staring at Colette of the wide mouth and the gleaming teeth and the gentle eyes:

"A man in Italy?"

"Yes. I looked it up on the map—right opposite that place you stayed at. There's no question about it. I went to see the lawyers to-day. He died of heart disease, and something else with a Latin name. He had my name and address pat. They say he must have known something about me. But I never heard of him, on my word of honour! Oh, I'm so happy I could die."

She looked at Jimmie Westlake. He was happy too, dancing, gleaming, shining with happiness—glistening with boyishness, with youth.

Jimmie Westlake had a mother and a little income. While his mother lived he would never have been able to afford to marry. He wouldn't have done so either. He was just that kind of son.

"I'm stark, staring, raving mad with happiness," said Colette, with her eyes full of tears. "*We're* stark, staring, raving mad, the two of us, aren't we, Jimmie? We thought we'd never, never be able to get married. We thought it would go on and on until we were too old to have children, too old to get the best out of life, didn't we, Jimmie?"

"Really," said Gladys, "you do say things, Colette!"

"Why not," said Colette, "if they're true?"

It was Colette's evening. Her warmth, her laughter, her gaiety seemed to flow out in coloured waves, to touch and transform them all, to uplift them like music.

"Darling, darling people!" said Colette, hugging them. "I suppose people will think I was his mistress, poor darling! I wish I had been. I wish I could have done something for him. Oh, I do wish I could have done something for him."

"Colette," said Gladys. "The things you say! Really, my dear, you should think before you go rattling on."

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But Colette rattled. It was her evening.

Going home through the dark lanes that night, Gladys said suddenly:

"I dare say she was his mistress if the truth was known."

"What does it matter?" said her husband. "I'm glad. I'm glad old Jimmie's got her. Why do you keep picking on Colette, Gladys?"

"She says such awful things. She talks so carelessly. A woman's only got to talk and to say anything that comes into her head and the men will stand up and fight for her. That's what makes me so sick. That's what makes me so tired. You men, you make me tired! You've no use for a woman who's decent and straight."

"Who says Colette isn't?"

"Look at the way she talks."

"Talks! Talks!" he said. "Will you women never get away from that? Will you women always have that slant? It's terrifying!"

Gladys stopped suddenly and screamed at him, screamed her rage and her disappointment and her frustration up the dark lane.

"That's right. Defend her. Defend her like all the rest of them because she's got the loosest tongue in the town."

"Loose tongue!" said Hugh Wotherspoon furiously. "Loose tongue! My God, I like that! She's never said an unkind or unjust thing about a man or woman in the place. She's said things about herself and life—honest things."

"Women who talk so carelessly live carelessly," she said thickly.

Laughing angrily, he said: "That's where you're wrong, my dear. That's where you women don't understand life. There isn't a man in the town has ever misjudged Colette Rice for one second. They know she's straight. I tell you they just know. Old Jimmie, he's worshipped her for years. He doesn't care what she says. Men don't care what women say."

She heard herself screaming in a horrid, brass voice.

"No, they like it. They encourage it. They like women to let go and embarrass other decent women. They like women to say every damned thing that comes into their heads."

"They know it's open and honest and above board."

The £80,000 left by the stranger who had died on the island flamed like poison in Gladys Wotherspoon's mind.

"I hate Colette. I hate her kind. I hate all those promiscuous women."

He put his hand over her mouth, and his voice was cold and angry.

"Promiscuous be damned! Leave Colette alone, Gladys. I'll tell you where you get off. I'll tell you something you don't know. A little while ago I was in love with Colette. I got all het up and told her so one night while you were in Italy. She talked to me like a Dutch uncle. I've never been talked at so straight in my life. She used a man's language, and she had a man's point of view. A clean whipping—that's what I got from Colette. You should know that. Now leave Colette alone, can't you?"

She whimpered under his hand. Her eyes stared at him in the muddy darkness of the little lane.

He took his hand away. The fire and the instinctive male decency evaporated.

"Sorry," he said awkwardly, shamefacedly. "I didn't mean to hurt you, but I thought you ought to know. Colette's the salt of the earth."

"Some of the things she said to-night, they were revolting," she said, choking.

He laughed. Easy, contemptuous, kindly, and uncomprehending laughter. She walked beside him sick with rage, with disappointment that she could never reveal to any living soul.

He slipped an apologetic hand under her arm, his amused masculine voice rumbled in her ear.

"Oh, you women," he said. "What a world you live in! What a world!"

END

"Much as I cling to number 266"

—"I'm going to try 288 for a little change! Dull finish, you know. Same price, 6/11. The girl friends ask me 'Why don't I wear them?' My first pair of Aristoc was 266, and ever since then I've been an Aristoc fan. They look so lovely, and they've worn so well. So I sort of cling to 266. But I MUST try 288 . . . ."

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No. 266—plain lisle top and foot. **No. 386**—lace clox, lisle top and foot. **No. 288**—dull finish, lisle top and foot. **No. 388**—dull finish, lace clox, lisle top and foot. **No. 1246**—embroidered clox, lisle top and foot. Every one is available in all Aristoc shades and all have the Aristoc "Gradex" cuban shape heel.

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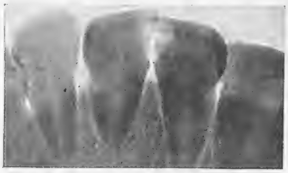
"B-BUT MY TEETH ARE PERFECTLY GOOD!"

"Nevertheless, this X-ray photo proves what I feared," said the doctor. "They're poisoning your system. You must have them out at once!"

MOST people believe that toothache, visible decay, bleeding gums are the sole signals of dental troubles. They do not know that, often, these warnings are absent; that only X-rays can, with certainty, detect the destruction of the bony sockets in which the teeth are held. And such destruction may proceed painlessly but relentlessly until the teeth are lost or health ruined.

A number of things cause Pyorrhœa, that unpleasant and dangerous disease contracted by four out of five past forty. Overfeeding, for instance, and unbalanced diet; slight injuries, too, or crooked, missing teeth; ill-fitting crowns or bridgework. Generally Pyorrhœa starts with neglect, with an accumulation of tartar at the gum-line.

Make no mistake, Forhan's for the Gums will not cure this disease in its advanced stages. Only a dentist can stop its progress then. But taken in time, its regular use will check further development. Besides being a fine cleansing agent Forhan's is the best safeguard to health and appearance. At Chemists everywhere.



Radiograph by A. T. K. Moir, qualified Radiographer.

SEE WHAT THE X-RAYS REVEAL!

This X-ray photograph shows apical absorption of the second incisor, and the early stages of Pyorrhœa. There is also slight exostosis.

●

By estimate of leading dental authorities four out of five people over forty suffer from Pyorrhœa.

Forhan's
MADE IN ENGLAND for the GUMS
FORHAN'S LTD., LONDON

Killed in Action

(*Continued from page 21*)

and lingered at their tables to ask them whether they knew the Queen's Hotel at Eastbourne, and whether things were going well in England, until Herr Ober snapped his fingers at him and looked stern because he was neglecting other customers.

One day he made a fool of himself. It was ridiculous. He behaved like an old loony. It was when two young Englishmen came in and ordered beer. Old Hagen stared at one of them and stood there with his table napkin shaking as though a breeze stirred it. This young Englishman had a finely cut face, with grey-blue eyes and slightly reddish hair. There was something about his face which made old Hagen remember a scene which he thought he had quite forgotten.

It jerked him back to an episode in the war—that time he had gone mad and won the Iron Cross. His mind had been a blank afterwards. He couldn't remember what he had done—not a thing about it. But now he remembered—he seemed to remember—that he had killed a young English officer by hurling a bomb into his stomach. For a moment he had seen him lying there among other dead, by the broken machine gun. His face was very finely cut, almost like a young woman's. He had grey-blue eyes which stared up at Fritz Hagen who had killed him. It was the face of this young Englishman who sat at the table with his friend.

"*Ein helles Bier, bitte,*" he said, smiling at Fritz Hagen.

"Certainly that is the man I killed," thought old Hagen, and he had to hold on to the back of a chair. "It was that face I saw in the communication trench; I am certain of it. It comes back to me as though it were yesterday. Perhaps I have gone mad. It is almost certain that I have gone mad. A dead man—a man I killed fifteen years ago—cannot come into the Augustiner and order a glass of beer. Not even a phantom would do that."

The young Englishman looked surprised at the expression on the old waiter's face.

"You are ill?" he asked in good German.

"It is my heart," said old Hagen, much confused. "I am getting old."

He went away to fetch the beer, and stumbled as though he were a little drunk. Two of the other waiters laughed at him.

"Do you mind taking that beer to the young Englishman in the window seat?" he asked one of his fellow-waiters, the young man who had been at Heidelberg. "I am not quite well to-day; something has gone wrong with my heart."

The young waiter was willing to oblige.

"Poor old Fritz!" he said goodnaturedly. "It's a hard life for old bones."

Old Fritz took a rest for a few minutes, and was relieved to find that the young Englishman and his friend had gone when he returned to duty. It had been quite a shock. He had made an old fool of himself. He wouldn't say a word about it to his wife or young Karl. Not a word to Elsa or that young man Friedrich who was making love to his daughter-in-law.

That young man Friedrich was another source of anxiety to a timid old man. He talked wild things sometimes. He was trying to convert Elsa to Communism. He believed in Karl Marx and the Russian Revolution. He argued even with old Fritz, late at night when Elsa ought to have been in bed and when Fritz himself was very tired.

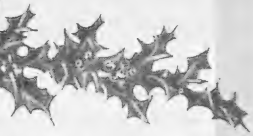
"We are being exploited by the financiers. The people of all nations must unite against the tyranny of Capital. We must establish the dictatorship of the proletariat even if it has to be done by bloodshed."

"Haven't we had enough bloodshed?" asked old Fritz angrily. "I don't understand these things. I get bewildered. But anything is better than blood. Besides, it may be *your* blood, Friedrich, and then poor Elsa will be sad."

"I should be proud to die for the liberty of the people," said

(*Continued on page 104*)

Home-made Xmas Fare



Christmas Pudding.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins. 1 lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. Candied Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonsful Baking Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. Flour. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours.

Sufficient for 4 puddings.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar. 1 lb. chopped Raisins. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Citron Peel. $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. $\frac{3}{4}$ lb Candied Lemon Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.

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Friedrich Schmidt, with a strange light in his eyes.

"Oh, Friedrich!" cried Elsa. "How brave you are! I don't agree with all your ideas, but I admire courage in men."

IT was a shock to old Fritz when this young man was killed. It was worse for Elsa, who wept her heart out. The newspapers had a paragraph about it one morning. There had been an affray between the Hitlerites and a Communist demonstration. Shots had been exchanged, though there was no evidence as to which side had fired the first. Several of the Hitlerites were badly wounded, and one young man was dying in hospital. The Communists had had many casualties, increased by a baton charge from the police. A young man named Friedrich Schmidt—a shop assistant in Hartmannstrasse—had been killed by a bullet through the throat. He was the secretary of a Communist group. Nothing was said about his being the lover of Elsa Hagen, who wept with her face on her arms while her father-in-law, an old waiter, tried to comfort her.

"It is terrible," said old Hagen. "More young men are killing each other. There is no peace in the world."

Young Karl spoke privately to his grandfather about the death of Friedrich Schmidt.

"It's a good thing," he said. "All Communists should be killed like rats. I hated the idea of having one for my stepfather."

Old Hagen put his hand on his grandson's shoulder.

"Karl," he said, in a troubled voice, "it worries me to hear you talk like that. I want you to grow up with peace in your heart. Why should we men go on killing each other? Communists, Hitlerites, Germans, English, French, Italians—they're all the same to me when they sit down to a table in the Augustiner Keller and call for a mug of beer. I have no hatred for any of them. I say *Danke schön* when they give me a little *Trinkgeld*. I look at them if they are young men, and hope that they will be spared the horrors of war. I do not like to think they will have their young bodies blown to bits for some quarrel which perhaps most of them do not understand. I have never understood the quarrel which led to the Great War. But then I admit I am a *Dummkopf*."

"There are some things which can only be settled by fighting, grandfather," said young Karl.

"I am sorry to hear you say so, Karl. I have a great respect for your opinion, my dear, but on this point——"

The old man began to cry. It was the first time he had ever done such a thing in the presence of his grandson.

"Grandfather!" cried Karl, "why are you crying?"

"I have seen war," said the old man. "I want you to be spared, Karl. I love you so much!"

Karl took one of his grandfather's hands and kissed it.

"That's all right, grandfather," he said. "Don't you worry. You didn't worry much on the day you won the Iron Cross!"

But old Fritz couldn't help worrying. It was all the talk that went on around him in the Augustiner Keller, during the elections which brought Hitler's party back in great numbers. All his customers were excited for three weeks or more before polling day. They drank unusual quantities of beer. The Augustiner was filled with young men in the brown uniform of the Hitler volunteers. The younger waiters were as much excited as their customers, although one or two—the young man who had been to Heidelberg University—were hostile to the Hitler party and programme, as he confided to old Fritz one day.

"These young asses are playing the fool," he said. "Hitler is an opportunist and a weakling. He will hand them all over to the Junkers and the Generals. We shall have a monarchy again, and presently—war again. They're just asking for it."

Fritz Hagen brooded over these words. Everybody seemed to be working up to violence of some kind. Sometimes, when he had a little rest between the serving of beer, he stared round at the company, those hundreds of young men gathered about the tables. They were like the boys he had known in the war—those lads who had called themselves "mud-eaters" and "puddle-splashers." But this was a younger generation which had grown up since the war. They knew nothing about it. Sometimes he wished he could tell them the things he had seen—the frightful things which had happened to youth.

And one night he told them, or tried to tell them. It was extraordinary that this little, timid anxious man—an old waiter who was called *Dummkopf* by his colleagues and customers—should have the courage, or the folly, to make a speech to a crowd in this great beer hall.

It was on an evening when a group of young Communists had started a counter-demonstration to the Hitlerites after the singing of *Deutschland über Alles*, in which they had not joined. Instantly there had been a conflict. Beer mugs, and even chairs, were used as weapons. The Communists were routed, with bashed and bleeding heads, saved from a worse fate by the entrance of the police. One of them was stunned—or killed. He was a boy of eighteen or so, and lay stretched out on the ground while a doctor knelt by his side. For a moment after the entrance of the police there was something like silence in the beer hall. It was in this silence that Fritz Hagen began to speak.

"Young gentlemen," he said, in an agitated voice, "I am an old soldier. I won the Iron Cross of the third class. Most of you are too young to remember the war. It was not good, that war—so many young men like you were killed and mutilated. I saw some terrible things. Sometimes they make me dream, even now. It is because I remember those things that I am afraid of it happening again. It seems a pity that we German people cannot live in peace with each other and the rest of the world. That young boy who lies on the ground reminds me of my dear grandson. I'm so fond of boyhood and young men. I saw so many of them killed before they had enjoyed life. Anything is better than war. We ought to live in peace with each other, without hatred among ourselves or against the French or the English. I was a waiter once in England——"

He did not know what he was saying. It was like that day when he rushed a machine gun and did not know what he was doing. He was only conscious that he wanted to tell these young men something about a war they hadn't seen.

"What is that funny old fellow saying?" asked a young man at a table near to him.

"He is an old Communist!" said another angrily. "He is an old rat, like those young rats we have just chased out. He is defending the French. To hell with the old traitor!"

The young man leaned forward in his chair and flung a beer mug at *der alte Fritz*. It hit him hard in the chest, and he staggered back. But he went on talking—strange, shrill words about peace and youth. The cry of "Communist!" was yelled by other young men. They, too, started throwing things at him—bread rolls and beer mugs. He was struck several times before the Herr Ober—that tall man with the vivid scar slashed across his cheek—could rush forward and intervene.

"Meine Herrschaften! This is not a Communist. It is an old soldier who won the Iron Cross and saved his comrades. *Bitte! Bitte!*"

But something had happened to *der alte Fritz*.

It was something to do with his heart. He put his hand to his side and gave a sudden sharp cry and fell on his face to the floor.

It was his grandson Karl who wept most at his graveside.

End

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The Speed *of* Birds, Animals *and* Fish

(*Continued from page* 31)

Obviously these are the ideal conditions and, equally obviously, the bulk of the estimates have been arrived at under different conditions, usually when the birds were frightened by aircraft or hawks. But taking a general average from the mass of opinions which I have collected during the past ten years, I should say that the following table of average speeds under the conditions outlined above is not far wrong.

	M.P.H.
Golden Plover	45/50
Teal	45/50
Blackcock	50
Peregrine (when not stooping)	50
Pheasant	40
Grouse	40
Mallard	40/45
Merlin	40
Blue Rock	40
Partridge	33/36
Green Plover	30
Jackdaw, Rook, Wood Pigeon	30/33
Kestrel	30/33
Goose	35/40
Swan	35
Heron	35/38
Swallow	30
Swift	45/50

Why or how anyone should have bothered to time that singularly unlovely flier, the landrail, is beyond my comprehension. In any case I very much doubt if either the landrail, moorhen or coot can average more than 20 m.p.h. in normal flight, although all three can fly fast and high when thoroughly disturbed, as those who have attended the annual coot shoots at Hickling, Abbotsbury and elsewhere know to their unconfessed shame.

One useful result of these investigations has been the establishment of certain basic principles which have a definite value from the point of view of aircraft construction. For example, it has been proved that it is not the wing area which determines the speed at which a bird can fly, but the wing area *and structure* in relation to the weight of the bird. It is almost certainly correct to say that a heavy bird can fly faster than a lighter bird of the same type.

For instance, a capercailzie hen will generally fly faster than a grey hen, a grey hen faster than a grouse, and a grouse faster than a partridge.

The speed of the wing beat is most deceptive. How often has one seen a flapping, apparently slow-moving, blackcock overtake and pass a pack of grouse which, with their quick wing beats, appeared to be travelling much faster?

It will be noticed that nothing has been said of the speed of snipe, woodcock and quail. This is because their inherent habit of twisting at what seems lightning speed makes accurate observation almost impossible.

Personally, I regard teal, golden plover and herons as the most fascinating British birds from the point of studying their speeds—the first two because they are so very fast, the third because he is so exceptionally deceptive as he flaps along.

A teal, as he suddenly shoots out of the dusk, twists overhead and then dives downward like a streak of light, is surely the most difficult shot ever presented by that most difficult form of shooting—flighting. I have seen teal pass overhead after they had been shot at, at speeds which seemed utterly incredible.

That excellent, if somewhat intolerantly self-opinionated authority on wildfowling, the late Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, says in one volume of his "Letters to Young Shooters" that he had actually timed teal passing between one headland and another at 120 miles an hour! I am not sure that I believe it . . . unless there was a strong following wind.

WITH regard to the speed of animals, the field of knowledge is more restricted, although one would have thought that computation would have been easier. The real reason is that nowadays birds are of more practical value as objects of study for students of aerodynamics. Who cares at what speed an animal can travel? It does not affect motor car design. But bird speed has a lot to say in airplane design.

Probably the elephant is the most deceptive of all animals. In spite of his enormous bulk, clumsy feet and philosophic countenance, the elephant can trot steadily at eight miles an hour for miles on end without the slightest bother while his ordinary walking pace is from three to four miles an hour. On migration at night they can keep up the "long step" at five miles an hour for fifty miles.

Captain J. C. Dollman, Assistant Director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, tells me that it has been estimated that the maximum charging speed of the African elephant does not exceed 15 m.p.h., but my friend Commander David Blunt, late Officer in Charge of Elephant Control in Tanganyika, who has shot 167 elephants in the last six years and has spent his whole time following them and studying them, says that to his certain knowledge the elephant can charge at from 20 to 25 m.p.h. This opinion is supported by Mr. David Pollock, the Acting District Officer at Mbeya, who adds that he considers that the fastest animal in Africa is Thompson's gazelle, which can possibly travel at 50 m.p.h.

Captain Dollman considers the cheetah capable of 60 miles an hour and points out that it can overhaul with comparative ease the blackbuck, the fastest buck in India. This view has been put forward in the past by other reliable observers.

Commander Blunt considers that the jackal can hunt game at 35 m.p.h. and the Cape buffalo can charge at from 30 to 35 m.p.h., while the ostrich can probably sprint at the same speed, if not a little faster.

Mr. Pollock tells me that he has seen a herd of giraffe going at an estimated thirty-five miles an hour . . . "and if a charge of shot had warmed them up they would have put another ten on it."

GIRAFFES, as timed by the speedometer on the car of Mr. Marius Maxwell, the eminent big-game photographer, can travel in short bursts of from two to three miles at from twenty-eight to thirty-two miles an hour. The old bulls get blown easily, and it was found that the speeds varied considerably according to the age and condition of the animals.

The same authority states that in his opinion the Black Rhino, when charging, covers the ground at a speed of twenty miles an hour, or more than a dozen yards in two seconds, which, considering the weight and cumbrousness of the animal, is good going.

The Derby is run at an average speed of 45 miles an hour, which provides a useful standard of comparison. Once upon a time, in the good Corinthian days of our grandfathers, a race was run between racehorses and ostriches and, as far as I remember my sporting history, the horses won in the mile and lost on the shorter distances.

A wild pig can charge for a short distance at thirty miles an hour, an astonishing speed to those who are unaware of the fact that in his wild state the pig is one of the toughest, most active and most gallant animals on earth.

The speeds of such amusing little beasts as water buck, duiker, dik-dik, reed buck, gazelle and their numberless sub-species have never been worked out to my knowledge, but it is certain that some of them are capable of the most astonishing turns of speed—probably verging on a mile a minute for a short burst.

Eland, hartebeest and wildebeest all probably average around thirty miles an hour at full speed for a short distance, while the lion is estimated at the same speed for a series of leaps when attacking prey.

No doubt a great deal more could be learned about animal speeds were there a more definite incentive to do so than mere academic interest—which is not a predominant characteristic of the man who goes out to shoot or photograph big game. He has quite enough to attend to with the job on hand.

The speed of fish, on the other hand, is of definite scientific and commercial value and is the subject of increasing study at the present time. No subject is more difficult.

Obviously fish are capable of bursts of very high speed, as anyone realises who has seen them, suddenly startled, dash away. But how to arrive at their normal, unhurried rate of progression is a most perplexing task.

Salmon, for instance, have been marked at one spot on the Scottish coast and caught twenty-five miles off a day later. But how far offshore had they travelled? How many twists and turns had gone unrecorded?

Tunny are reckoned to put up a short, sharp burst at forty-five miles an hour; but my friend Mr. Lorenzo Mitchell-Henry, the pioneer and initiator of tunny fishing in this country, refuses to commit himself to a definite statement. But there is certainly a lot to be learned from the structure of this gigantic mackerel which, in the North Sea, runs up to 1,000 lb. in weight.

If a submarine, which can move at eighteen knots on the surface, is limited to eight under water, we have yet a lesson to take from the tunny, the most beautifully streamlined fish in British waters.

With regard to freshwater fish, Norman in his *History of Fishes* puts the "average rate of progress" of salmon at seven miles an hour and of pike from eight to ten miles an hour; which should be balm to those coarse fishers who have suffered the condescensions of salmon-catchers too long.

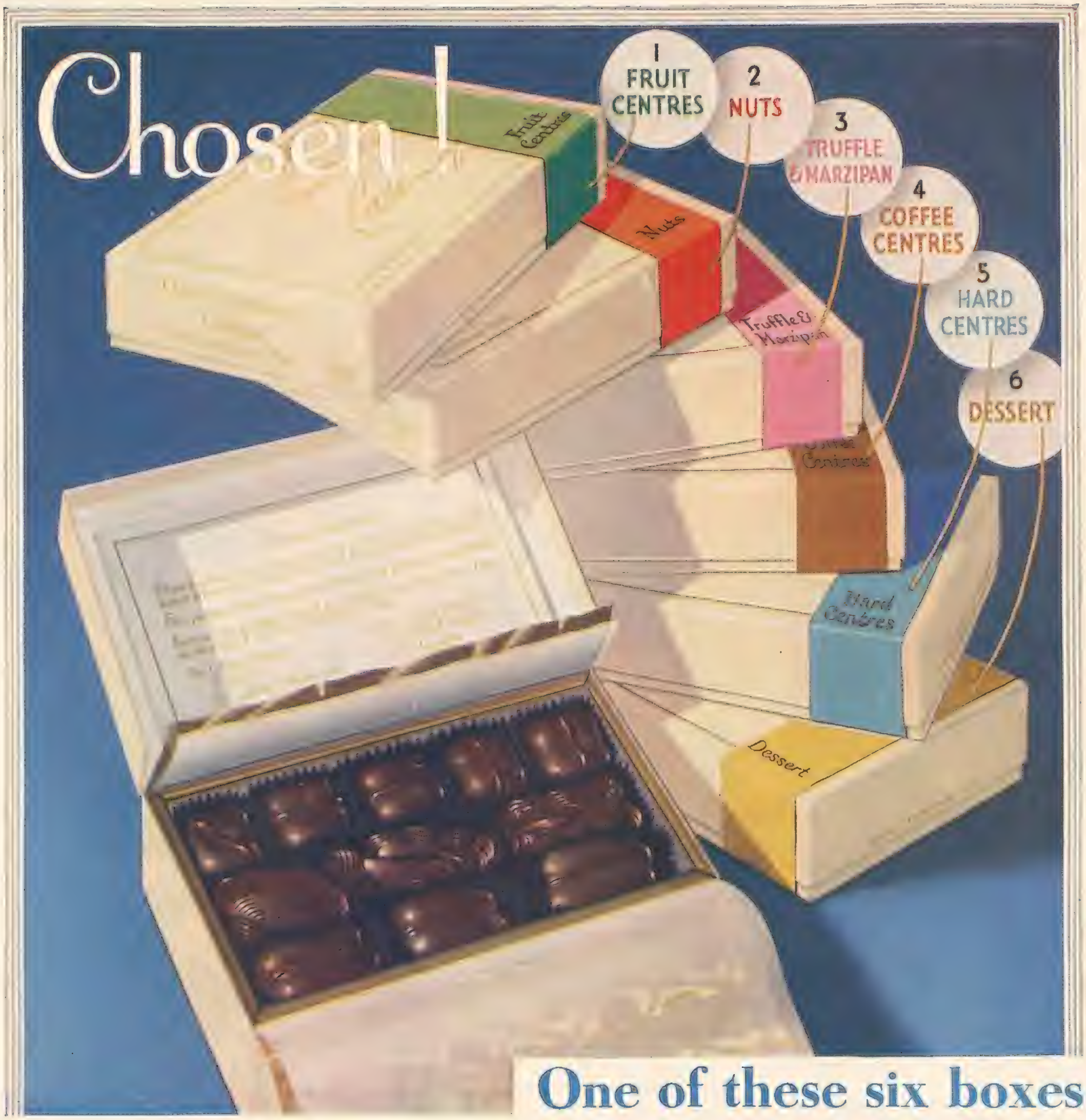
Mr. F. W. Frohawk, the well-known naturalist, writes to me, on this question of coarse fish: "I have seen pike, large roach and perch move at incredible speeds for short distances when clearing out of the way of a fishing cormorant in perfectly clear river water. I had to run hard along the bank even to keep the bird within sight, as a cormorant under water, although only using his feet (not his wings as well, like a razorbill), can travel at great speed. I have seen big roach and perch dart away so fast that their forms produced the appearance of electric streaks."

Mr. Frohawk's general conclusion is that pike under such circumstances of acute terror can move at probably fifteen miles an hour, possibly more, for a short distance. Other coarse fish, owing to their inferior "streamlining," are several miles slower, while the trout when scared does not, in all probability, exceed twelve miles an hour.

One of these days someone, probably Colonel Harding, will study fish speeds in a large glass tank with an efficient speed-recording apparatus. Then the naval architects will revive from that long sleep in which they have been enveloped since the Mauretania took the water over twenty years ago, and we shall be given a ship capable of a real advance in speed.

At present the super-modern Bremen is only a fraction faster than the aged Mauretania! Shipbuilding design has gone girlish over tennis courts, cocktail bars, dance floors, swimming baths and modernistic state rooms; while other nations capture our seaborne trade—and the fish are waiting with the answer to the whole problem.

END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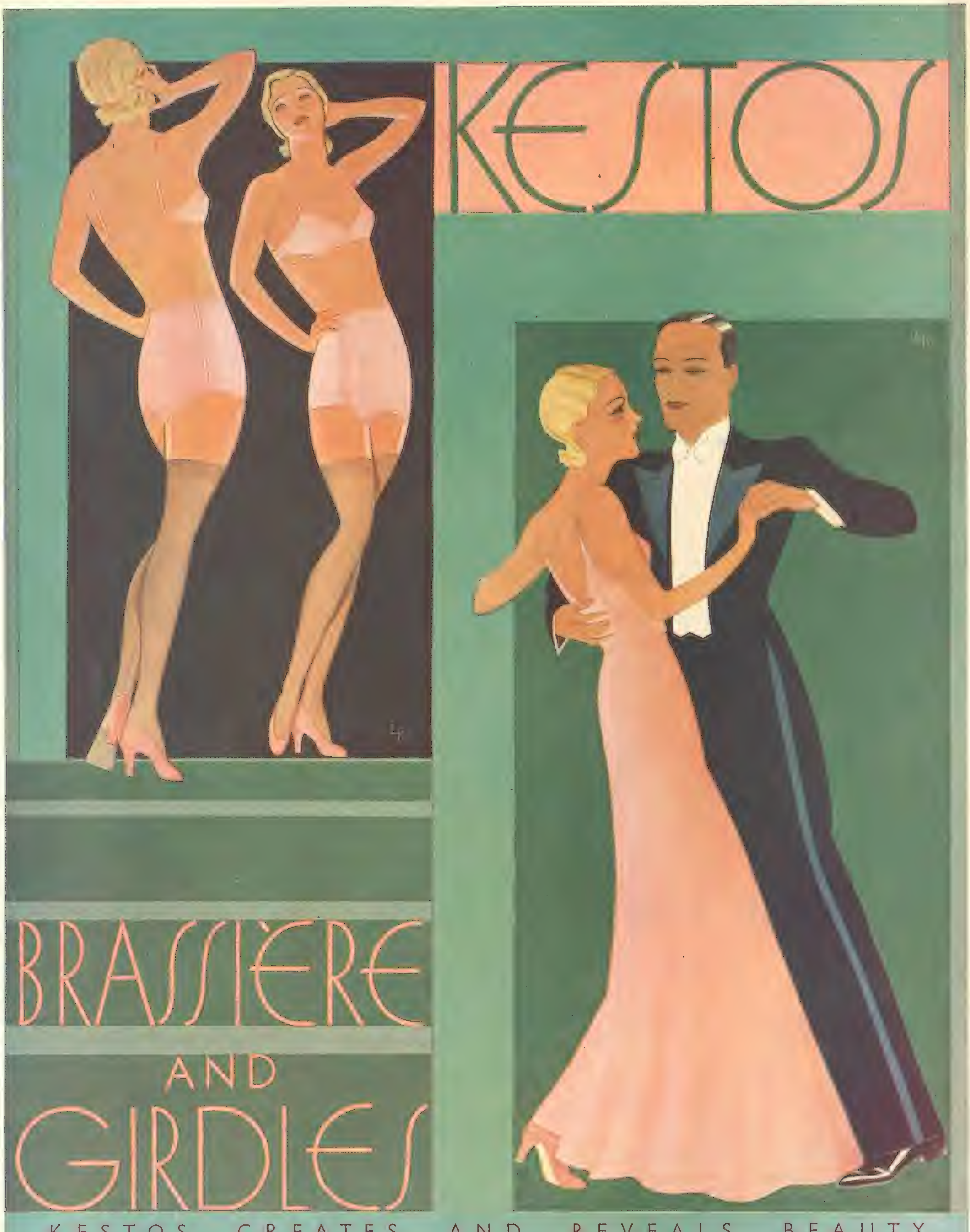

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Crime Over Europe

(*Continued from page* 33)

The boy—what shall he become ?

A good deal of the time, by surrounding adolescence with mental provocation which could easily be prohibited, our answer is—a criminal !

Despite its Schupos having been brought to 14,000, or one per 305 inhabitants, the German capital is relapsing into conditions which prevailed in the grim years of revolution and inflation, 1918–24. Nazi and Communist murders, a widespread feel of utter drift, and the misery of existence are mainly held responsible. In 1923 the Berlin police had to deal with 120 murders, 30,000 burglaries, and 160,000 cases of theft ! In the interim these figures have come down, but others have gone up. The advent of the so-called intellectual criminal—of education but down-and-out—has complicated matters, as, indeed, is the case everywhere on the Continent. This type of brain-worker has sent swindling and fraud charges soaring : that has been his (and her) contribution. Thinking out and staging original swindles of every conceivable kind. Thus, in Berlin, one learnt that there are now nudist swindles, while marriage-mongering abounds, as does defrauding in every sphere of social succour. Thousands of women and girls report marriage swindles every month, owing to the shortage of males.

The gaols are full of this new class of transgressor ; but a more sinister arrival is the nocturnal aggression youth, also of good upbringing. Youth has become savage more than criminal, slashing out regardless ; and the Berlin authorities are more worried by the technical efficiency of the bandits than by their number.

Under film and syndicalist influence, our young friends have formed themselves into regular secret companies or bunds. Monthly subscriptions are paid, and this money goes to meet protection against the police and in aiding prison escape. Funerals are also paid for, and when difficulties surge between rival bodies, negotiations lead to other expenditure. Berlin's bandits even have exchange marts where all sorts of " hands " offer their services. This special underworld, modelled on Chicago, could not have prospered in Berlin, say the police, but for copious film and other publicity prodding. It now remains to break up the vicious rings which have spread to other towns.

NOW turn to Copenhagen. In 1919 there was a murder in Copenhagen when I was there, and the fact filled the newspapers, for there hadn't been a murder in Copenhagen for years. Shocked wasn't the word. Alas, in the dozen years since, and during which span the population has risen by only 10 per cent. to 600,000, crime has shot up by over 60 per cent. And there are now twelve murders a year—though several are infanticides. But the most significant feature is this : fraud and swindling led to nearly 5,000 prosecutions last year, and the majority of the accused were in the twenties and thirties. The crime of the " intellectual " once again.

Next door, in Oslo, Kreuger confidence has led to an increase in prisoners from the middle class, while drunkenness in this semi-prohibition land populates prisons which might otherwise go largely empty. The Norwegian coast is a great smuggling attraction, second only to Rum Runners' Row. Vast cargoes of spirits are shoved ashore in isolated fjords, to be passed into several adjacent countries. How far smuggling can be called crime is open to question; but without doubt one form of it, the dope traffic, is at the bottom of much crime inflation, steadying the nerve and giving daring which would otherwise be absent. A year ago I pointed out in these pages that the traffic in heroin (*not* cocaine) was most serious and might reach England. The suggestion was promptly denied. Well, you see what has happened since. I remain in touch with people who know the facts, and the danger is greater than ever it was. Moreover, it is rot seeking to cope with it by reforming the coastguard service as of yore. This Europe is set for smuggling as never in the past, smuggling of everything compressible and worth the game ; but the secret trade in extracts of the poppy, chiefly morphine and heroin, is a direct instigator of wholesale tragedy and crime, and therefore in a category by itself.

IN the United Kingdom apparently 42 per cent. of serious crime is now attributable to the war-babies or their slight seniors, to the youths and to (a proportion of) their pillion friends who have been deprived of a start in life. (How one should start the young at all costs !) We know what has happened. Murders remain stationary, at slightly over the century per annum ; but fraud and money crimes generally have doubled in a few years ; and the motor bandits and smash-and-grab men have come to town.

I shall pass on by observing that arming the police promotes a vicious circle. Every second man is armed in France, " in potential self-defence," and the result is a frequency of gun and knife play unknown elsewhere in Europe. How many crimes would never be committed in la belle France if only that weapon had not lain ready to the touch in the excitement, or the absinthe, of the moment ! No. Once again, it seems that the thing for bandits, as for their dope friends, is *whacking sentences*. And less of the hero-worship on screen and in print : perhaps it isn't open hero-worship, but the inciting effect is not much less.

In Greater Paris the same number of murders occur in a year as in the United Kingdom. Indubitably, blood, running, red blood, is the stain in France, and it does not lessen. It is easy to attribute a good deal of the inter-slaying to foreigners generally, but the figures indicate that few of France's 4,000,000 foreigners kill except Slavs and Italians. (One Englishman has killed since the War and he died mad in prison two months later.) Most of the native murder is indulged in by those ex-apaches now known as *ces gens du milieu*. Each week one may open three or four sanguinary sheets and read all about their antics, learn all about them, duly glorified. And, of course, one may purchase the weapon rather more easily than *charcuteric* on market day. Only about twenty murderers mount the guillotine each year. It is estimated that 1,500 murders are committed annually, but this figure includes infanticides.

Burglary in Paris is on the up-grade, having reached the record of 6,700 arrests in 1931. In the same year the police claim to have seized 15,000 lb. of stupefying drugs. Drunkenness is said to have decreased, thanks to the cinema. Finally, a police report points out that 5,200 *filles soumises* have still to be looked after, the same figure as in 1913. And yet one had thought to have left a deal of that State-controlled vice behind !

THE chief form of banditry in France is the nocturnal aggression, either leaping from a car or following up on the pavement. The dramatic chases of the London streets are not reproduced, nor are the bandits of the more educated class—at least, not yet, but the crisis is younger in France than in most lands.

Can it be so that the Swiss are the most murderous people in Europe ? One finds it hard to believe, and yet here are figures indicating that 115 murders are committed, on an average, each year in the yodelling Republic of barely four million souls. As many murders as in all teeming Britain ! And yet the Swiss police do look so efficient each time one goes peacemaking in their direction : they seem to have everything tabulated. A notable world-crisis collapse of honesty is also signalled from this land of Tell. But this is common to all Europe. Take Sweden. Sweden was another land, like Denmark, with which one never associated serious crime. Now, much is changed. Swedes are fairly scratching one another in the Kreuger morass. They want names upon names, want to know everyone who benefited, by however little, that he or she may disgorge. In the result, journalists, politicians, actresses, society leaders, " *tout* Stockholm," live in terror of the Syndic descending upon them and inviting them to hand over what Ivar gave. Scandinavian purity has taken a grievous knock, and already the sequel is appearing in a massive fraud list.

Helsingfors shows up as a scathing indictment of Prohibition. In this small capital alone, no fewer than 50 murders were committed last year, and as many known cases of child suppression—contagion come from the neighbouring Soviet. Early this year, arrests for drunkenness were being made at the rate of over 3,000 a month. In burglaries, attacks, and money crimes the story is little better—or wasn't until Prohibition was abolished. Yet the evil done lingers on. What with Russian proximity and America's " noble experiment," Finland offers a sinister enough figure in the present picture, considering her size.

The Austrian capital has soared to dizzy heights in crimes against property and probity. The police have shot up by a third, to over 7,000 for Vienna alone, but so have the " scientific " criminals, no fewer than 1,000 of whom were arrested last year, chiefly of the middle or educated class. Swindling and all forms of fraud have been brought to a fine art on the Danube. Vienna has the brilliant criminologist, Bruno Scholtz, for Police Chief, and his tale is as eloquent as can be touching the real origin of the present crime wave over Europe. When things were unbearable in Austria, in 1923, the police had to occupy themselves with no fewer than 33,000 arrests. Then Europe intervened and the number fell to 22,000. We came to Austria's aid again, and the total fell to 15,000. Ever since 1929, since Wall Street signalled the world crisis, the crime indicator has not ceased to rise and rise again. It is now above what it used to be at its worst, nine years ago. Fortunately, Vienna does not murder much—about a dozen times a year—but when it does, the crimes can be pretty dreadful. On the other hand, forgery and smuggling alike abound, the Danube city having become a cross-roads for ne'er-do-wells. Herr Scholtz, who keeps a marvellous museum where everybody's brain and origin and psychology are docketed, says that the under-twenty-fives do not commit crimes from want, but to gratify whims and vanity. He went through 200 cases, youths and girls, and only one could plead want.

As the Duce will not have anyone enquiring into what goes on in his land (criminally), and as Russia remains a closed question mark, and is so different anyway, we reach the end of our tour. Findings can be summed up as follows :—

> Crime wave over Europe is due in the first case to the world slump, and would contract if things got better.
>
> Crime increase general, and mainly affecting the middle and educated classes over monetary offences.
>
> Banditry is not common to all capitals, but the drift of the young towards crime is widespread.
>
> The dope traffic and excessive publicity are both grave matters regarding which something could be done.
>
> Sentences for crimes of violence and for dope peddling should be much heavier.
>
> A general collapse of honesty has occurred due to hard (after money-for-nothing) times.
>
> The crimes of the Fascists and the Nazis and Communists, following on the War, have influenced the general violence.
>
> The carrying of arms is much too lightly looked upon.
>
> The police have too much of their time taken up with non-criminal work others could attend to.
>
> The general public could certainly help by making matters less easy for criminals.

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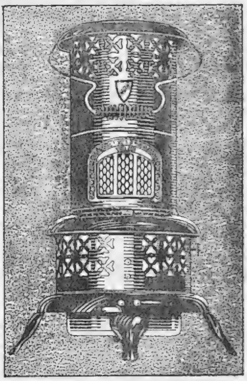

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Russia shakes her Wings

(*Continued from page* 17)

enthusiasm for the air say, "We will soon have 3,000 aeroplanes."

What is said to be Russia's new aircraft programme for twelve months calls for 914 military machines to be added to the army and navy. Other figures place the total at 960—that is, 80 a month.

Only 68 machines on the programme are scheduled to be ordered from abroad, the remainder listed to be of Russian manufacture. It may be taken as indicative of the status of motor construction in Russia that 514 of the planes on the programme call for foreign motors, British and Italian.

There are also six small semi-rigid airships of the "Italia" type to be built. These are being constructed under the supervision of General Nobile, of North Pole fame, who has been in Moscow for some months. Another item is 16 observation balloons for military purposes.

Interesting items are 80 land planes, two-seater, dual-control training ships, and 18 seaplane trainers; 68 naval scouts; 112 infantry attack planes; 120 land scouts, with Liberty motors and a range of 560 miles.

Still more important on this purported programme are 342 single-seater pursuit and fighting planes with Bristol-Jupiter motors, a speed of 170 miles, a range of 330 miles.

New bombing squadrons called for are 12 two-engined torpedo carriers, four-seaters, with an armament of two pairs of twin machine-guns and one torpedo of 650 kilogrammes—that is, 1,430 lbs. Sixty-three heavy seaplane bombers, part of the number tri-motored, the remainder the new four-engined Junkers low-wing all-metal type. Both categories to have five machine-guns (two twins and one single). In addition 80 giant four-engined land bombers are on the programme. Both the naval and land bombers each are to have two machine-gun turrets on top, and a turret underneath that can be lowered like an elevator, against attack from below, but drawn up inside the plane to remove the additional wind resistance when not in action.

The specifications of the land bombers call for a carrying capacity of a load of 4,800 kilogrammes, or just over five tons, a top speed of 150 miles, and a range of 900 miles.

The four-engined naval bombers carry a somewhat smaller load, and are to have a range of a little over 700 miles. The claim is put forth that when 12 of these turreted bombers fly in formation every angle of attack is covered by their guns and quick-firers, and that their fire would smother attacks by single-seater fighters.

The Red Air Force has few, if any, machines which approach the fast American pursuit planes or the British Interceptor class, in speed or manœuvrability. In fact, many of the planes in use would be considered as too slow for the American or British air fleets. The Russians, however, point out that their frontiers call for long-range flying from their bases rather than extreme fast speed and short range, which is practicable for air-defence in England, because of the short distances.

Just as the former Junkers aircraft plant at Fili is the foundation of the rapidly growing Russian aircraft industry, so foreign instruction, chiefly German, can be said to be the basis in organisation, methods and tactics of Russia's young but already formidable air fleet.

At Lipezk, a small city of about 30,000, approximately 270 miles south-east of Moscow, is the special aerodrome where Germans teach and train. It is the post-graduate military flying school and training field, where Russian flying officers and non-commissioned officers until recently were detailed for advanced instruction in piloting, observation, single-fighting, machine-gunnery, bomb-dropping, tactics and formation manœuvres.

Training in the Red Air Force is rigorous, severe—one might

(*Continued on page* 112)

something really smart in small cars — the Austin Ten-Four Saloon. My wife was delighted with it. She liked its lines straight away. The green leather upholstery took her fancy, and then she was particularly struck by the handiness of everything. From the driver's seat she could slide the sunshine roof backwards and forwards quite easily, even while driving. And I noticed, myself, that the gear-lever was placed just right for her . . . . Of course, I had my attention drawn to a very convenient parcel compartment in front, handy for a morning's shopping! It's extraordinarily roomy altogether, that car. No cramping anywhere with four up, and no bumping your head when you get in and out . . . . I tried it on the road — the garage people were most obliging — got up to 57 easily, and at about forty-five it simply glides — for as long as you like . . . . Springing's wonderful. Handling? Why, it's the best behaved car I know — you can place it just where you want it. And it's only £168, with a tax of £10 . . . . They had that light Twelve-Four there, too, at £178 — that's a new model like the Ten-Four, only bigger. You know — just that little extra room all round. Yes, I must say I liked them both very much — low priced, absolutely practical, yet thoroughly smart as well.

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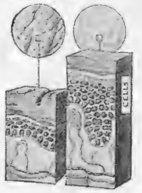

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call it ruthless. Aerial warfare is a young military science, if science you want to term it. The Russians had comparatively little experience in the air during the world war, as most air fighting was on the Western front. The Russians, therefore, have not even that short tradition in the air to help them.

Perhaps in no other air force are flyers compelled to spend so many hours a day in the air. Lessons are drilled into the minds and experience gained, through a routine which is a grind. Five and six hours flying daily when the weather permits is the usual thing.

The Red Air Fleet is, I believe, the only air force that does not provide parachutes; in fact, forbids their use in the regulations.

"Stick to your ship and bring it down" is the tradition that is being inculcated. Without a "chute" you have no choice.

Whether this rule has been made because there was a tendency to bale out and abandon the ship at the least sign of difficulty, which meant the aircraft's destruction, whether the high price of £60 and upwards for parachutes had any bearing, or if the aim is to create an air fleet that will be indifferent to death, I do not pretend to answer.

The Red flying officer's personal kit or flying clothes would probably cause a smile in some of the Western air forces. Particularly that he will not separate himself from his automatic revolver, which he keeps buckled on. I know of no other air force where pilots or observers in peacetime have pistols on their hip while flying.

Another feature that at first strikes one as strange and impresses as warlike is the wearing in the Red Air Force of the regular "Trotzky" army helmet, with its suggestion of a spike on top, and red Soviet star on forehead, instead of the usual flyer's helmet. The lack of an adequate supply of the latter is probably the answer.

Until very recently there were almost none of the one-piece leather combination flyers' suits that are the rule in some of the Western air forces. The Red flying officer usually has a snappy leather coat to just below his knees, his feet and legs, if it is cold or he is going up high, in long felt boots that come halfway to his hips.

Throttles, bomb-levers, gadgets, machine-gun triggers, all are made very large so that they can readily be grasped and handled when the hands are encased in thick gloves or mittens.

The Red Air Force flies in colder weather and in more months of bitter cold than any other air force in the world. The climate brings that with it.

A foreign flying-instructor and test-pilot related the following experience. He had been ordered to make an altitude test with a new machine. When the altitude indicator registered 21,000 feet he looked at the thermometer. It showed 60 degrees below zero. He reached for the oxygen tube, to take a whiff of oxygen. He did not notice that the rubber tube had a metal ring. His tongue came in contact with the ring, and instantly froze to it. In vain he tried to get his tongue free. The saliva in his mouth only served to freeze his tongue to the ring more solidly. He suffered agony.

With his tongue frozen to that tube, he brought his plane down and landed it safely. A big patch of the surface of his tongue had come off. For two weeks he had to eat through a tube that carried his food in liquid form directly into his throat.

There is much that is lacking in the Red Air Force in the way of the latest and fastest British and American military planes, in aero engines, in flying instruments, in personal equipment kits, in trained and skilled mechanics. One thing it does have—the pride, the dash, the spirit of the martial men of the air the world over. And, in the last analysis, it is the spirit in an air force that makes it formidable.

"Give Russia a few more years and it will surprise the world in the air," declared an aviation authority just back from Moscow.

END

Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea

(*Continued from page* 23)

and a party numbering nearly sixty left in the longboat, which had been cut in two and lengthened some twelve feet so as to accommodate as many men as possible.

The boat was leaky and dangerously overloaded, even had the seas been smooth, and in the winter weather of those latitudes she was in constant peril of being swamped. Food was so scarce that men died of actual famine, and those who were willing to sell a part of their scanty ration of flour and stinking seal meat could do so for its weight in money. Divided counsels among the leaders added to the troubles of the expedition, and a difference of opinion on a point of navigation resulted in the boat returning to the entrance of the Straits, after struggling eastward for a fortnight, when a few hours more would have proved that she was in the right channel. But at last the open sea was gained and, holding steadily northward, the survivors, after suffering incredible privations, found themselves once more among their fellow-men.

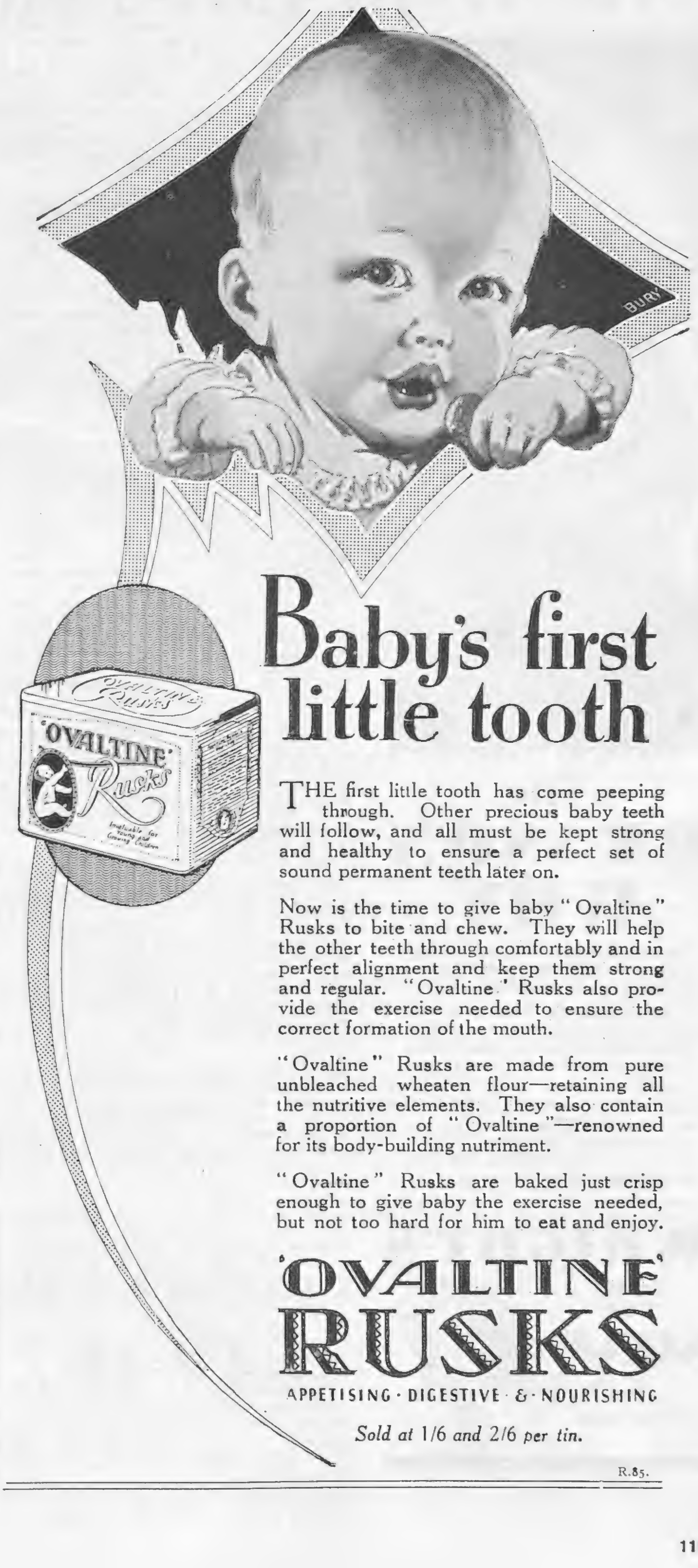
The party left behind on Wager Island in the meantime were striving to make westing against the prevailing winds and the westerly drift in the barge and yawl, unseaworthy craft patched up from the wreckage of the ship. For two months they struggled on, sometimes battling with seas which "ran all in heaps like the Race of Portland," sometimes lying on their oars all night in the great swell which came tumbling in on the rocky and inhospitable shore. Now and then they landed and spent the night shivering in the lee of a rock. Once they came to an island where lofty redwood trees grew and there were berries for the gathering; and such a haven of refuge did even this bleak place seem to the poor sea-weary sailormen that some of them begged to be left to end their days there. The smaller boat—the yawl—was capsized by a great wave, and though all her crew but one were saved, it was impossible to take them all into the overfull barge. So four marines—old fighting men broke in England's wars, who had been dug out of Chelsea Hospital to accompany the expedition—were chosen to stay ashore. There is perhaps no more moving picture in all history than that of these poor nameless castaways who, standing on that savage and desolate shore which had nothing to offer them but a forgotten grave, yet had the heart to raise a cheer as their shipmates sailed away and left them, and send across the water a shout of "God bless the King!"

The barge held on until she reached a cape which it seemed so hopeless to try to weather that she abandoned the attempt and returned; and it was in the canoes of some friendly Indians—primitive craft made of logs fastened together with strips of hide, which could be taken to pieces and "portaged" over the headlands—that the few survivors also regained civilisation.

There is a fine adventurous flavour about the exploit of that noisy, quarrelsome, yet withal valiant old sea Falstaff of Queen Anne's day, Captain George Shelvocke. Tact was not Shelvocke's trump card. Indeed, he had as great a gift for putting men's backs up as "Breadfruit" Bligh himself. But there must have been a kind of rugged force about him; for, having no mind to spend the rest of his days marooned with his mutinous crew on Alexander Selkirk's island, he drove, bullied, bribed and cajoled his malcontent ship's company into building a vessel of sorts in which to get over to the mainland.

The boat, called the *Recovery*, of 20 tons burthen, was built of wood cut down on the island, and some wreckage from the *Speedwell*, and she was a crazy enough tub in all conscience for forty men and four or five live pigs to embark in on that ocean misnamed Pacific. They had with them two thousand salted eels, some seal oil, and a frying pan, and they laid on the eels all night and fried them all day. Four days after leaving

(*Continued on page* 114)


BURY
OVALTINE Rusks
'OVALTINE' Rusks
Invaluable for Young and Growing Children

Baby's first little tooth

THE first little tooth has come peeping through. Other precious baby teeth will follow, and all must be kept strong and healthy to ensure a perfect set of sound permanent teeth later on.

Now is the time to give baby "Ovaltine" Rusks to bite and chew. They will help the other teeth through comfortably and in perfect alignment and keep them strong and regular. "Ovaltine" Rusks also provide the exercise needed to ensure the correct formation of the mouth.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are made from pure unbleached wheaten flour—retaining all the nutritive elements. They also contain a proportion of "Ovaltine"—renowned for its body-building nutriment.

"Ovaltine" Rusks are baked just crisp enough to give baby the exercise needed, but not too hard for him to eat and enjoy.

'OVALTINE'
RUSKS

APPETISING · DIGESTIVE · & · NOURISHING

Sold at 1/6 and 2/6 per tin.

R.85.

The
REASON
WHY

Do you buy soap to protect your beauty, or to protect your health? WRIGHT'S DOES BOTH.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap is so mild and gentle; it can be used with perfect safety on babies' tender skins. *That* proves it can guard your complexion.

But doctors recommend Wright's for an entirely different reason. It protects against infection . . . . kills germs . . . . helps to keep you well. So use WRIGHT'S. For both health *and* beauty.

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

6d. per tablet
British Made

SAPO CARBONIS
WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP
DETERGENS

the island they sighted a large armed vessel. Made bold by desperation they gave chase, but were beaten off with some loss. However, the builders' enterprise was soon rewarded, for, after having raided Iquique, where they got some welcome loot in the way of food to vary the monotony of their eel diet, they took a ship of two hundred tons with a valuable cargo, and so bade goodbye to the little *Recovery* which had served them so well.

But an even stranger Odyssey was that in which certain convicts from Botany Bay were the chief actors.

A former West Country smuggler named Bryant, who had married a woman convict and had two children by her, evolved a plan for escaping with his family and seven other men to the Dutch Indies. The most important requisite, the boat, was fairly easy to come by, for, food being very scarce in the settlement, Bryant's fishing experience had been turned to account to eke out the scanty supplies. A Dutch merchant captain provided the runaways with a quadrant and a compass, and having got together a little food, they set out on March 8th, 1791, on their desperate venture—just how desperate a glance at the charts of their route, sown with reefs and islands as from a giant pepper castor, will suffice to show.

God, we are told, watches over fools, drunken men and little children. Perhaps the presence in the boat of little Emmanuel and Charlotte Bryant was the deciding factor that brought them safely to the end of their journey. However that may be, the whole party reached Timor without casualty after having been sixty-nine days at sea.

But their new-won liberty did not long endure. They had passed themselves off as castaways, but the truth somehow leaked out, and they were duly handed over to the captain of H.M.S. *Pandora*, who happened to be in those waters searching for the *Bounty* mutineers.

Much as scientific discovery has done to lessen the perils of the sea, it still remains for the small boat voyager much the same element, terrifying, inscrutable and immense, that it must have been to the first man who embarked upon it in fire-hollowed log or skin canoe, a fact which this narrative taken from recent sea history goes a long way to prove.

One winter's day in 1912 the lighthouse keeper at the northernmost outpost on the windy Falklands sighted a ship's boat which proved to contain twelve survivors of the Liverpool sailing vessel *Criccieth Castle*. She had been abandoned in heavy weather just east of the Horn, homeward bound with guano from the Lobos Islands. The mate and eight men in the dinghy were never heard of again; the rest of the ship's company—eighteen in all, including the captain's wife and seven-year-old son—were in the lifeboat. The icy weather and tremendous seas of the high south latitudes are bad enough in a staunch and seaworthy vessel, and in a small open boat, continually swept by the frozen seas, the men soon began to succumb to their sufferings. Two days after abandoning ship three of the *Criccieth Castle's* cosmopolitan crowd died, a Jap, a Finn and a Frenchman, their clothes being stripped off before they were thrown overboard to provide some extra covering for the living. The next to go were an Englishman and a German, and a sixth, a Welshman.

They had been seven days in the boat when they reached an outlier of the Falkland group, a barren island where they landed and lit a fire, and melted snow to drink, for their water was getting low. But there was no food to be found, so they dragged their stiff bodies into the boat again, only to be driven out to sea by a fresh gale.

But they weathered the storm successfully, and at last came in sight of the lighthouse. At Port Stanley they were carried ashore to hospital, so terribly frostbitten that their boots and clothing had to be cut away from their mortified flesh. Two died in hospital, but the rest, including the captain's great-hearted wife and her little boy, recovered and were sent home to England.

ECONOMY!

MAGGI'S SOUPS
Celery
FOR 3 PLATES 2d.
TRADE MARK
CROSS-STAR

—OF TIME
MONEY and LABOUR

No waste, nothing left over. Three large platesful of Real Rich Soup for **2d.**! All by simply adding water and cooking for a brief period—stock and salt are in each tablet.

MAGGI'S SOUPS

bring smiles to the dinner table. And think of the variety you get—a change each day for a fortnight!

Mushroom, Julienne, Oxtail, Scotch Broth, Cauliflower, Pea, Spring Vegetable, Pea and Bacon, Mulligatawny, Mockturtle, Lentil, Tomato, Green Pea, Celery.

FREE If you have not tried Maggi's Soups get them from your Grocer or Fill in and post coupon to-day!

Marber & Co., 1, Stanhope St.,
London, N.W.1.

Please send me free tablet of Maggi's........
....Soup. I enclose ½d. stamp to defray postage. (Please indicate distinctly variety required.)

Name ....
Address ....
.... B.E/3.

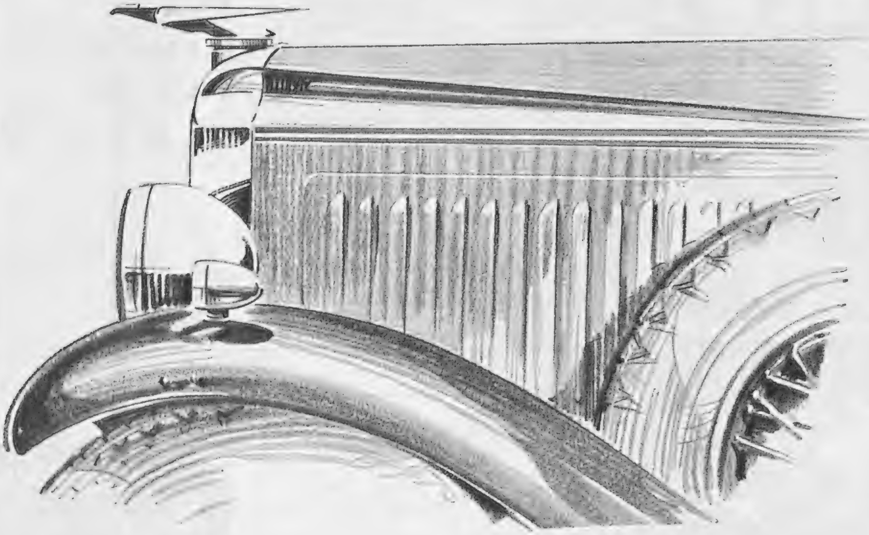
AN INTERESTING HAIR TEST.

Thin, scanty, straggling hair and bald patches are not always due to hair coming out by the roots. Make this test. Comb your hair, examine the loose hairs in the comb and if at the end you find a clean break—no sign of the little bulbous root—it is definite proof that the roots are still in the scalp and that your real trouble is brittle hair due to "starvation" of the roots through clogging dandruff.

This condition can easily be overcome by a little special attention. A good tonic brushed into the scalp will soon clear away all dandruff and nourish the roots so that the hair grows healthy, strong and lustrous.

In connection with the above suggestion there is a hair tonic which has been found amazingly effective in dissolving away dandruff, penetrating the scalp and stimulating the hair roots, thus revitalising and rejuvenating the hair. This preparation, known as Lavona Hair Tonic, is sold by chemists at 2/3, under the Manufacturer's money-back guarantee.

It just *makes* you drive well



THERE is no question of "mastering" the Vauxhall Cadet. It conspires to make you an expert driver. The Synchro-Mesh gears see to it that every gear-change, up or down, is faultless—you have only to push the lever across. The Silent Second makes it pleasant to *use* your gears properly. Steering, acceleration, braking, all respond to the merest indication of your wishes. At the end of a long drive you feel as fresh as your passengers.

And in the 1933 Cadet you have a notable advance in engine efficiency. Improved carburation gives smoother acceleration, sweeter performance, with more miles to the gallon. In appearance the Cadet is certainly one of the most aristocratic cars on the road, with its improved body lines and its distinctive flutes, now finished in gleaming chromium.

Ask for a trial run, or write for catalogue to Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9.

NOTE THESE 1933 FEATURES:

PERFORMANCE. Synchro-Mesh, Silent Second, smoother acceleration, more miles to the gallon, soft yet decisive braking, effortless steering, improved choke giving easier starting.

COMFORT AND CONVENIENCE. Luxurious upholstery in softest leather, smoother springing, improved shock absorbers, larger petrol tank, improved anti-glare sloping windscreen, anti-dazzle dipping headlights, dual electric screen wiper, larger tyres, smaller wheels, more leg room, central folding arm rests on the saloons.

STYLE. Dull chromium radiator guard, lower body lines, eddy-free roof front, chromium flutes and lamps, more massive bumpers, new luggage grid which stows away neatly.

4-door Saloon, with flush-type weatherproof sliding roof, £295. Grosvenor Saloon De Luxe, £325. Tickford All-weather Saloon, £335. Fixed-head Coupé (2- or 4-light), £295. Romney 2-seater Drop-head Coupé, £325. Denton 4-seater Drop-head Coupé, £335. — All prices ex Works.

Complete range of models on view at 174-182 Great Portland Street, London, W.1

SYNCHRO MESH
FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

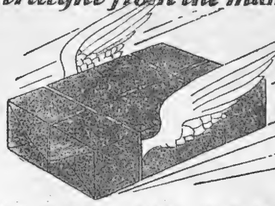
Take a trial run in the 1933

VAUXHALL CADET

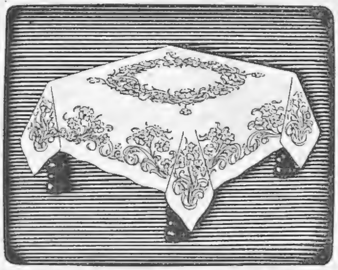
THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

Ulster LINENS

straight from the makers



AT BARGAIN PRICE WITHOUT WAITING



IRISH LINEN TABLE DAMASK

our own manufacture and specially made to give lasting wear. These Cloths and Napkins for the remarkably low price are of outstanding value. In two designs, floral or ornamental.

LINEN TABLE CLOTHS, Size about 2 by 2 yards. EACH **9/6**

LINEN TABLE NAPKINS TO MATCH. Size about 22 by 22 inches. PER DOZEN **10/6**

WHITE PURE LINEN suitable for making up Pillow and Bolster cases, etc. Made in our own factory. 40 in. wide. Per yard **1/7**

TEA OR GLASS CLOTHS All linen, woven lettering in red or blue. Size 22 by 32 in. 6 for **3/9**

IRISH LINEN SHEETS

Strong and heavy, fully bleached, made in our own factory. The very best value on the market to-day. Hemmed.

Single Bed 2 by 3 yd. per pair **16/9**

Double Bed 2¼ by 3 yd. per pair **22/9**

IRISH LINEN PILLOW CASES

to match, with hand-made soft linen buttons, 20 by 30 in.

Hemmed, each **1/6** Hemstitched, each **2/9**

Money refunded if goods not approved.

Carriage and C.O.D. Fees paid on orders of 20/- upwards in U.K. Foreign Postage extra.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD BELFAST NORTHERN IRELAND

SEND THIS COUPON

To ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd., Belfast.

Please send Patterns and your LATEST LINEN CATALOGUE Post Free.

NAME......................................

ADDRESS......................................

"B.E."......................................

Books

(*Continued from page 73*)

insignificant. Mr. Hanley commands some very heavy artillery. His story of adolescent dock labourers is as sincere and compelling and terrible as it well could be, and readers will find it as moving as it is appalling. Moreover, they will never, I think, suspect Mr. Hanley of exaggeration. Both his beauty and his squalor have a truthful look—and heaven knows we are given opportunity enough to see them face to face. Some people will feel physically ill when reading this book; but more people, I hope, will be filled with awe and wonder at the complexities of the soul of man. It is not in every sense, let us admit, that the howitzer is superior to the fencer. Mr. Hanley is at times thwarted by technical difficulties that would be solved with ease by novelists who have not a tenth part of his humanity and power. The end of his novel, for example, fails to be touching and succeeds in being slightly ridiculous. But the strength of the author far transcends his weaknesses. It is seldom that one reads a novel that has been written because everything in the writer was forcing him to write.

Books Specially Recommended

The World as in My Time. Memoirs of Sir Henry Newbolt. Faber and Faber. 18s.

The Red Flag. The story of the greatest revolutionary movements in the history of the world, by F. Britten Austin. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.

Frontiers, by Sir George Dunbar, Bt. A view of the three frontiers which troops of the Empire have to guard. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd. 16s.

The Real Romanovs by Gleb Botkin. Putnam. 10s. 6d.

The Sleepwalkers, by Hermann Broch. Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. Martin Secker. 10s.

Lovable Beasts, by Harper Cory. Ivor Nicholson and Watson, Ltd. 12s. 6d.

Discovery, by John Drinkwater. Benn. 10s. 6d.

Hounds and Dogs. The Care, Training and Working for Hunting, Shooting, Coursing, Hawking and Police Purposes. Edited by A. Croxton Smith. Seeley, Service and Co. 15s.

The Dog's Medical Dictionary (revised edition), by A. J. Sewell, M.R.C.V.S. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

Days and Ways of a Scottish Angler, by Henry Lamond. Philip Allan and Co., Ltd. 12s. 6d.

A Knitted Cap and Gloves

(*Continued from page 80*)

Crocheted Gauntlet

No. 12 bone hook long treble.

1st row.—1 long treble into every alternate stit. of cast on stit., using brown wool.

2nd row.—1 double crochet between every long stit. (in orange wool).

Continue this two rows twice more, then finish with a treble row (in brown wool).

2nd and 3rd rows of long treble must be worked into the back stit. of previous rows.

THE DINING TABLE GLORIFIED

When you light these Nell Gwynn candles, the dining-table becomes transformed. The glow of candle-light is answered by the gleam of silver, and the colour of the flowers is repeated in the colour of the candles themselves. Not only at night, but in the daylight hours, their vivid beauty will lend distinction to your decorative schemes. What company could fail to be gracious and gay in an atmosphere of such charm!

FIELD'S Nell Gwynn CANDLES

Nell Gwynn candles are made in 36 different colours and 10 sizes. They are solid dyed—not merely surface tinted—and they burn steadily without smoke or odour.

GIFT BOX containing Four 14 in. Candles and Four Candlesticks to match (as illustrated) costs only 5/-.

FREE: An interesting booklet on candles for lighting and decoration, illustrated in full colours, will be sent, post free on request to J. C. & J. Field, Ltd., Dept. T. 2, London, S.E.1.

EST. 1642 IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I

LADY MARY PAKENHAM

of enchanting Irish beauty . . .

CHOOSES THIS SIMPLE METHOD OF SKIN-CARE

ENTRANCINGLY beautiful and blonde is this sister of the Earl of Longford—Lady Mary Pakenham . . . Irresistibly attractive, too — with the charm that tells of a long line of Irish ancestors. But no mere camera can show the spun-gold of her hair, or the delicate colouring of her satin-smooth complexion.

Lovely Lady Mary has found a simple, practical way to guard the flower-like freshness of her skin. "I've found that Pond's method of skin-care is better than all the complicated and lengthy beauty treatments in the world," she told us. "Pond's keeps my skin in marvellously good condition — and it's so awfully simple to use."

You can keep your own skin radiantly clear and fresh this way:

TO CLEANSE the skin, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck every night and always after exposure to rain and wind. Let the gentle oils sink deep into the pores and float the dirt to the surface. Wipe off with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, super-absorbent — and then dab on Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone up the skin and close the pores.

TO PROTECT your skin and give it a velvety finish, smooth on a thin film of fragrant Pond's Vanishing Cream. It keeps the skin from coarsening and is the perfect powder-base. You can buy Pond's preparations at all chemists, stores and hairdressers.

POND'S COLD CREAM: In jars, 1/3, 2/6 and 5/-. In tubes, 6d, 1/- and 2/6

POND'S VANISHING CREAM: In jars, 1/3 and 2/6. In tubes, 6d and 1/-

POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES: 6d and 1/3

POND'S SKIN FRESHENER: 1/-, 2/6 and 4/-

POND'S Tissues
Softer
POND'S CLEANSING TISSUES
POND'S
POND'S
POND'S
POND'S SKIN FRESHENER

* * *

For sample tubes of both Creams, send 2d in stamps, in a sealed envelope, to:

Dept. BR8, POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY
Perivale, Greenford, Middlesex

Name..

Address..

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"He said...

I looked CHEAP"

"TOM didn't mean to hurt me, but he couldn't help saying what he thought . . . and that's how I learned there's *one* thing even a loving husband won't forgive . . . . a cheap, painted look!"

No woman wants to repulse men in this way. Yet you may—without even knowing it! Ordinary lipsticks can so easily look overdone!

Don't risk your good looks! Never use ordinary lipsticks again. From now on, *Tangee* your lips!

Tangee can't possibly make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a marvellous new discovery that changes on your lips to the one colour most becoming to *you!* It brings new beauty to your make-up.

And Tangee is waterproof—permanent. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips—guards against chapping and caking.

Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted, Either!

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee changes on the lips. It gives the colour most becoming to you.

When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK & ROUGE

Trial sizes of Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact and Powder, are obtainable everywhere at 6d. each.

Sole Trade Distributors:
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8, Gerrard Street, London, W. 1

TANGEE
BRITISH MADE
LUFT TANGEE LTD., LONDON

The Mould *of* Form

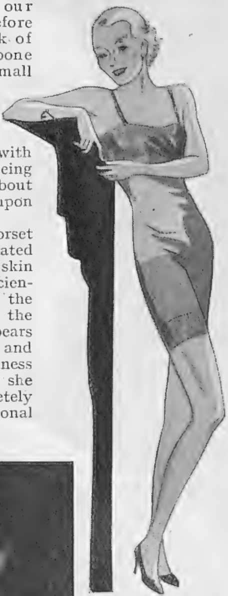
MEMORIES of the miseries our grandmothers endured rise before our mind's eye when we think of corsets—high, curved whalebone corsets, in which even the bodies of small children were encased, to ensure that when they grew into women their figures would have assumed the correct malformation the fashion of those times dictated. . . . Then we sigh with satisfaction to think of our fortune in being born into a period which is sane about clothes, and whose women insist upon keeping their bodies healthy.

Typical of our age is the Charnaux corset belt, light as a feather, made of a perforated fabric called Anotex, which aerates the skin and allows the pores to breathe while scientifically controlling the muscles of the stomach. Enviable is the figure of the woman who wears one; not a wrinkle appears to spoil the beauty of her waist-line, and she may put on the skin-fitting smartness without fearing that it will be noticed she carries a corset under her gown. Completely in accordance with the modern professional woman's ideas of strict cleanliness, this girdle may be washed with soap and a sponge every time it is taken off, and dried in a few seconds with a towel, without in any way injuring it.

We modern women of an energetic life need a brassière that supports the bust without compressing it, but obviates a flabby chest, yet offers no restriction to the free movement of the most strenuous sportswoman. Charnaux have designed a companion bust-bodice which is so well-fitting that the photograph deceives us into believing that a perfect one-piece has been created, so neatly does the brassière fit over the belt. It is made of the same Anotex perforated fabric as the corset, but has lace inserts over the breasts.

Vanity and fashion insist that our figures shall be streamlined, but how is that to fit in with an English winter? Kindly Providence elected that wool should come to our rescue. The new Slendered One-piece created by Wolsey of Leicester, and made in wool and silk-and-wool, fulfils the requirements exactly. To keep the body healthy through free transpiration all parts of the skin must have access to air, and this Wolsey ensure us by the particular weave of their underwear. Washing will not impair either the texture of the wool or the excellent shape of the garment, which utilises ribbed sections in order to cling closely to the figure. With an opera-top giving freedom to the shoulders, these models are moulded to the body and prove the ideal foundation to a lovely dress, such as those wonderful creations of Paquin, Lelong or Chantal, all of whom recognise the Wolsey Slendered One-piece as the perfect under-garment with which to face the rawest English winter.

MADE in a delicate ivory shade, the Charnaux belt costs from two and a half to three and a half guineas, and the separate brassière one and three quarter guineas



THIS winter fashionable women are demanding the Slendered One-piece by Wolsey in wool and silk-and-wool, lightweight from 6/11, *winter-weight from* 8/11; *in Slender, Women's or Outsize*

Let "RANEE" *read your character from your* Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting: (2) your name and address in full: (3) the day and month of your birth: (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*. In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

A Summer and Winter Resort

Bournemouth, a City of Health and Pleasure

WINTER sunshine. The Pine Walk, Bournemouth

WHILST the attractions in and around Bournemouth are so remarkably varied, there can be no question that one of the town's greatest assets is its magnificent sea-front.

From the summit of the cliffs the whole sweep of the bay—some twelve miles in extent—presents itself as a delightfully complete picture. Along the top of the cliffs the Overcliff Drive extends for five miles, affording a splendid outlook across the bay. The hotels and residences along the cliff stand in their own grounds, amidst a wealth of foliage, and there is no disfigurement by shops or otherwise.

Whilst the æsthetic charm of the sea-front is so pleasing, its attractiveness in other ways is no less outstanding. For bathing it would indeed be difficult to imagine a beach more inviting. The cliffs afford shelter for some two thousand four hundred bungalows, tents and cubicles. The slope of the beach is gentle and the sands are free from shingle.

Bournemouth is fortunate in the possession of nearly a thousand acres of parks and gardens, and ample provision has been made for various forms of sport and recreation. There are three excellent golf courses adjacent to the town and seven others within a radius of ten miles. Several packs of hounds meet in the neighbourhood, including Lord Portman's, the New Forest, and the South Dorset Foxhounds.

Bournemouth has long been famed for its musical reputation and its "Wonder Pavilion," opened in 1929 by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, contains within one complete whole a concert hall, a combined ballroom and tea lounge, three splendid restaurants and buffets. The Municipal Orchestra is under the direction of Sir Dan Godfrey, F.R.C.M., Hon. R.A.M., and concerts by this world-famous orchestra are held all the year round.

In the choice of a winter resort, either for a holiday or for residence over a period, two considerations are of primary importance—the assurance of an equable climate and a variety of interests. Bournemouth is able to fulfil these essentials to an outstanding degree.

BOURNEMOUTH. A view of the Bay from Durley Chine

EKING OUT AN EXISTENCE

There died the other day an old gentleman who had £1,400 on which he drew interest, amounting to something less than £5 a month. He had not been ill and there was no obvious clue to the cause of death; eventually it was put down as due to slow starvation. He was not a miser but feared to draw on his principal for living expenses lest he should live too long. Round the corner was the office of a life assurance company. That company would have taken the £1,400 and have provided the old gentleman with a certain income to keep him in comfort for the rest of his days.

A MAN AGED 65
WHO INVESTS
£1444
IN A PRUDENTIAL ANNUITY
WILL RECEIVE
£144 A YEAR
(£12 A MONTH)
FOR THE REST OF
HIS LIFE

Why not enquire, without any obligation, what income you can secure for a lump sum payment?

To

The PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE Co. Ltd.
Holborn Bars, London, E.C.1

I can invest £ Please inform me what life income this would secure me.

Exact date of birth

NAME
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS

B.E. 11.32 P.P.269

TOILET COMMONSENSE
The New Lady's
TOILET GUIDE
(of 96 pages)
By PHILIP H. MASON, Ph.C.
Author of "Face Massage," "The Hair," etc.

—explains every phase of the Modern Toilet in practical terms and shows with photographic plates how successful results are to be obtained.

A COPY
will be sent upon application GRATIS and POST FREE

More than 50 Home Methods with BRITISH preparations:—

How to Manicure the Fingers.
—to obtain a Clear Smooth Skin.
—to protect the Complexion out of doors.
—to perform the Toilet for the Evening.
—to use a cleansing cream effectively.
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Her Infinite Variety

(*Continued from page 57*)

bush-path, Nwa Udaw Uko tried not to lose touch with her predecessor. Mysteriously, eerily, a drum was thudding. This was the season of the women's "play," which the men might not see—not the great Ekoi mystery, which in the long ago the men had stolen from the women and thenceforward usurped authority over them—but the lesser Ebere "play" which was still theirs. They were going to make secret worship to Eka Abassi—"Mother of God"—"She who dwells on the other side of the wall"—whose real name was never to be mentioned and haply was not known—"Bestower of Fertility"—who was called also Abassi Isu Ma, "Goddess of the Face of Love," or, since the word Ma meant equally Love or Motherhood, "Goddess of the Face of the Mother." It was a very dread mystery. Nwa Udaw Uko, a wedded wife since six moons and still plump from the pre-matrimonial fatting-house, thrilled with the awe of it.

She knew the prayers she was going to make. That she might safely bring forth a man-child, and not twins to render her accursed, shamefully driven out to the exile of a "twin-village." That her husband who was "visiting" another woman might be constrained to marry her and bring her home as a second wife for her own greater glory; it was intolerable that Adiaha should enjoy her husband's presents and escape a wife's work; if her prayers failed she would have to go to a witch-woman and make a death-magic. Also that her husband Udaw Nka Nta should not find out that she had a lover.

Most of the women in that long file were praying the same things. Presently they would dance around a great fire and, unrecognisable in a hideous mask that covered all her body, she who impersonated Eka Ekkpo—"Mother of Ghosts and Devils"—would hand them writhing serpents to wave aloft in symbol of their domination over Man, the enemy.

SHE was no longer Mary Robinson, but Mrs. James Smith. She was alone in their little apartment. Furnished on the instalment plan. High up in a huge new block of such. It was late. Past eight o'clock. The dinner she had cooked was keeping hot in the electric-oven.

He had said he might be late. These past few weeks he was often detained late at the office. Was that true? She imagined him loitering, talking to some other girl. That was torture. She loved him. That first love of their courtship—she remembered the first time they had gone out together, had seen Anita Montez at the pictures—had been but play to this, a mimic emotion. She loved him now with a fierce possessiveness. No one should take him from her. It was because she suffered these jealousies that sometimes she nagged at him. She had nagged this morning. He had answered with bitter words. Attack and retort had been repeating themselves in her all day. He ought to make allowances for her—particularly now—in her condition.

Strange how people altered the moment they were married. Jimmy as a husband was altogether different. She herself was just the same, of course—or was she not? But he had certainly changed, almost from one day to the next. Often he would sit moodily silent, strained and short-tempered—and then again he could not adore her enough, would be ridiculous in that excess. Always his real self was beyond her reach, hardly to be guessed at. It was awful, sometimes, to look at him and see him as a complete stranger. Were all married couples like that? But he was her man. Her man. And she would hold him. Hold him. In the first months of their married life, when they had gone out on parties, she had seen him light up for some perfectly ordinary girl he had never met before, chatter to her as if with a secret relief. He did not know that he did it, would deny it afterwards. And then he would

(*Continued on page 122*)

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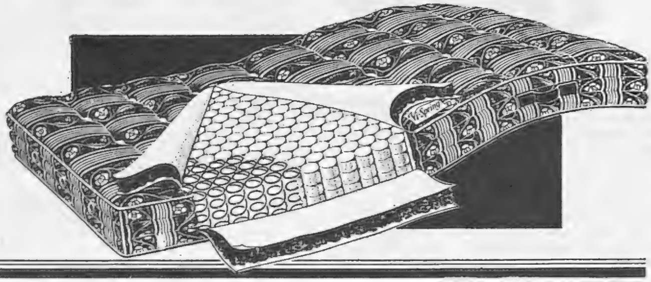

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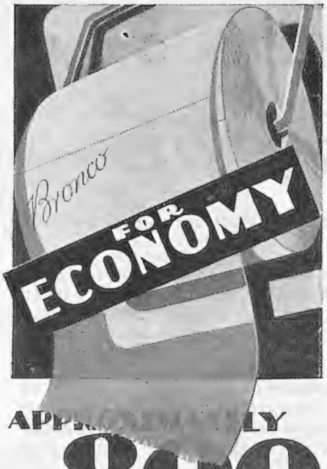

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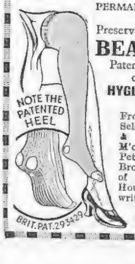

enfold her tightly, vehement, ardent, swearing that she was the only woman in the world for him, till their quarrel dissolved in an esctasy of bliss. It was extraordinary how difficult men were to manage—and yet sometimes how easy.

Instead of sitting here alone, she ought to have gone round to her friend Betty Cartwright for the evening. Let Jimmy come home when he would, and eat his dinner by himself. Once Jack Cartwright, Betty's husband, had pushed her into a corner and kissed her. She had fought him off, virtuously. But she had said nothing to Jimmy about it. Jimmy would have half killed him. Did Jimmy do that kind of thing when he got the chance? What was he doing now? Suppose one night he never came home at all?

Ah! Her heart leaped. There he was! His key in the lock, the door slammed behind him. He came into the room, grim and tired-looking. Had he been brooding all day? He gave her a kiss that was a peck.

They ate their simple meal almost in silence, spoke in scarcely more than monosyllables. Her heart was heavy as lead.

The meal was finished. As she cleared away, she began silently, uncontrollably to cry, the tears rolling down her cheeks. She made no effort to check them. Let him see. Let him see how miserable he made her.

He did see. In an instant he was beside her, his arm around her, utterly transformed, tender, solicitous.

"What's the matter, honey? Don't cry! Don't cry!—I can't bear to see you cry!"

She shook her head speechlessly, let the tears fall. He became abjectly insistent in his pleading, holding her fondly while she wept. "Tell me, honey! What is it? What is it?"

"Oh, Jimmy, I love you so—and I'm so unhappy! So unhappy!"

"My darling! I'm so sorry—so sorry! It was all my fault this morning. I'm terribly sorry I spoke unkindly."

It had been her fault that morning. But this was victory. He was again her slave.

"You do really love me, Jimmy?"

He crushed her to him. "Darling, you are the only woman in the world!"

SIR JOCELYN SPRAGUE, Secretary of State for Home Affairs, bowed politely to the deputation of ladies withdrawing from his Ministerial presence. He was a youngish man, not yet fifty, cynically clever under a round-faced amiability that was fictitiously guileless. He preserved his attitude of dignity until the last of his visitors had disappeared behind the door closed deferentially by his private secretary. Then he cast himself into the chair at his massive eighteenth-century desk.

"Ouf!" he said. "Confound 'em! Does it ever occur to you, Stapylton, that to-day we live in a civilisation run exclusively by and for women?"

His private secretary, immaculately aristocratic in morning coat and buttonhole, shrugged his shoulders as he returned to him.

"I don't know, sir. Women haven't swamped Parliament as the Suffragettes expected. There's never more than a handful of 'em."

"Quite. That's because of women's natural jealousy of each other. They just can't bring themselves to vote for a candidate of their own sex. But nevertheless there are nearly two million more female voters than male. And we have to do precisely what they want. They have all the privileges of power, and none of the responsibilities. Gad! Stapylton, one day I'll write a bright little thesis on it. A Democracy, if complete, must inevitably become a Gyneocracy." Sir Jocelyn had the gift of making a speech on any subject at a moment's notice, and enjoyed it. "In a highly policed civilisation like ours, women not only tend to outnumber men—they are exempt from all the dangerous trades and more and more monopolise the

(*Continued on page* 124)

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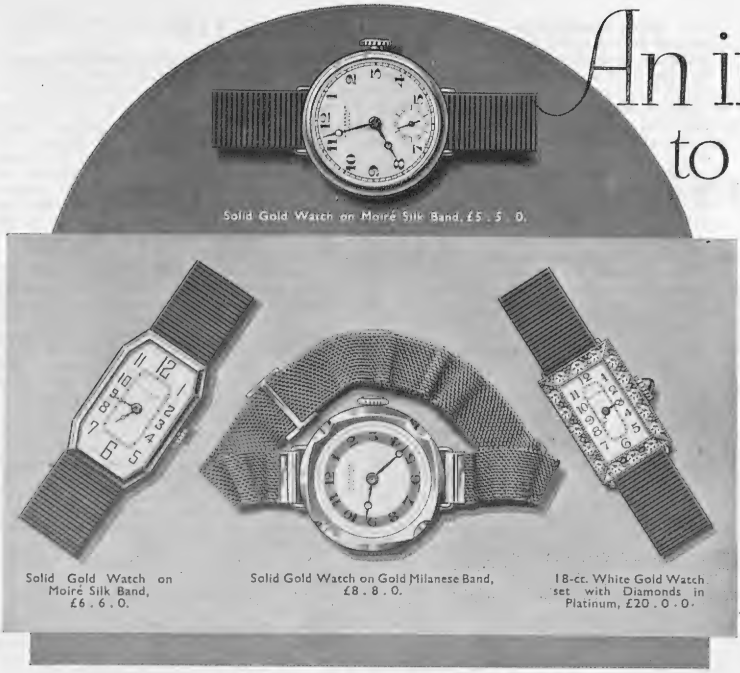

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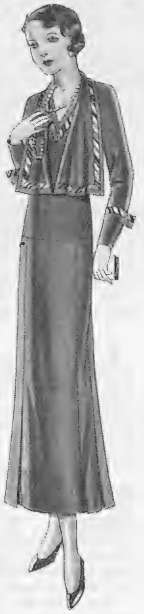

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easy parasitic ones—they assume a greater relative importance. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are sweating blood for some woman or other, instead of her working for him as in the good old times. Give her a vote, and her vote has exactly the same value as his—although he may have to fight and die for his country, and she won't—unless she gets in the way of a bomb. But women instinctively don't like fighting. Men are too useful to them to be allowed to kill each other off, if they can help it. Also they are actually or potentially mothers. 'I didn't raise my son to be a soldier!' They are the guardians of the human race and they naturally want to coddle it. Hence the League of Nations. Hence the continually accumulated swaddling-clothes of legislative interference with the rights of the individual—particularly the male individual—to do as he likes. To buy a drink, for example, whenever he might happen to want one. State Socialism, and we're all State Socialists to-day whatever our label, is nothing but Nursery writ large. The feminine instinct is always 'Run and see what Johnny is doing and tell him he mustn't!'"

Stapylton smiled.

"What are you going to do about it, sir?"

Sir Jocelyn lifted his shoulders and lit a cigarette.

"Nothing. What can any of us do about it? I merely register the fact. It's the devil. It's more than that. It's dangerous. Every political party has had quite enough of coming up against organised female agitation. We've got to do as the good ladies tell us. Even when we know it's suicidal. If this Mothers' Pensions scheme is put through—and I shall have to press for it—it means not only that Tweedie can't have the aeroplanes he's clamouring for. It means that the scheduled Air Estimates will have to be reduced. The Budget must be balanced. The Prime Minister insists on it. The Army and the Navy have both been cut to the bone as it is. Social Services are sacrosanct—or the women will shriek—and vote against us next time!" He blew a puff of cigarette-smoke. "Well, well—let's hope there's nothing in all this war-stuff."

COMRADE ZYKOVA'S heart misgave her a little as, peering through the goggles of the mask it was so difficult to breathe in, she approached the gas-shed. Suppose after all the mask didn't keep the gas out? But it was wrong to have such qualms, cowardly—and she was a member of the Party, which was no place for cowards. From the days when she was a little girl pioneer, and afterwards when she was a Komsomol, she had learnt that it was the first duty of a Party-member fearlessly to lead the non-Party proletariat, to set them an example. And this gas-drill was urgently necessary. Everyone knew that the whole capitalist-bourgeois world was planning an attack on the U.S.S.R. Also, one day—and very soon—the emancipated proletariat of Russia would surge beyond the frontiers with irresistible might to assist the victoriously revolting proletariat of every other land. That meant the greatest of wars. It meant that everybody must become used to gas, so as not to panic when the time arrived. The lecturer had made that very clear. It was the duty of everyone to familiarise himself or herself—male comrades, and female comrades, they would fight side by side, in an abolition of bourgeois sex-prejudices—with the wearing of gas-masks. She turned and looked back at the file of girl comrades in her factory group, grotesque and unrecognisable in the snouted masks, who followed her with disciplined docility. Forward!

Phew! It wasn't nice for the first time. The swirling vapours in the shed dimmed her goggles. One breath of them was death. But the mask was efficient. She was safely out in the daylight again.

Still wearing the masks, they returned to rank themselves in the squad, picked up the rifles they had grounded. Then, masked, they drilled indefatigably to the shouts and whistles of the instructor, accustoming their lungs to work under this handicap. This was fine! It was thrilling to feel that they would be of real use in that inevitable war which would be the prelude to the final overthrow of the outside capitalist world.

At last, the drill finished. They could divest themselves of their masks, dismiss.

Comrade Pashka came up to her, swinging his gas-mask, his rifle slung over his shoulder. She didn't much like Pashka, a big slouching fellow, but he was a zealous Party-worker. He put an arm round her.

"What about coming out with me tonight, Comrade?" he said, familiarly.

She jerked away his arm.

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't want to."

"You're going out again with Nikolai?"

"What's that to do with you?"

"It's wrong for Party-workers to be so damn selective. It's against the principles of the Mass. You never go with me at all."

"I can't go with everybody. Don't you be so damn selective either. Don't pick on me. There's heaps of other girls glad enough to go out with a Party-man. One or another—what does it matter? All you want is sex." Her reply was completely matter-of-fact. They were entirely emancipated from those absurd shames about sex which were merely atavistic bourgeois taboos.

The December issue of Britannia and Eve will be the CHRISTMAS NUMBER with more stories, more articles and more pages in colour.

To make sure of your copy order it in advance from your newsagent—price 1/6.

"It does matter," he said. "It matters a whole heap. Listen, comrade—I can't help it—but I'm just crazy on you—you, and not any other girl comrade." He spoke in a confusion, half-defiant, half afraid of ridicule. "You may as well have it right out—I'm in love with you!"

She looked at him, and then burst out into laughter. A laughter that was healthily frank.

"Don't be absurd, comrade! You talk like a bourgeois. Love! There's no such thing as love. There's a biological attraction between two sexes. I guess I have one for you. But you don't want to let it become an obsession. That's what you're doing. Forget it, comrade." She looked at him with kinder eyes. "And if it'll help you—perhaps one day I'll go with you!"

"CATCH!" Herself entirely nude, she endeavoured to catch the ball thrown from one to another of the circle of men and women, all likewise primitively nude. They laughed, heartily, with the most complete naturalness, at her clumsy efforts, playing the game for the first time. She would never have believed that she could so quickly and so utterly have lost her embarrassment of an hour ago, have so utterly ceased to be shocked, lost all sense of personal shame. Now, unselfconscious, she was enjoying this novel, exhilarating freedom. It was no longer even daring. It was exactly as Lotte, who had at long last persuaded her to accompany her to this *Freilichtpark*, had predicted.

The game was over. Exhausted, she flung herself down in the sunshine, side by side with Lotte. On this lake shore, other couples were walking in stark nudity, were running after one another like children, were throwing javelins, were plunging into the water, were posing to be photographed by men and women equally nude. It was amazing how natural they all were.

A young man, deeply tanned from head to foot, threw himself prone beside them.

"How do you like it, Fräulein Müller?" he said, with politeness. "I am so glad Lotte persuaded you to come. I've been here a week now. This is the real thing." He stretched his arms luxuriously. "We do the best we can with artificial sunlight at the Koch Schule in Hamburg—but there's nothing like the open air. By the time you have been here a couple of days, you will wonder how you could ever wear clothes!" He laughed.

Her little involuntary shyness at his proximity was again over. She found that she could talk to him without embarrassment.

"I would never have believed I could have enjoyed it so much," she said. "It seems ridiculous now when I think how scared I was!" She thought, with a smile, how shocked—if they could but see her—would be the customers in the big department store where she and Lotte worked. But this was perfectly innocent. Idyllically innocent. Everybody was so remote from furtive curiosities, accepted everything so naturally.

He was an enthusiast.

"Our German *Nacktkultur* is a new evangel, Fräulein!" he exclaimed. "It will emancipate humanity as nothing has ever done before. Don't you feel it yourself? False shames, false taboos, all the old inhibitions that have made humanity unhappy for thousands of years, just drop away from one. It is release!—That's why the movement is spreading so. I was reading the other day that now there are at least three million nudists in Germany alone. And then there are the nudist clubs in Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria and even France! Think of that!—In another ten years, at this rate, it will be a matter of course for people to see each other naked. Even as it is, there are thousands of people who habitually strip off their clothes immediately they get home, whose entire households—father, mother, children, and servants if they have any—eat and work and play entirely nude. Nobody would have believed that ten years ago!—And when it becomes universal, every social value will change. It's the habit of wearing clothes that makes indecency. Perhaps in twenty years' time, a woman will be arrested for putting on a pair of stockings!" He laughed, boyishly.

She lay thoughtful. Good-bye to pretty frocks, to all the little artifices with which a woman makes herself attractive? There was a singular absence of allurement about these nude men and women, well-formed though some of them were. There was no mystery about them. One would fall in love here quite differently—if indeed one could fall in love at all. But she supposed one would——

SHE came out of her deep sleep with a bewilderment, she who had been Mary Robinson and was now Mrs. James Smith. Something immense had happened to her. Memory flooded back, in a great wave. There he was, the little darling! In the cot at the side of her bed. She called to the nurse. Wasn't it feeding time? It was. The precious morsel was put into her bed.

An immeasurable satisfaction pervaded her, through and through. A fulfilment of all herself. She had had a bad time, but that was over, not to be vividly recalled even by an effort. Nor did it matter now. *He* was safely there! Her baby! It was marvellous—almost miraculous. She had to look at it again to reassure herself it wasn't a dream.

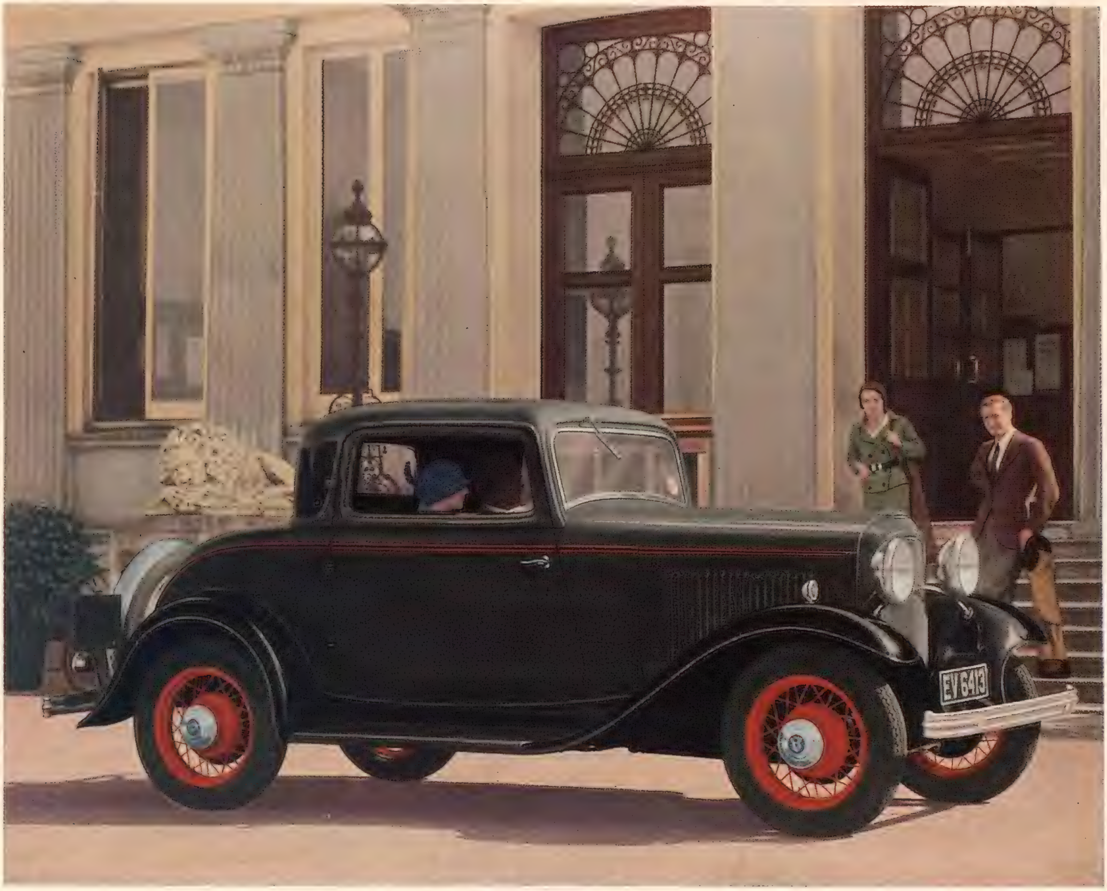
The nurse returned to her.

"Your husband has come to see you, Mrs. Smith."

Jimmy. That was odd. She had forgotten all about Jimmy. He had lost his importance. This now was his first visit, since the baby. She wondered if he had been anxious. Of course, he had been. Dear old Jimmy! And now he would be so proud. She hoped he wouldn't be jealous. There was never a baby in the world like hers. She must be careful not to let him see too much that it must come first, before everything else.

End

That Early Thrill Recaptured!



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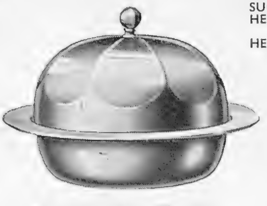

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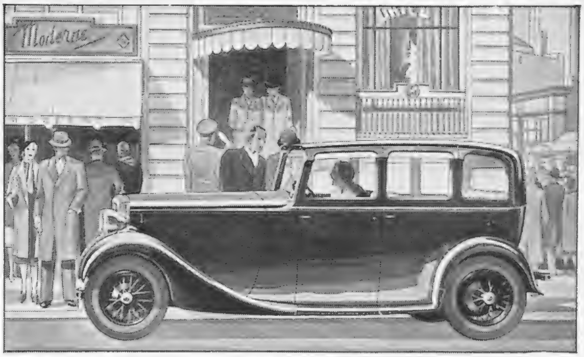

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The Children's SALON

AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

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For Girls, Boys and Grown-ups interested in Art, Literature, Needlework, Handicraft, etc.

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Conducted by "LEVANA"

COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, August 15th

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843. Hon. Mention: Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878; May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Ann Hannay, G.C.S. 5898; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4536; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to M. Joyce Lambert, G.C.S. 5769. Hon. Mention: S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5865; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784; E. Erith, G.C.S. 5913; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625.

Needlework Competition.—A Novelty. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4136.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Divided by Kitty Earp, M.C.S. 2816, and Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189. Hon. Mention: Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140.

Literature Competition.—A Short Poem. Prize 10s. M. R. Watson, M.C.S. 3040. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217; Eileen Molony, M.C.S. 3354; C. Greaves, M.C.S. 2839.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281. Hon. Mention: B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517; Norah Whittaker, A.C.S. 1444.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524.

Handicraft Competition

1st Prize 15s. Awarded to Pleasance Warren, G.C.S. 4949. 2nd Prize 7s. 6d. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Alida Wilton, A.C.S. 881; Grace Binyon, G.C.S. 5901; Isobel McClure, G.C.S. 5878.

Award of Prizes, September 1st

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Cretonne. Prize 10s. Awarded to I. McClure, G.C.S. 5878. Hon. Mention: Grace Binyon, G.C.S. 5901; Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806; C. Richens, G.C.S. 4465.

Literature Competition.—Letter for an Administrative Post. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573.

Needlework Competition.—Something in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578; Sybil Stallibrass. G.C.S. 5783; Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Study of Trees. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dorothy Guillaume, M.C.S. 3228. Hon. Mention: Pamela Searight, M.C.S. 3189.

Literature Competition.—Describe a Village called "King's Perryworth." Prize 10s. Divided between Arnold Parkin, M.C.S. 2791, and Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889. Hon. Mention: Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319; V. Forster-Brown, M.C.S. 3258; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150; Barbara Maile, M.C.S. 3359: Claribel Ireland. M.C.S. 3154.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Pencil Sketch of a House. Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan M. Gibling, A.C.S. 1536. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422; S. Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

Literature Competition.—A Day From My Holiday Diary. Prize 5s. Awarded to Olive Dockree, A.C.S. 1433. Hon. Mention: Joan Guillaume, A.C.S. 1436; Ursula Scott Morris, A.C.S. 1275.

Snapshot Competition

First Prize 10s. Theodora Fuller, G.C.S. 4998. Second Prize, 5s. Barbara Heaver, A.C.S. 1419. Hon. Mention: Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037; Olwen Lawton, M.C.S. 3060; Stella Bull, M.C.S. 3302; Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319; Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(November-December)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Still Life Study. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Portrait Sketch. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. Verses Suitable for a Christmas Card.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Anything in Colours. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. Anything in Wool.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Design for Calendar or Christmas Card. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. An Illustration to a Fairy Tale.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Short Story. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Paper on "What I Enjoy Most in Winter." No. III. Closing date, December 14th. Describe the Entrance and Appearance of a Character in a novel you would like to write.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. A Design for a Nursery Frieze.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 16th. A Lyric. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. Quotation in Verse or Prose Suitable for Inscription on a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, December 14th. Do-As-You-Like.

Open to All: Age taken specially into account

Snapshot Competition.—First Prize 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, December 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

NEWS OF THE MONTH

BEFORE November draws to a close you will be getting a letter from me, the burden of which most of you are familiar with at this time of year.

It's that Pantomime Fund again!

I know purses have seldom looked more thin and scraggy, and that if ever they do bulge for a minute it's only with copper; but in spite of this trying state of affairs we are going to make the venture, once more, of taking the little Cinderellas of the Salon for their usual January treat to the Pantomime.

It isn't easy, of course, to keep our subscriptions going in such times, but where anything for children is involved, a special effort does seem called for. Will you, therefore, when the letter comes along, once again let your kind hearts be drawn to the cause of a merry afternoon for some, otherwise, rather hapless little ones? I say rather hapless, but in these tragic days of no work very hapless would be far nearer the truth.

And talking of subscriptions, I want most heartily to thank the following for their deeply appreciated contributions to the Cinderellas' Holiday Fund:—

Beatrice Mackay, Lady Dunbar, Gwendoline and Ursula Moss, Mabel Sanders, Jessie Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Champion, Rena Recaldin, Amy G. Haydon, Jean Dewar, Mrs. Collinge, Christina Pattinson, G. M. Kaye, Hermione Inglis-Jones, Irene Petch, Anthony Hern, Sybil Stallibrass, Mary L. C. Roberts and Betty Metchim.

Competition Rules

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

Marjorie Griffiths, G.C.S. 5884, whose short story contributions in our Literature Competitions are distinctly promising

CORRESPONDENCE AND CRITICISMS

(*August* 15)

Brenda Milligan.—Lettering should always be legible, but especially for this type of thing. The design is first rate and technique very sound, but the colour scheme is a little drab for the purpose.

Veronica Price-Harris.—A gallant attempt at illustration, but remember a legend of this type is better served with a more conventional treatment. Still, excellent for your years.

B. Barker.—Big masses are well realised in their relation to the whole, but better drawing is essential. Don't press so heavily with your pencil and try for more significant variety in your outline. You should do well if you persevere.

Kathleen Whittaker.—The figure of the "thief" is well placed, but he hasn't quite enough character either in feature or gesture. For this type of work use a pure white and smooth-surfaced paper. Charming in conception.

Penelope Burra.—Some fine colour but poor composition. Probably it would have been better if the book had been lying on the table. The two upright objects rather kill each other.

Marjorie Naylor.—Subdue secondary lights a bit, get more warmth in reflexes and more daylight in hair, and quieten background, and this should come very well. Good work needing simplification and breadth.

Dahlia Anson.—Don't be too masterly in method; basic facts need absolute determination first. Strong sense of style.

Isobel McClure.—Congratulations on new prescription, capital colour and feeling for design, needing a little accentuation, but broad and extremely pleasant work.

Gwendolen E. M. Moss.—An admirably forcible colour impression, the pot needs volume, and contacts some adjustment, but, on the whole, excellent in choice and method.

May W. Harrison.—The convincing solidity of well-handled tempera, a bit too much glitter perhaps for repose, but in most ways excellent in tone, colour and atmosphere. You must revise some inconsistent foreshortened circles.

Ann Hannay.—First-rate feeling for broad, quiet light and delightful in colour. You might have made out the beads a bit; they are cheaper than the rest, and a key to the horizontal plane. Still, very sound work.

Joyce Bidder.—A touch of body colour has given a hard edge to the duster in your capital group; beautifully drawn and well finished. You should paint interiors very successfully.

Yvonne Earle.—A group one seems to have seen before. Very proficient in drawing, colour and handling. Every quality but freshness of subject. First rate in technical qualities.

Kitty Earp.—After seeing many brilliant flower pieces from your hand, it is delightful to find the same assured directness in a portrait lay-in, beautifully drawn and admirably begun. I shall hope to see this carried further. A splendid start. Many thanks for your interesting letter.

Pamela Searight.—An extremely spirited and artistic suggestion. The off hind, though photographically correct, hangs up the movement a bit. Your style and touch are charming.

Joan Hunton.—The daylight colour in your landscape is first rate, and the effect, as far as it is carried, good, though rather mosaic. There is something a little wrong in the gables. If you can finish, this should be very good. A way through, in composition, is desirable. The last line is weak, but the rest is full of promise.

Sybil Stallibrass.—Your own standard is so high that one is accustomed to a great deal from your clever fingers. I do not feel that this is quite so interesting as usual.

Amy G. Haydon.—One of your prettiest efforts, dainty alike in colouring and design. So many thanks.

Caroline Ord.—If repeated this might work out effectively enough, but a repeat should always be shown in a small sketch so that the design as a whole can be accurately judged.

(*Continued on page 128*)

The Children's Salon (*continued*)

Alida Wilton.—Both your entries reach a very good standard, but in the blotter the design is a trifle commonplace and for the size of the item a little too bold. Technically your work is decidedly strong.

Eileen Morony.—Not quite perfectly worked out, but an amusing and original idea. Every line has to score in an effort of this type. Still, very good, and it is clear you have a flair for this sort of thing.

Joan Wyatt.—There is better sound than sense in that arresting last line. I think it ought to go, however, or be twisted a bit, to escape criticism. In other respects a charming effort.

S. G. MacLeod.—You do these little sketches extremely well. Absolute familiarity with the subject creates interest at once—and of their type these papers could scarcely be better done.

Maud Schwabe.—If you can keep this breadth of treatment and yet carry things a little further, you should get a fine result. Some lovely colour, but weak in form.

Barbara Stallibrass.—Much better printing would have greatly helped the effect. Your usual effective handling is a bit missing in this effort, which might have been treated with the efficient finish of your flower studies.

Patricia Baldwin.—As this is designed for some type of coloured effect it would have been well to have washed in the scheme. The pattern is very capably thought out and it should work out well.

Ursula A. C. Moss.—Some nice free work and good colour, but the whole effect a little monotonous. The figure is admirably drawn, but projection is poor.

Kathleen Halsall.—If you had worked with a softer pencil on a better paper you would have had a charming result. In any case this is very well drawn, and except for a few uprights that are not quite vertical a sound and satisfying performance.

Alison Ackroyd.—A word has been omitted from the last line. The opening is the best part. The second half requires further attention. An excellent theme.

Eleanor Erith.—A charming little effort, the best thing of yours which I have yet seen. I should cut out lines seven to ten, also the fifteenth and sixteenth and the twenty-first and second. This type of thing must not be discursive. Very interesting and full of promise.

Jessie Wilkes.—If not quite so entertaining as some others in the series, it makes as much capital as the subject allows. You have a neat wit.

G. M. Kaye.—I can appreciate this to the full. The place had the same reactions for me in spite of an undercurrent of cynical belief concerning it all. You have rendered your work very entertainingly.

Olive Dwyer.—Description alone is scarcely enough to rely upon. Some definite idea needs to be distilled from it, otherwise the effect must inevitably remain too thin.

Doreen Reilly.—This begins well, but the thoughts are a bit contradictory. The point which might have been made, with very little extra effort, seems to have escaped you.

Norah Whittaker.—From the brows to the top of the head the space is a bit small, and the length from brows to base of nose is exaggerated in the other direction. Very dainty use of pencil.

Ruth Andrew.—Promising work. The last couplet does not read correctly, although what you desire to say is clear enough. Edit your work severely. You should do well presently.

Evangeline Weir.—Read the last paragraph again. Two consecutive sentences begin with "then," and "gathered" appears twice in one line. These are errors in style. The flower sketch is very well suggested. You have caught and recorded their colour and character extremely well.

Virginia Forster-Brown.—The quaint style of the last phrase isn't quite in keeping with the rest, but as a whole this is a most creditable performance, and one of the best things you have done. It would improve easily with a trifle extra effort.

Stephanie Weir.—A remarkably accurate study of a difficult subject. The centre is not quite realised, but a few carefully added accents would give all the necessary elucidation. Sound work.

Norman F. Bunker.—With a subject which is so dependent upon rhythm for effect it is, I think, a mistake to adopt so slow-footed a measure. Why not treat it as an exercise in onomatopœic effect ?

Peggy Dewsbury.—You have been at considerable pains, I can see, to make these so well, but a brighter scheme of colour would have increased the interest of your clever stitchery.

Peter Recaldin.—Although possibly not as skilful as it might be, this has splendidly solid and attractive virtues in design and style and I congratulate you on the general scheme. Another time endeavour to get better technique. Plenty of time is essential.

Mary Bremner.—This has a rather obscure tendency. The end is very good, but I feel you could lead up to it better, so that the effect of these three last lines is much heightened.

M. R. Watson.—A fresh point of view and neatly stated. I shall be interested to see more of your work.

Enrolment Form

Please enrol me as a { *Graduate* / *Member* / *Associate* } *of The Children's Salon Competition Circle*

(Strike out words which do not apply.)

Full name……………………………………………

Address……………………………………………

……………………………………………

Age, if under 20……………………

Cut out and post to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2, with P.O. for 6d., being the Annual Subscription to the Salon.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Barbara Heaver.—If you re-read this I feel certain you will want to recast the first verse, which has too much of the serio-comic about it to be in keeping with what follows.

C. S. Stamper.—Here you have seized on a fine theme, but your generalisations are not sufficiently well supported by the close reasoning one associates with a paper of this type. Still, interesting work.

Florence McCoy.—I should have thought the last verse might have been cast in a more hopeful mood, considering its argument. But then, of course, the title would not be right. Some overhauling of the basic idea seems necessary.

C. Greaves.—"Supplant" in the last line creates exactly the right idea very succinctly, but "wanton" and "unheeding" scarcely justify themselves, and the earlier part of this verse is rather clumsy. Otherwise the poem is above the average in interest if failing a little in technique.

Kathleen Greene.—Well told, but I should imagine the modern child might want something in a more up-to-date key. It is very important nowadays to be right up to the minute, as they say.

Anne Kavanagh.—This is better in its ideas than it is in expression ; the end of the first verse, for instance, is far too palpably there for the rhyme's sake alone, and the end of the seventh line fails to rhyme as it should with the fifth. The atmosphere, however, is cleverly conveyed.

Audrey Tresidder-Wills.—Well handled except that the plot is too impossible, and in addition is, I think, wrong in an important detail. Yvonne, if I remember rightly, is very fair. The still life study is truthful in a broad way and well drawn, but the colour is a bit dingy. Very clear unmixed paint is needed for these bright flowers.

Beatrice Long.—An excellent subject charmingly dealt with at the beginning and end. The reference to their useful side smacks too much of text book information. Your own reactions are much more interesting. Delighted to have both your letters.

Dora Malfatti.—Most interesting, but do away with the eighth and the last line; they are out of the picture, and unworthy of the rest.

Olwen Lawton.—The idea in the last line needs a verse to itself to be developed satisfactorily. All the rest is charming.

Claribel Ireland.—The first verse is the better one. The other is too packed with ideas, developed and undeveloped, and one gets a somewhat confused effect in consequence.

Gwendoline Bertelsman.—A good beginning, but the dénouement is weak. A pity, because much more might be made of it ; it is a situation which is quite worth while, even if a little crudely stated, so far.

Olive Dockree.—Although brightly done, the plot is scarcely worthy of all the trouble taken. Get a better skeleton before you attempt to work out another effort at such length.

Doris Seth-Smith.—A bit unequal, but with some charming moments. This would make a delightful "skit" ballet. It is a very good idea.

Dorothy Lake.—It is incorrect to use "one" and "you" or "I" in the same sentence, as you realise, of course, when pointed out. Otherwise an interesting and unusual little paper.

Pleasance Warren.—I admire this rug very much indeed. I have seldom seen a more satisfactory design and colouring. It is most cleverly arranged and worked.

Isobel McClure.—The shape is excellent, and the design beautifully arranged to harmonise. A most satisfactory effort in every way.

Zenobia H. Forster-Brown.—A subject such as this would be better treated at less close quarters. It hasn't sufficient interest by itself. Otherwise you have succeeded remarkably well ; colour is good, and treatment broad and satisfying. Your verse is sincere and expressive, but poor in technique. Study both old and modern masters carefully.

Rena Recaldin.—The ladder lacks the charm of treatment which elsewhere distinguishes this clever drawing. It is a bit reminiscent of other famous illustrations to the story, but that can scarcely be avoided. Fine pattern and design.

Betty Weir.—Excellent technique, but a bit pretty and too like a picture-postcard. This method would be satisfactory for poster work, but lacks actuality. It is a good record but not quite a truthful study.

Jessie Winwood.—Well drawn, but unless such a design is intended for a definite purpose there is not a great deal of point in giving up time and effort to an imaginary study of this sort. Better to work from life.

Clare Ackroyd.—There would be no harm in introducing the ice-cream man if he were one of several similar things noted, but to give him so much isolated prominence is a fault. Otherwise very good indeed.

Annie M. Waters.—This has ideas, but the expression of them is not on the technical level demanded by verse of this character. Still, excellent ambition.

Margaret Barrett.—Very pleasant pattern and the colour scheme well worked out. Without being particularly original this scores by reason of its suitability.

Patricia Hepburn.—The blank spaces are most interestingly arranged and there is some distinction in this design, all round. An attractive effort.

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SECOND SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post November 16th.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a Limerick beginning "There was a young lady of fashion."

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 16

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THIRD SERIES.

Entries for the following competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post November 30th.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short verse suitable for a Christmas card.

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 30

Results of 136th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Julia Binfield.

Hon. Mention: Eleanor Erith, "Merry Andrew," Isabel M. Smart, May Harrison, E. Molony, F. A. Edinborough, I. Latkey, Vera Staff, G. Pitt, G. R. Rowe, May Belben, E. G. Robins, M. Asher, B. Jones, M. Scott Morris, L. Strain, "M. R. A.," "J. A. B.," Alice Georgano, Louise Domville, A. M. Waters, Kenneth F. Solloway.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best imaginary news paragraph of about 200 words beginning "Last evening a balloon which appeared to be empty was ——"

Awarded to Alice Georgano

Hon. Mention: B. Maile, A. Waters, I. Smart, M. Scott Morris, F. A. Edinborough, E. G. Robins, Diana Cutbill, L. Strain.

Results of 137th Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Isabel M. Smart.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, Oliver C. Silbert, "Radio," "Una," M. Asher, D. Avril, "J. A. B.," E. G. Robins, Eleanor Erith, G. M. Hudson, K. F. Solloway, G. M. Whitcombe, B. Jones, I. Lathey, E. Heaver, Vera Staff, "C. A. P.," M. W. Harrison, F. A. Edinborough.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best short poem to the title "Harvest Moon."

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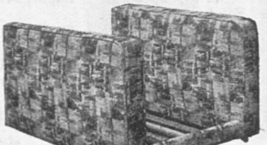

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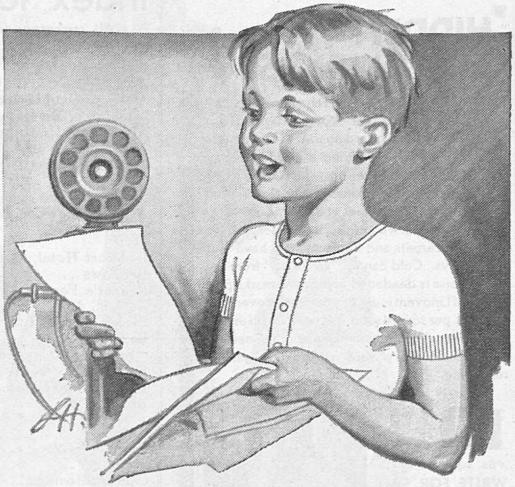

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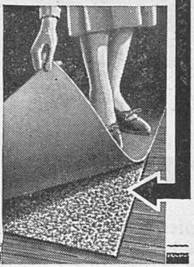

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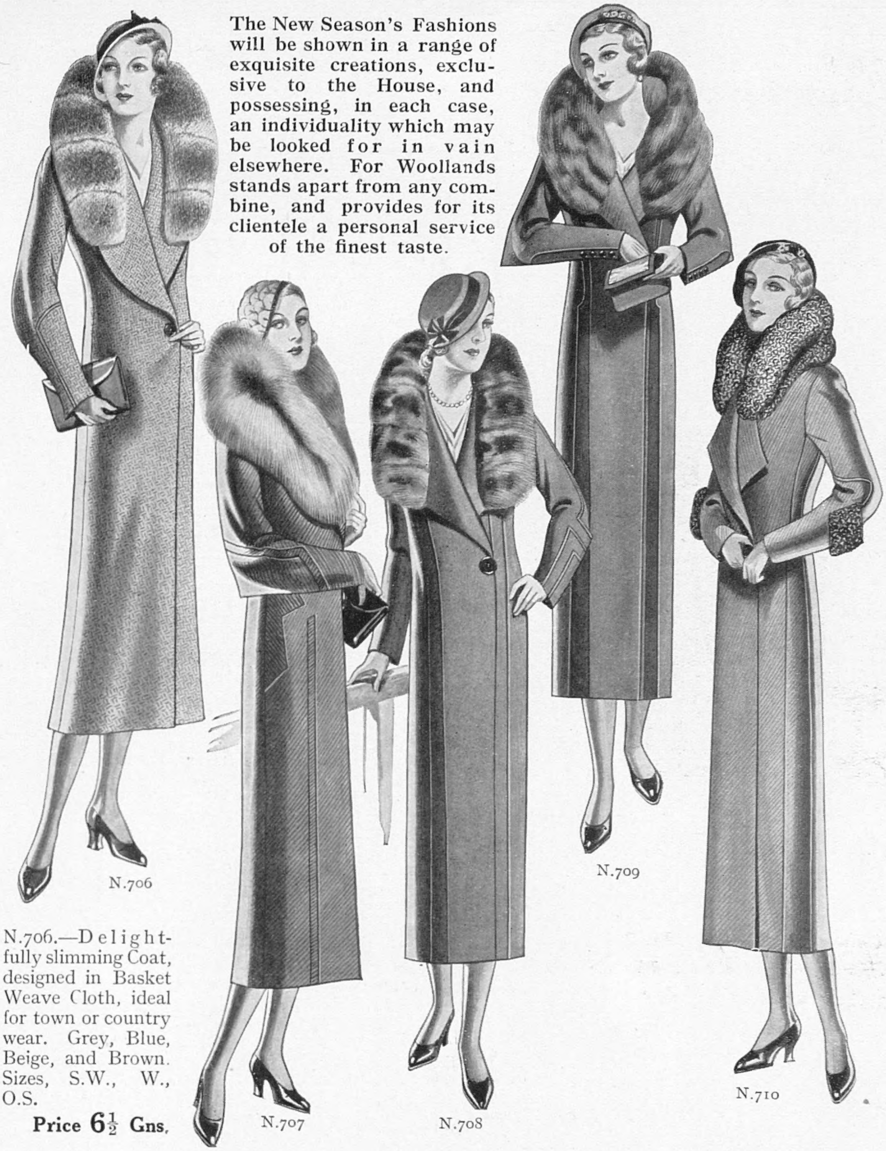

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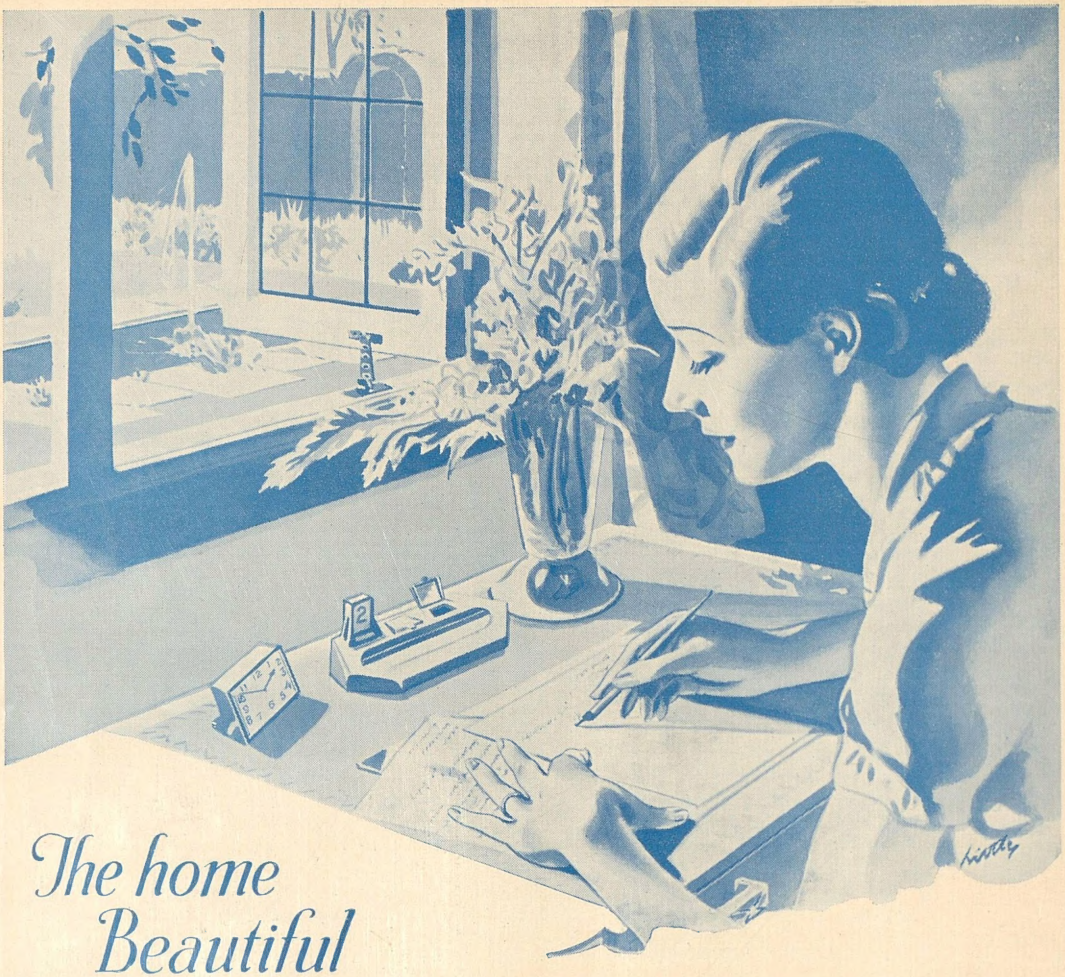

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